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# OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

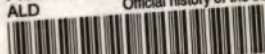
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38. *Приложение*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
HARRISBURG, PA.

August 24 1859

Sir,

The history of Johnstown  
Flood, prepared by you,  
is a reliable retrospect  
of Pennsylvania's greatest  
calamity. Your history  
must be regarded not only  
as accurate in details but  
official so far as any  
publication may be de-  
clared. Sincerely Yours

To  
Geo. C Jenks  
Frank Connally Esq -

*D. H. Hastings*

**OFFICIAL HISTORY**  
**OF THE**  
**JOHNSTOWN FLOOD**

**BY**  
**FRANK CONNELLY AND GEORGE C. JENKS.**

***ILLUSTRATED.***

**PITTSBURG:**  
**JOURNALIST PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
**PRESS BUILDING, 79 FIFTH AVENUE.**  
**1889.**

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## PREFACE.

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IN presenting this, the first connected history of the Johnstown flood, we have only to say that the details have been carefully collected, the facts verified wherever possible, and the story told without embellishment. No pen can do justice to the scenes in the Conemaugh Valley during and immediately after the flood. We have been content to tell of the calamity as it was, and if there is a lack in description, the reader may rest assured that at least we have not essayed the impossible task of exaggerating the horrors.

The silver lining to the cloud of death was the readiness with which everybody sprang forward to the relief of the suffering thousands. In paying tribute to the world's generosity the only pleasure to be found in compiling this book—a work eminently painful in itself—was experienced by

THE AUTHORS.

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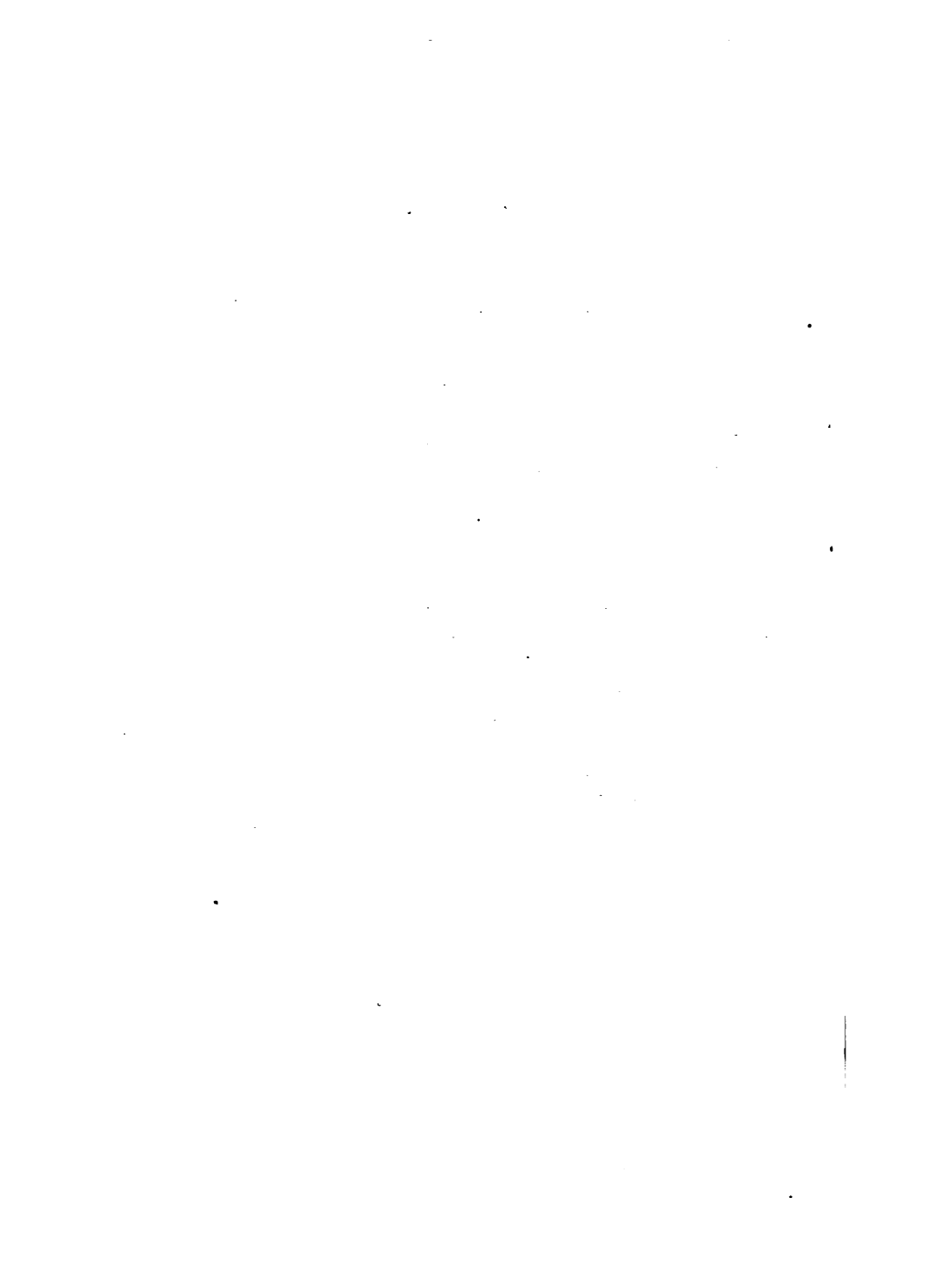
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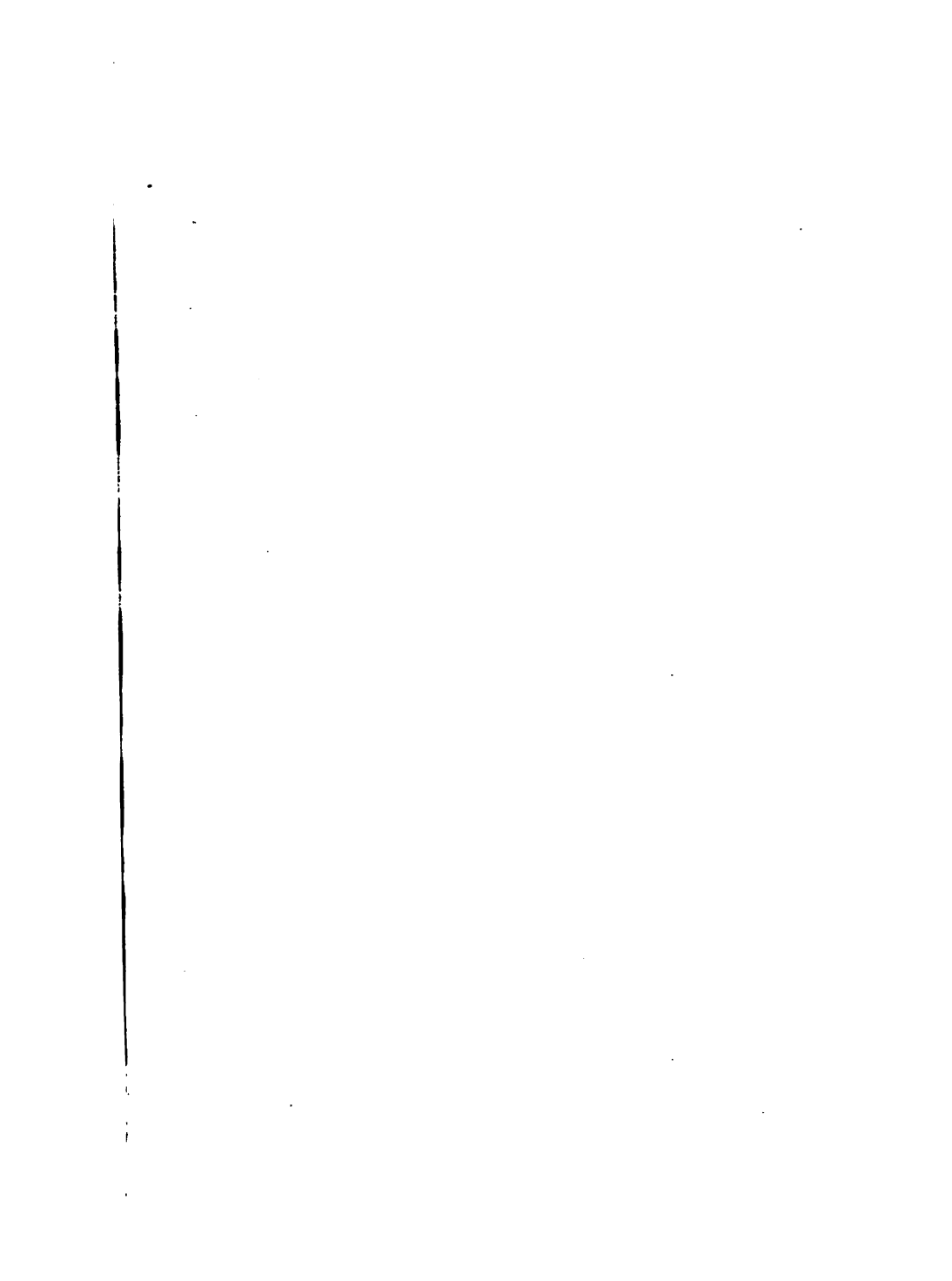
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CONEMAUGH FALLS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

# HISTORY OF THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

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## BOOK I.

NARRATIVE OF THE FLOOD—ITS CAREER FROM SOUTH FORK TO THE ALLEGHENY—THE SCENE AT JOHNSTOWN—THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY A VAST MAELSTROM—WRECK OF THE DAY EXPRESS—SOUTH FORK BEFORE AND AFTER—THE FIRE—JOHNSTOWN ARISING FROM ITS BED OF WOR, ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

### BURSTING OF THE SOUTH-FORK DAM.

SINCE that early period in the world's history when the Flood which Noah and his family survived first gave token to the sons of men of the terrible possibilities hidden in a naturally peaceful element, the human race has from time to time been awfully impressed with the power of water when in its savage moods. The original Flood, although it almost entirely depopulated the earth, has probably been exceeded by others since in the number of fatalities. The world was young in the days of Noah, and we have no means of knowing how many human beings lay drowned beneath the waste of waters when the Ark rested

upon Mount Ararat. It is hardly likely, however, that there were more than have on several occasions been killed in China, when the great Hoang-Ho has overflowed and inundated thousands of square miles of territory, with a loss of life, at one time, of seven hundred and fifty thousand. Nay, Holland, with its record of four hundred thousand people drowned when the dykes gave way, has doubtless seen greater havoc from water, in point of numbers, than was visited upon the earth in the Flood of Holy Writ.

Coming down to our own times and country, we have had several disastrous floods, the worst, until that at Johnstown, being the carrying away of the silk-mills at Mill River, Massachusetts, by the bursting of a reservoir, and the drowning of several hundred girls and men, some years since. When the world heard of that calamity, it was horror-stricken. It thought nothing more terrible of that nature could ever be told; but, in view of the Johnstown flood, the trouble at Mill River was of a very ordinary kind. Great disasters can only be measured by comparison, and it is thus that we can say there has never been such a wholesale loss of life at one time, from any cause, in any civilized country, within the last few centuries, as that at Johnstown, on Friday, May 31, 1889.

Johnstown lies in a narrow valley at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains. It is situated on a point of land between the Conemaugh River and Stony Creek, with a precipitous hill on one side and a gentle slope on the other. Before the flood it was a busy, thriving place, with a population of thirty thousand. It was one of the principal points between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and was gaining in commercial importance from year to year. Its only trouble was

the ever-present fear of floods from the great watersheds of the mountains above the city; but, as people can get used to anything, the residents of Johnstown thought but little about this peril, taking an occasional inundation as a matter of course, and sweeping out the water from their basements and yards as composedly as they performed any other ordinary, everyday duty. There was the dam at South-Fork Lake, a few miles above the city, it is true, and it was thoroughly understood that, should it ever give way, a torrent of water would sweep down the Conemaugh Valley with a force that must inevitably carry all before it. But it never had burst; it had been there for seventeen years, and the people of Johnstown were not to be frightened by a remote possibility. There had been alarms at intervals of the breaking of the dam, but these alarms had all proven baseless, and a warning of that kind now had but little effect upon even the most timid residents of the city.

At last the day came when the warnings were realized, and the fair valley was converted into a seething caldron, in which five thousand human beings were shut out from the world forever.

It had been raining almost continuously for a week. All the mountain streams, that usually trickled peacefully through the verdure in silvery threads, had become wide, muddy torrents. There were roaring waterfalls where there had been small rills trickling almost noiselessly down the hill-sides, and rapid whirlpools had taken the place of rock-strewn shallows. The face of nature was completely changed, and instead of smiling benignantly, as was its wont, was corrugated with a dark frown that meant mischief. The South-Fork Lake, ordinarily placid as a sheet of

glass, was rolling up waves and dashing over the dam with a vindictive haste that boded the disaster so soon to follow. Trees bent before the tempest, and, dropping their leafy crests, wept as they whispered to Mother Earth of the coming horror. Boulders and loose logs tumbled headlong down the mountains to herald the approach of the destroyer. And still the rain came down without ceasing and seemed to declare doggedly that the time had come for general destruction in the Valley of the Conemaugh.

Already the houses in Johnstown and the villages in its vicinity were flooded in their lower stories. In the city the water had reached a height of four feet over any previous flood, but that, while it caused discomfort, was not attended with danger. The people, with their mops and pails, did what they could to keep the water out of their houses, regarding the trouble as an unavoidable inconvenience, but nothing worse.

Although the rain was general throughout Western Pennsylvania, it appears to have been particularly heavy in the neighborhood of South Fork, a village at the head of the Conemaugh Valley. Some two miles from South Fork station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was South-Fork Lake. This was originally a reservoir constructed by the State as a feeder for the old Pennsylvania Canal, but, being purchased by the South-Fork Hunting and Fishing Club, was by that organization extended until it comprised a body of water three miles long, three thousand to four thousand feet wide, and seventy feet deep near the dam which held it back from the valley. The dam was three hundred feet wide at the bottom, seventy feet high, and twenty feet wide at the top.

The vast water-shed formed by the mountains above

South Fork discharged its torrents upon the lake, and for two hours on Friday morning sent the water pouring over the dam into the valley, but doing no more damage than already noted. In the mountains trees and verdure had been cut away, and a quantity of rubbish went over with the water, buffeting the dam and trying, with demoniacal ferocity, to work its destruction. All too soon the inevitable crash came. Three men who knew the place well had already dashed on horseback towards Johnstown, crying to every one in the villages on the way to flee for their lives. The heralds had not reached the city when a low murmur, that to their experienced ears conveyed an awful meaning, was plainly distinguishable through the hissing of the rain, and, with a stifled exclamation,—“Great heavens! The dam has gone!”—each knew that his mission had been fruitless. It was but a matter of a few moments. Before the people in and about their houses realized that a long-threatened danger was actually upon them, they were engulfed in a mountainous wave and were fighting for their lives.

The water pouring over the top of the dam and through the waste-weir had loosened the ripped stone that crowned the structure, and at last forced it all away. Then it ate into the earthwork that formed the main body of the dam and with one mighty upheaval cut its way through in a solid mass. As if staggered by its own work, the water seems to have hesitated, and to have left the reservoir after a perceptible pause. This is only supposition, however, for no human eye rested upon the spot at the supreme moment. Then, gathering up all its strength, it bounded through the valley, which at this point is about three hundred yards wide, and, before the dis-

aster, was a fertile farm. Away went every vestige of cultivation, and the waters, spreading out to the full width of the valley, sweeping the pine-clad hills on each side, and just missing a farm-house built on rising ground barely out of its course, went down towards the lowlands. For nearly half a mile it met with no obstruction. Then a spur of the mountains standing out in bold relief on the left disputed its right of way. A blow comprising the strength of a million giants was dealt the presumptuous bluff, and at once it was stripped to the naked rock. Earth, trees, roots and all, were dragged off at a stroke, and the torrent whirled around into a narrow gorge and sent up three great waves, each one larger than that preceding. The Conemaugh River, swollen though it had been by the rains, became as nothing when these waves dashed over it. The river-bed was lost sight of entirely, and the whole valley was a mass of seething waters. The first wave backed up to South Fork village, and, not being in itself sufficient to destroy it entirely, gave the inhabitants a chance to escape. Some of them took advantage of the warning and got to higher ground before the main body struck them, but others, not so active or not realizing the extent of the danger, were overwhelmed and went down with their shattered houses, their horses, their cattle, and their other earthly possessions, to be thrown upon the doomed villages and towns below.

The destroyer now entered upon its deadly work in earnest. Having left South Fork village, or rather the spot on which it had stood, the water, with many tons of wreckage, found itself in collision with the great viaduct on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the finest piece of engineering on the road. It wound around the hill-side with almost as acute a curve as the Horse-Shoe

Bend. It was apparently as solid as the eternal hills, and one would have thought that nothing in the shape of a torrent could disturb it. Indeed, it withstood the first attack, simply dividing the waters and forcing them around it in two great waves. With a sullen roar each wave sped upon its way seeking an outlet. The two met, after passing partly around the viaduct, in the narrow gorge, flying over forty feet into the air. Again the water resolved itself into three mighty waves. The first spent its force against the viaduct without jarring the structure. The second broke over it, and it rocked slightly. Then the third, much larger than either of the others, shaking its angry mane, wrestled with the massive stone and iron that had withstood the two other desperate assaults. This was too much for the viaduct, and in an instant it started from its foundations and went with the flood in an avalanche of *débris*.

The water was monarch of the day, and it laughed as it took with it the prizes it had wrenched from the valley and hills in its wild course. It was like an army marching through a country it had sworn to devastate. Those who saw it coming say that they could not distinguish the water at all. All that was visible was a moving mountain of shattered houses, furniture, rocks, trees, bridge-iron, and vast weights of all kinds, that were tossed in the air as easily as if they had been mere splinters. An advance guard of mist, like the dust that precedes a cavalry charge, was the only indication of the angry water that was forcing along upon its bosom the terrible drift. It had now completely overwhelmed the railroad tracks, leaving yawning chasms here and there that might have been the graves of prosperity for years to come.



Within sight of the viaduct, but below it, was a locomotive engine, with the driver in the cab. It was standing by itself waiting for orders when the torrent swept away the viaduct. The engineer, familiar with the valley, realized at once that the South-Fork dam had given way, and, throwing open the throttle, he started his engine for the rising ground, where he would be above the rest of the flood. At first the waters gained upon him. He could not on the instant get his engine to move quickly, and it seemed as if he would be destroyed before his machine could acquire sufficient speed to bear him out of harm's way. But the man and the engine knew each other, and before the pursuer could close with them they had gained a momentum that enabled them to outstrip the flood, notwithstanding that it came on headlong.

It was now that the work of death may be said to have commenced in earnest. As the lone engineer sped to a place of safety, the first section of the day express from Pittsburg to New York came towards him. Its engineer saw, too, that South-Fork Lake was coming bodily down the valley, and he understood full well that it meant destruction to everything in its path. At first he thought he would try to get over the mountain to the safe spot already reached by the single engine, but the barest consideration sufficed to show him that this was impossible, and he did the next best thing,—backed down to Conemaugh, where he hoped the water would not rise high enough to do much harm.

At Conemaugh the second section of the train was already lying, and both were in a measure protected by a freight train heavily loaded with lime, and by the round-house, in and about which were thirty-three

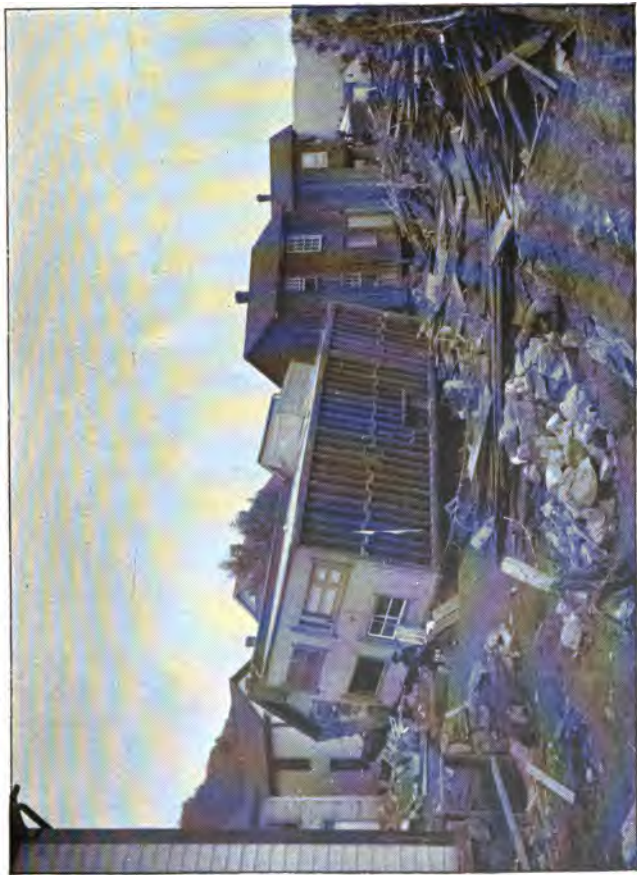
locomotives. Hardly had the two sections taken their stations, when the officers of the trains saw that it would be dangerous to remain. The two conductors walked through the cars, quietly advising the passengers to take to the hills, but not intimating that there was serious peril. The passengers generally heeded the warning, and some of them reached the high ground in time. Others hesitated, for different reasons, not apprehending danger, or waiting to take small personal possessions from the cars. This hesitation meant death for them. The flood took up the trains, engines and all, and, whirling them around like straws, set them down, as the water went on its way, a heap of twisted iron and splintered wood. The lime on the freight train was thrown over the passenger cars, and, the water causing combustion, they were soon blazing. Three of the expensive vestibule cars were burned down to the trucks, which, with the iron frames of the vestibules, were all that remained an hour afterwards to show where the trains had stood.

The flood made but a small matter of the destruction of the trains. Having set the work going, it could safely leave the completion of the havoc to the fire and turn its own attention elsewhere. There was the round-house. This great solid building was swept away to its very foundations, the locomotives being tossed about as if they had been wooden toys. Over and over, upside-down, turning somersaults and leaping hither and thither at the caprice of the flood, the massive engines presented a strange spectacle of dignity displaced. Their helplessness was actually pitiful. The tops of the ventilators in the roof of the round-house were forty feet above the ground. The waves completely covered them as they bore down towards

Johnstown. This means that the wall of water was about as high as an ordinary three-story house. The tenders, being lighter than the locomotives, were swept away altogether, being found afterwards miles below the round-house, embedded in sand or mud.

The town of Conemaugh was wiped out, but the loss of life was comparatively small, because, with East Conemaugh, it lies high. The valley is perhaps half a mile wide at Conemaugh, and the water spread out in a peculiar shape, lower at the sides and rising almost to a point in the middle. Thus it bounded along, shaving the ground of everything portable, together with rocks and other things that had been considered fixtures for eternity. Like the shadow of death, it made its way over the peaceful country, strewing its trail with wreckage that it had cast contemptuously aside after showing that everything in its path was at its mercy.

As it roared along the valley looking for new victims it came to the woollen-mill at Woodvale. The mill was a solid edifice, calculated to withstand any ordinary assault of the elements, and was almost a fort in its massive strength. But here was an extraordinary enemy, armed at all points and apparently anxious to do battle for the mere satisfaction of a vindictive spirit. The mist enveloped the building, and then there was a shock that reverberated from the mountains back to the lower end of the valley, as the tremendous accumulation of *débris* was hurled by the water at the mill. There could be but one result. That part of the building that received the blow went to pieces as if it had been a house of cards. Fortunately, it was only part. The logs, trees, broken houses, rocks, remains of engines, and all the rest of



A SCENE IN WOODVALE.



the material gathered by the giant on its way down from South-Fork Lake, after breaking down the upper portion of the building, become wedged in a solid mass in front of the lower part, and formed a shield that saved it from destruction. The waters rose above the second story, thirty feet above the foundation of the mill and forty feet above the ordinary bed of Conemaugh Creek. They surged about the building, found that they could not dislodge the protecting wreckage, and went sullenly on their way.

Just below Woodvale was a long iron bridge, crossing the entire valley, including Conemaugh Creek and the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was built very strongly, on stout piers, and at such a height that it was considered entirely safe. It was this unfortunate belief in its immunity from peril that caused the death of about fifty people. They were standing upon the bridge watching the water when the great wave came tearing down. It made nothing of the bridge, but, cutting it down at a stroke, took it, with all the people except one, into its deadly embrace, and bore it along towards Johnstown. But one span was left, upon which a solitary man happened to be standing. He saw the rest of the structure tumbling down the valley and was the sole witness of the frantic struggles of the fifty persons who were being battered to death by the grinding mass of iron, stone, and lumber in the awful rapids. Among the fifty was a man who had ridden down from South-Fork Lake with a warning, and who had reached the bridge only to perish with those he had come to save.

The Gautier Iron-Works were next licked up by the torrent, and although some of the buildings were not entirely annihilated, there were none that did

not afterwards show signs of the conflict. The scene had now become indescribably awful. Besides the masses of wrecked buildings and bridges, there were over a hundred human beings fighting for their lives in the black waters. Some had reached rafts formed by the *débris* and were clinging desperately to supports that they knew must be destroyed as soon as they struck any of the obstructions in the way. Others were swimming or floating in the water itself, carried along so swiftly that they could not sink. Ever and anon the face of a woman, distorted with anguish, was seen in the midst of the heaps of rubbish, as she saw her child crushed to death or swallowed up in the waves that would soon claim her own life. Men, women, and children,—all in a *mêlée* in which no quarter was shown by either the elements or its victims. Although there were some instances of self-abnegation and heroism, the rule was every man for himself, regardless of women and children or other helpless ones.

A new horror was added to the accumulation of disaster by the destruction of the Gautier mill. The principal manufacture there was of iron wire. When the water swept over and through the mill it dislodged large quantities of wire of all thicknesses and mixed it with the other wreckage. The consequence was that it became entangled with and wrapped around not only the lumber, trees, and iron-work, but the drowning people. Many a corpse was found afterwards so tightly in the grip of the wire that it was removed with the greatest difficulty by the undertakers.

At Gautier the valley narrows. The water, which had spread out some distance above, was suddenly con-

tracted at this spot, and ran up into a wall about half as high as it had been at the narrow gorge a short distance below the dam. It avoided the regular bed of the river and turned its attention to Johnstown. There lay the fair city, conscious of its approaching doom, but unable to avoid it now. The people had laughed at the warnings hours ago, and it was now too late!

The flood, which had been gathering in strength and volume ever since it had left the dam, separated into three great torrents, that it might, like a well-generalled army, attack its victim from different points. Straight through the centre of the town went the largest wave, cutting its way remorselessly and mowing down houses and their inmates ere they realized the power that was upon them. There was an awful absence of human cries in the midst of the devastation. The catastrophe was so sudden that the people were unable even to shriek their despair. They could only go down in the torrent with tightly-clinched teeth and silent tongues, while they struggled for life with all their puny strength. The water roared and swished, and the great blocks of buildings smashed against each other with thunderous crash, while the rain hissed over all and added its quota to the general horror. The big wave, with its awful burden of a ruined city, struck the steep hill at Stony Creek and rebounded with a boom like the rending asunder of a mountain. It backed up and for a moment was stopped for want of an outlet. Then it struck the stone viaduct below Johnstown. The arches of this structure are very low and their course is diagonal, under the bridge. On this account the water and *débris* could not get through, but instead choked up the arches at once. The other two waves, which had passed on either side of the city, met the



third at the viaduct, and the whole of the Johnstown valley became a gigantic whirlpool. In the mean time, a counter-current had backed up Stony Creek and inundated the lower part of Kernville, ultimately striking the hill and coming back to join in the maelstrom of which Johnstown was the centre.

The power of the water and the havoc it created in the city are indescribable. Where there had been thickly-settled thoroughfares—with children playing about the doors, but inside to avoid the rain, while mothers busied themselves in preparations for the evening meal; with storekeepers arranging their stock or gossiping with chance callers; with factories in full swing; and, in fact, with all the evidences of a bustling, enterprising community—there was now nothing but a heaving mass of broken buildings and great wedges of iron and stone brought down from the bridges and other structures destroyed upon the journey. The town was not washed away altogether. It was displaced, so that the houses which had been in one quarter were taken to another, settling down in great rifts of rubbish as the flood deposited it, in fiendish sportiveness, here and there.

The torrent, after whirling around in the city and crushing out thousands of lives in a few minutes, now sought a way of escape. It tried the stone viaduct, but the wreckage wedged against it formed a break-water that was invincible. Roaring about it, the flood commenced to climb, and, soon reaching the top of the viaduct, flowed over. Along the top of the bridge ran the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but as soon as the water reached them they were torn up and scattered in a twisted, broken heap among the *débris* that was heaving and groaning around them in every direction. The water was going over the via-

duct, but that was too slow a way for it to take. Having desolated the city, it seemed eager to get away. It repeated its work at the South-Fork dam, and, attacking the earth approaches to the viaduct, tore them away without trouble. This made an outlet, and the water dashed through it, leaving the viaduct itself intact. Gradually the waters left Johnstown, and, losing some of their force by being strained through the opening at the side of the viaduct, went rather more temperately down the Conemaugh. The torrent soon regained its former force, however, and when it reached the great Cambria Iron-Works, not far from the bridge, it was as fierce as ever. It did not destroy the mills, but it tore away the upper part of them, piling up stones and dirt in the mill yard (covering several acres) to a height of ten or twelve feet. This deposit was not merely loose matter, but solid earth, that to one who inspected it casually appeared to have been the original ground.

Just below the viaduct stood Cambria City, a village of a few thousand population. The jam at the bridge saved this place from destruction. Had the flood been able to come through without hinderance it must have taken it clean away, for the houses were built close to the edge of the Conemaugh River, and would have fallen an easy prey. As it was, the viaduct turned the course of the torrent, and Cambria City escaped with comparatively slight loss. At Morrellville, which itself stands on high ground and was out of reach of the flood, the only fatalities were to a few people who had come down from their homes to watch the progress of the flood, without supposing for a moment that there was danger until the dread reality was forced upon them in their own destruction.

Down to Bolivar, and here the flood was checkmated again, for a long bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which it would have sported with as with a toy, was held down with a train of heavily-laden coke cars, and defied its assaults. From this point the flood took the river-bed, and, going down to the Kiskiminetas, reached the Allegheny and Ohio, and so down to the distant sea. How many bodies went with it will never be known. New Florence and Nineveh, towns below Bolivar but above the junction of the Conemaugh and Kiskiminetas rivers, will be historic names on account of the vast number of dead yielded up on their shores.

This, in a general way, is a narrative of the progress of the flood upon its voyage of destruction. The story in all its harrowing details will be unfolded in succeeding chapters.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE BURNING DÉBRIS AT THE BRIDGE.

BEFORE the great flood came upon Johnstown the people had no more idea that a disaster of such magnitude was possible than if they had never heard of South-Fork Lake and its dam. They knew what it was to have streams of muddy water sweep through their dwellings, spoiling carpets and setting everything afloat in cellars. They had seen angry clouds lowering over the mountains and sending down rains in solid sheets that eventually swamped the town. These things were of comparatively common occurrence, and perhaps the people of Johnstown were too familiar with them to realize the possibility of a deluge that

would wash the city out of existence. As for the warnings about the breaking of the dam, they had been heard before, and, it is not unlikely, had become to them mere words, conveying no particular significance, as children hear stories of bogies and wild bears, that they despise even while half afraid of them.

When they saw the black wall of water come tearing down the mountains, across the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, and so into the very heart of the city, they had hardly time to shape with their white lips "The dam!" when it was upon them. It has been asked, What did the people think about when they first found themselves in the whirlpool? This question has never been answered, for it seems that they did not think about anything. Thought was washed out of existence, and the animal instinct that seeks for safety in a wild, unquestioning spirit reigned supreme. The water was up to the third stories of the houses in a moment. This fact alone should convey a better idea of the work done by the flood than anything else that could be said. It means that everybody in the town was suddenly set afloat in a maelstrom of seething waters and a wilderness of tumbling, grinding, smashing wooden buildings that every second crushed out scores of lives. It means that mothers with babes in their arms were hurled helplessly from one mass of wreck to another, or drawn down into a black abyss between them, perhaps feeling their little ones dragged from their grasp at the awful moment, so that they could not even die together. It means that men found themselves fighting desperately, not for their own lives, but for their wives and children, who even in this strait looked to them for succor with confidence in

their power to save. It means that hundreds of the victims believed that the Day of Judgment had arrived, and went down to their deaths in the conviction that they were only individuals in a world destroyed. It means that children were swept away by hundreds, some of them with toys still clasped mechanically in their tiny hands, where they were found afterwards when the undertakers were called upon to perform their sad offices. It means that a sudden stoppage was put upon busy life, and that death and horror reigned in its stead upon the instant.

It must be remembered that Johnstown lies between mountains so close together that the valley at that point is little more than a gorge. Upon each side of the valley is a stream of water,—Stony Creek and Conemaugh Creek,—the two running together below the town and forming the Conemaugh River. Immediately below the junction of the creeks a stone bridge on the Pennsylvania Railroad spans the river. It is massively built, as has been proved by its withstanding a bombardment that would seem heavy enough to destroy any structure built by human skill. This bridge was doubtless the cause of many fatalities that would have been avoided had there been a clear sweep for the waters. When the first shock of the flood made the town tremble and rock, ere the houses were lifted from their foundations and flung in a wild hurly-burly at each other, the people who had been caught up by the torrent floated hither and thither as the waves pleased, and then went towards the stone bridge. Scarcely had they started upon their death-journey when the houses, broken, splintered, almost shapeless, were upon them. A vast sea of human beings and wreckage surged towards the bridge. The immense works of the Cambria Iron Com-

pany, employing seven thousand men, the second largest iron-works in this country, were buried out of sight, except the roofs and chimney-tops, and roofs and chimneys soon began to crumble and disappear under the battering of the floating timber. Half the town seemed to be lifted from its foundations and swept away at once. The wreckage covered the water thicker than the houses had stood in the town before. It was no longer a flood of water. It was a town afloat. The mass of wreck, water, dead bodies, and drowning people rushed down into the mouth of the gorge, where the hills come together like a pair of giant arms, and choked the stream. The stone bridge stood firm as the hills. The wreck caught on the masonry. It thickened into a dam. It clung to the bridge and the hollow of the hill. It gathered strength with every piece of wreck, and every body that was crushed into it, and bound them all together into a matted wall, closing up half the outlet towards which the mountain waters hurled their flood. The water burst even the flood limits which it had taken for its new banks, and poured a new river in a new channel through the heart of the lower part of the city.

The drift piled up against the dam it had formed at the bridge. House after house added its wreck to the heap until it formed a tangled mass from thirty to sixty feet thick, rising high above the water and stretching back three-fourths of a mile along the curve of the hill. The shrieks of the women arose clear and sharp above the awful grinding of the *débris*, while the hoarser cries of the men mingling with them were pathetic in their despair. Women are the weaker vessel, and may be expected to give way under the pressure of an ordinary calamity, but the shouts of

men, terror-stricken by a visitation against which human strength availed nothing, were calculated to awaken a pity that hardly anything else could call forth.

Those whose homes were on the higher ground, and who had therefore escaped the flood, together with others who had managed by sheer accident to escape from the floating wreck, went down to the bridge to try and save where they could. The waters, swirling the *débris* from one side to the other, washed some to a place of safety, and scores, whose lives seemed worth hardly a moment's purchase, were rescued when hope had fled. The bridge acted as a huge strainer, allowing the water and some of the wreckage to pass through and over it, but most of the drift was piled up above, foot by foot, higher and more solid, until it seemed that it could never be displaced. Even the comparatively small quantity that went over the bridge was greater than could be conceived if it were to be judged by any previous disaster. The river below the bridge was black with drift. Houses, cars, fragments of bridges, logs, dead bodies, wreckage of all kinds, were jammed together as they went down towards the Allegheny.

In the town itself the confusion had become that of an Inferno. As houses or parts of houses floated around with people clinging to them, they dashed against the large brick buildings that had partly withstood the force of the flood. Into these buildings the fugitives climbed, through broken windows, holes in the roof, or what not. Sometimes they got in safely, and sometimes the raft upon which they floated bore them away before they could leave it and took them down towards the stone bridge, to be drowned, crushed,

burned, or saved, as it might happen. A common circumstance was for part of a family to be saved, only to see other members carried away in the boiling waters, never to be seen again save as corpses, stretched out in a morgue with scores of other unclaimed dead.

There was one poor fellow in the lock-up,—a small room on the ground floor of a two-story house, with a barred door through which people in the street could look at the prisoners. The man's offence was nothing worse than drunkenness, and he had been placed in the cage as much for his own protection as to subserve public morals. When the deluge came he seems to have comprehended its character at once, for his shrieks to be released were heart-rending. The flood was almost upon the town, however, and no one had time to bestow upon him. The key was in the possession of an official who might be anywhere, but was certainly not near the cage. The prisoner's cries were still echoing along the street when the wall of water came over it, and the man was drowned like a rat in a trap. When his body was taken out afterwards it was found that he had tied his coat to the top of the bars and thus formed a sling in which he could hang himself, hammock fashion. Thus he was discovered, suspended as near the ceiling as he could get himself, evidently in the hope that the water would not reach to his position. The hope was a vain one, for the mark of the water upon the building when the flood had passed was ten feet above the place where he was found. His barred room had been full of water for hours.

It was towards the evening of the fatal Friday that horrors accumulated fast near the stone bridge. The heaps of drift, composed to an awful extent of human



bodies hidden among the splintered houses, bridges, logs, and trees, were saturated with oil that had been set free from petroleum cars wrecked above the town. Furniture, kitchen utensils, and, worst of all, cook-stoves with fires burning in them, were in the drift. One of these stoves upset, ignited the oil-soaked wood, and before the spectators fully realized the new danger the pile was in a blaze. There was no way of subduing the flames. With water below them, it was certain that they must be quenched in due time, but until they reached the water of themselves there was nothing to do but to let them go on. How many bodies were consumed at this stone bridge will never be known. Happily, they were probably only bodies, for no one believes that life remained in them after they had been tossed about on the whirlpool of horror above. Some few may have survived the waters to perish in the flames, but only a few.

For four days the stone bridge was a furnace that comprised the largest bonfire ever seen in the fair State of Pennsylvania. After the first day or two, when the waters had gone down and left Johnstown a wilderness of mud and wreckage, fire-engines were brought from Pittsburg and Philadelphia to play upon the fire; but, although they did excellent work, there is no doubt that the fire practically burned itself out.

How the water searched out every corner of the city in the lowlands; how it seemed to take pleasure in destroying the helpless children who would have provoked the pity of any human foe; how it tore asunder families, developed heroes, laughed at man's puny attempts to withstand it, and never ceased its deadly work until it had brought complete chaos, let the detailed incidents in future chapters of this volume



THE STONE BRIDGE.



show. How it ebbed and flowed, backed and ran down, let the records of the dead in Kernville, Conemaugh, Morrellville, Cambria City, Woodvale, and Bolivar tell. How it sent up a roar of defiance to which was echoed wails of anguish that could not be stilled, let the pine-clad hills above the Conemaugh Valley reveal if they will. The grass grows in the bottom-lands now, and the course of the raging torrent is as peaceful as a baby's smile. The dead lie under the hillocks among the willows, and the mourning of the survivors is tempered by the spirit of Christian resignation that enables them to bow their heads and sigh, "Thy will be done!"

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE WRECK OF THE DAY EXPRESS.

WHEN the news went forth to the world that Johnstown was destroyed, there were expressions of sympathy and horror from many who had no idea at first that the disaster had affected their own families. It was not till the details reached Pittsburg that the relatives and friends of those who had commenced a journey eastward on the day express train realized that there was death on the railroad track as well as in the towns and villages along its borders. At first it was hardly believed that three trains had actually been lifted from the tracks and dashed about like toys. But soon reports of the deaths of passengers were too explicit to be doubted, and it was known that the flood

had gathered in victims who had fancied themselves in security before they were overtaken by their fate.

The day express left Union Station, Pittsburg, at its regular time in the morning. It consisted almost entirely of vestibuled parlor cars, and was well filled with passengers. There were a number of ladies, wives with their husbands and children, two or three elderly ladies, and several young girls going to Philadelphia or New York. One of these young ladies had been spending three or four months in Pittsburg with relatives, and was on her way home to New York. Two others were going to New York for a visit. All were as gay and free from care as only young girls can be, and they were enjoying the travelling with all the ardor of youth. It was raining heavily, but then the rain did not penetrate to the interior of the comfortable car, and the passengers hardly noticed it.

The train dashed along smoothly and easily until it reached Conemaugh. Then, in obedience to signal, the engineer stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"A landslide ahead of us."

"That all? How long shall we be delayed?"

"Do not know. Several hours, perhaps. But the company always moves actively in these emergencies. We shall go on as soon as possible."

After this colloquy between one of the passengers and the conductor, the inmates of the cars settled themselves down to read, converse, or look out of the windows at the driving rain as it pattered against the glass and hissed spitefully down the valley. It was not easy to see how the swollen creeks looked, for there were two other trains drawn up by the side of the express,—one a local passenger train, then a

freight laden with lime chiefly, and inside of all the express. In front of the express, a little way off, were two freight trains, while just behind was another.

Soon after the stoppage the telegraph wires went down, and then no one knew what was taking place up in the mountains. The passengers could see the wires falling all along the line. Then they saw the waters rising and a bridge near the train carried away. About noon the rumor that the South-Fork dam was unsafe reached the train, but no one considered that there was any real danger. The passengers all kept cool, their ignorance of peril probably having more to do with it than inherent courage. There was no excitement so far as could be seen. Even while the passengers looked askance at each other's faces, wondering what form the threatening atmosphere that seemed to pervade the scene would eventually take, the three wild shrieks of an engine in distress told them that the foe was bearing down upon them, and the ringing of the locomotive bell arose weirdly in a sub-tone of terror. The wind and rain hurtled against the window-panes. The noise increased every second; the passengers almost fancied they could feel the car rocking before the fury of the storm. But so far it was only imagination. There was that concerted movement of anticipation that always runs through a group when they feel that a crisis is near. As each one half arose from his seat, the conductor—quiet, unruffled, professionally dignified—entered the car. In spite of the reassuring smile upon his lips, they knew at once, even before he spoke in clear-cut, distinct, perfectly natural tones, that he came with a tremendous warning. His experience had long since taught him that a panic was the surest stumbling-block in the way of escape from imminent peril.

"You had better leave the car and step up on the hill-side."

The blanched faces mutely asked, Why?

"The water is coming down the mountains," he continued, "and it might reach the floor of the car and wet your feet."

Not a word about the awful wall of water that was so soon to sweep over the doomed train. But he hurried them away, without adding to their already gathering apprehension.

Reaching the door of the car, some of them, familiar with mountain dangers, or having heard of the great reservoir at the head of the valley, looked in the direction of South Fork and recognized what was coming. That mass of broken bridges, smashed houses, rocks, trees, and indescribably terrible flotsam, backed up by brown water, could only come from one thing.

"The reservoir has burst!"

The passengers in the local train had already taken fright, and were trying to get to the only place of safety they could think of,—the hill-side above the railroad track. The day express was a vestibule train, and the fugitives from the other could pass it in but one way,—by crawling under it.

It would have been pitiful, had there been any one there personally unaffected by the catastrophe, to see gentle women and helpless children trying to crawl under the cars to save their lives. But there was no time for pity. It was every one for himself, with few exceptions, and each of those exceptions marked the struggle of a hero. The animal instinct of self-preservation cannot dominate human nature for long. There were men in the truest sense of the word on the day express, and in the face of the flood they be-

came self-sacrificing heroes. How many rescues were made in the few moments when the shadow of death was over all will never be known. There was neither time nor disposition to keep a record of deeds of greatness. The mountain torrents washed them from all earthly books of fate. It is only on the tablets of sweet human sympathy that they are indelibly engraved. But for the determination of some of the men to save those who could not save themselves, the list of dead would have been much larger than it was. About a score were lost altogether.

One passenger, Mr. Wilmot, of New Haven, told of his experience in the following language:

"When the conductor warned us, I rushed to where my wife and baby were and, grasping the child, called to my wife to follow me. The water was like a huge wall, and was not five hundred feet from us. Everybody jumped. It was every man for himself and God for us all. The break was a most sudden one. I ran down the valley with my child in my arms and my wife close behind. I came to a small creek that had become swollen, and jumped over that; then I looked for my wife. When she got to the creek she hesitated at first, but a man behind her called out, 'Jump, jump, for heaven's sake!' That determined her, and she jumped and cleared the creek. The water was then close upon us, but we succeeded in getting away.

"One of the ladies in our train that was lost came from New Orleans. She was carried to the Cone-maugh morgue. There were also two old ladies from Chicago, both of whom were drowned. I lost all my baggage, but am perfectly satisfied to let it go. Thank God, I have my wife and child! The way in which the water lifted up that train and hurled it to de-



struction was something terrible to see. I never want to witness such a thing again."

Among the peculiarly sad features of the loss of the day express must be mentioned the death of Miss Paulson, a young lady very prominent in Pittsburg society. She was, with two girl friends, on her way to New York. The three heard the conductor's warning and left the car with the rest, but, seeing that the tracks were wet, went back for their overshoes. Before they could reach the higher ground again the wild burst of water from South-Fork reservoir, that they had not noticed before, dashed against the car and carried them into the creek below, towards the fatal stone bridge. All three of the young girls, who had a short time before been sparkling with health and merriment, were drowned. Miss Paulson's body has never been recovered.

Some of the freight cars were loaded with lime, and this leaped over the vestibule cars, and, set on fire by the water, quickly had the cars blazing. All three of the vestibule cars were burned down to the trucks.

The reason the flood, that twisted heavy steel rails like twigs just below, did not wipe out these three trains entirely is supposed to be that just in front of them and between them and the flood was the round-house filled with engines. It was a large building, and probably forty feet high to the tops of the ventilators in the roof. It was swept away to its very foundation, and the flood did as it pleased with the two dozen locomotives lodged in it. But it split the torrent, and a part of it went down each side of the three trains, saving them from the worst of its force.

Speaking of the scene the day after the flood, an eyewitness said,—

"Every one has seen the light iron beams, shafts, and rods in a factory lying in twisted, broken, and criss-cross shape after a fire has destroyed the factory. In the gap above Johnstown the water has picked up a four-track railroad covered with trains, freight, and passengers, with machine-shops, a round-house, and other heavy buildings with heavy contents; it has torn the track to pieces, twisted, turned, and crossed it as fire never could; it has tossed huge freight locomotives about like barrels, and cars like packing-boxes, torn them to pieces, and scattered them over miles of territory. It has in one place put a stream of water, a city block wide, between the railroad and the bluff, and in another place it has changed the course of the river as far in the other direction and left a hundred yards of land, on which are the tracks that formerly skirted the bank.

"Add to this that fire, with the singular fatality that has made it everywhere the companion of the flood, has destroyed a train of vestibule cars that the flood had wrecked, that the passengers who remained in the cars through the flood and until the fire were saved, while their companions, who attempted to flee, were overwhelmed and drowned, and that through it all one locomotive stood, and still stands, comparatively uninjured, in the centre of the wreckage. That locomotive stands there on its track now, with its fires burning, smoke curling from the stack and steam from its safety-valve, all ready to go ahead as soon as a track is built down to it. It is No. 1309,—a fifty-four ton, eight-driver, class R, Pennsylvania Railroad locomotive. George Hudson was its engineer, and Conductor Sheely had charge of the train. They, with all the rest of the crew, escaped by flight when they saw the flood.

"The play-ground, where a giant force played with masses of iron, weighing scores of tons each, as a child might play with pebbles, begins with a bridge or a piece of a bridge, about thirty feet long, that stands high and dry upon two ordinary stone abutments at Woodvale. The part of the bridge that remains spanned the Pennsylvania tracks. The tracks are gone, the bridge is gone on either side, the river is gone to a new channel, the very earth for a hundred yards around has been scraped off and swept away, but this little span remains perched up there twenty feet above everything, in the midst of a desert of ruins, the only piece of a bridge that is standing from the railroad bridge to South Fork. It is a light iron structure, and the abutments are not unusually heavy. That it should be kept there when everything else was twisted and torn to pieces is one of the queer freaks of this flood.

"Near it are the wrecks of two freight trains that were standing side by side when the flood caught them. The lower ends of both trains are torn to pieces, the cars tossed around in every direction, and many of them carried away. The track is in many places actually washed from beneath the cars. Some of the trucks, also, are turned half-way around, and are standing with wheels running across the track. But the force that did this left the light wooden box cars themselves unharmed. They were loaded with dressed beef and provisions. They have been emptied to supply the hungry in Johnstown.

"In front of engine No. 1309 and this train the water played some of its most fantastic tricks with the rails. The *débris* of trees, logs, planks, and every description of wreckage is heaped up in front of the engine to the head-light, and is packed in so tightly that twenty

men with ropes and axes worked all day without clearing all away. The track is absolutely gone from the front of the engine clear up to beyond Conemaugh. Parts of it lie about everywhere, twisted into odd shapes, turned upside-down, stacked crosswise, one piece above the other, and in one place a section of the left track has been lifted clear over the right track, runs along there for a short distance, and then twists into its proper place. Even stranger the tricks the water has played with the rails where they have been torn loose from the ties. The rails are of steel and of the heaviest weight used. They were twisted as easily as willow branches in a spring freshet in a country brook. One rail lies in the sand in the shape of a letter 'S.' More are broken squarely in two. Many rails have been broken within a few feet of a fish-plate coupling them to the next rail, and the fragments are still united by the comparatively weak joints.

"The little plain into which the gap widened here, and in which stood the bulk of the town, is wiped out. The river has changed its course from one side of the valley to the other. There is not the slightest indication that the central part of the plain was ever anything but a flood-washed gulch in some mountain region. At the upper end of the plain, surrounded by a desert of mud and rocks, stands a fantastic collection of ruined railroad equipments. Three trains stood there when the flood swept down the valley."

For several days after the flood the anguish suffered by friends and relatives of passengers on the trains was fearful. Telegraphic communication was practically out of the question, and there was no way of discovering who had been lost or saved. Some of the survivors of the disaster had gone up into the mountains

to isolated farm-houses or what not, while others had been taken to Altoona, where they were tenderly cared for by the people of that picturesque town. It was not until the wires could be brought into a serviceable condition, however, that words were flashed over them to relieve anxieties, or, alas! to confirm apprehensions. With a few exceptions, the dead were found and buried, and within a month the stretch of track between Sang Hollow and Conemaugh was as smooth and peaceful in its aspect as if it had never been the scene of one of the most dreadful tragedies of the century.

The following is the official list of the persons lost in the wreck of the day express.

Mrs. Talbot, Cleveland, O., no account of body being found.	Chris. Meisell, Newark, N. J., manager Mansfield, O., Baseball Club.
Three children of Mrs. Talbot, Cleveland, O.	Mrs. J. F. King, Racine, Wis.
Cyrus R. Shick, Reading, Pa.	Miss Anna M. Bates, Racine, Wis.
Mrs. J. B. Ranney, Kalamazoo, Mich.	Mrs. Swiniford.
Miss Paulson, Pittsburg.	Mrs. E. Swiniford.
Miss Bryan, Germantown, Pa.	Mrs. H. M. Smith, Osborn, O.
John Ross, Jersey City, N. J.	Child of Mrs. Smith, Osborn, O.
Mr. Ewing, Ligonier, Pa.	Miss Harnish, Osborn, O.
F. Phillips, New York City, porter of New Orleans sleeping-car.	Miss A. C. Christman, Beauregard, Miss.
	Griffith P. Albright, Pennsylvania.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FATE OF THE HOTELS.

THE principal hotels of the town were bunched in a group about the corner of Main and Clinton Streets. They were the Merchants', a large old-fashioned three-story tavern, with a stable-yard behind, a relic of staging days; the Hulbert House, the leading hotel of the place, a fine four-story brick structure with a mansard roof and all the latest wrinkles in furnishing, inside and out; the Fritz House, a narrow four-story brick structure, with an ornate front; and the Keystone, a smaller hotel than either of the others. These four inns stood in the path of the flood. The Hulbert, the largest and handsomest, was absolutely demolished. Its story and that of the sixty-three of the sixty-five guests who perished has already been told. The Keystone's ruin was next in completeness. It stood across Clinton Street from Fritz's, and Landlord Charles West never recovered from the surprise of seeing the rival establishment thrown bodily across the street against his second-story front, tearing it completely out. After the water subsided it fell back upon the pavement in front of its still towering rival, and in the mean time Landlord West had saved mine host of the Keystone and his family from the roof which was thrust in his windows.

Back of Fritz's there was a little alley which made a course for a part of the torrent. Fully half a dozen houses were sent swimming in here. They crushed

their way through the small hotel out-houses straight to the rear of the Merchants', and sliced the hind walls off the old inn as neatly as possible. The beds were swept out into the flood, but a lonesome wardrobe fell face downward on the floor and somehow escaped. Bodies were found under the rear wall. How many is not known, as some were taken out before any records were kept.

The story of Landlord West's rival being thrown into his front window has its parallel. Colonel Higgins, the manager of the Cambria Club-House, was in the third story of the building with his family. Suddenly a man was hurled by the torrent rapidly through the window. He was rescued, then fainted, and upon inspection was found to have a broken leg. The leg was bandaged and the man resuscitated, and when this last act of kindness was accomplished he said, faintly, "This ain't so bad; I've been in a blow-up."

This remark showed the greatest *sang froid* known to be exhibited during the flood; but the most irrelevant was that of an old man who was saved by E. B. Entwistle, of the Johnson works. Mr. Entwistle rowed to a house near the flaming *débris* at the bridge, and found a woman with a broken arm and a baby. After she had got into the boat she cried, "Come along, grandpap." An old man, chilled but chipper, jumped up from the other side of the roof, slid down into the boat, and ejaculated, "Gentlemen, can any of you give me a chew of tobacco?" Mr. Entwistle's four boats saved, he thinks, one thousand people. The one in which he himself was took off three hundred. There are many losses among the fifteen hundred men that Mr. Entwistle commanded at the Johnson works. How many he does not know; but the end of none



CONEMAUGH LAKE BEFORE THE FLOOD (FROM CLARKE COTTAGE).





was sadder than that of one of his assistants, Hindepopper by name. The young fellow was riding his horse across one of the ruinous bridges of the city, a companion being with him on foot. The two men started, the horse reared. All three saw the flood coming. "This horse will be the death of me," said Hindepopper, calmly. "I could get out if he would cross the water." He spoke thus because the bridge floor was afloat with the flood that came before the deluge. His companion ran, and then the horseman, after unsuccessfully putting his steed at the water, abandoned him and climbed a telephone pole. His friend, looking back over his shoulder, saw the pole waver, and then, reaching dry land and looking back, saw it disappear.

A story which certain newspapers published at the time of the flood, to the effect that several drummers who were stopping at the Hulbert House had committed suicide by shooting themselves rather than drown, was utterly without foundation in fact.

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE LAKE BEFORE AND AFTER.

SOUTH-FORK LAKE is now a familiar name in the mouth of the whole civilized world. Before the Johnstown flood it was nothing more than a modest summer resort, the property of a private corporation of Pittsburgh, entitled The South-Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. The lake was at the time of the Johnstown disaster three and a half miles long, one and one-fourth

miles wide, and of varying depths, in some places giving soundings with not less than one hundred feet of line. The pond covered about seven hundred acres. Originally, when known as Conemaugh Lake, it was one of the feeders of the Pennsylvania Canal, and was not more than one-fourth the size it attained under the care of its new owners. The lake was held in check by a dam, built in 1852-53, and they extended this dam until it was, from hill to hill, about one thousand feet long and eighty-five feet high at the highest point. It was ninety feet thick at the bottom and twenty feet at the top, and was from two hundred to three hundred feet above the level of Johnstown. Mr. M. W. Morehead, of Pittsburg, was clerk of the work when the dam was originally constructed, and to him the authors of this book are indebted for a very clear narrative of the operations.

The site was not chosen for the reservoir until a careful survey of the country had been made by the best engineers of the State. They chose the place which the reservoir occupied because the limited extent of the water-shed of the feeders of the lake seemed to assure its safety.

The building of the dam was conducted with great care. The first thing done was to make an embankment. Layer was laid upon layer of clay, each layer being well puddled,—that is, wetted and packed down so as to be water-tight. Then the lower side of the dam, which slanted more than the upper side, was cased with heavy rocks,—many of them big enough to require six horses to draw them. They were laid one upon another to the top of the dam. The inner side of the dam was cased with a hand-laid wall. This was of smaller stone, and was not intended for strength,

but to keep the water from crumbling and washing away the earth in the dam. A sluice was cut through the rock at the side of the lake a short distance from the dam. It was about sixty-five feet wide and eight feet deep. The rock taken out in cutting the sluice was used in riprapping the outer side of the dam. The engineers thought that weir able to carry off five times as much water as it would ever in human probability be called upon to do.

There were five pipes, each two feet in diameter, laid to a culvert at the base of the dam and to its centre. These pipes were governed by machinery from a tower at the top of the dam. They were provided with valves, and they were used to supply the canal when the water was low. Two years after the completion of the dam the lake was sold by the State to the Pennsylvania Railroad. The railroad had no use for the lake, and the dam's machinery was allowed to stand idle. The tower burned shortly afterwards. Then the water got into the culvert and there was a break in the dam. When the lake finally came into the hands of the South-Fork Fishing Club they gave out the work of repairing the dam to a contractor, and the dam was made as solid as ever. To compensate for the closing of the outlet through the pipes which fed the canal the weir at the side of the dam was enlarged ten feet. The ten feet added to the weir afforded a greater means of escape for the water in the lake than the pipes had ever done. The dam was not built with the idea that water would ever flow over the top of it, and through all sorts of weather the weir was always able to keep the level of the water far below the comb of the dam.

One of the garden-spots of Pennsylvania was the

South-Fork retreat of the Fishing and Hunting Club. Shut out from the surrounding country by hills, trees, and rocks, it was a place where the members of the club with their families and friends could rough it throughout the summer months, enjoying the pure air and feeling themselves relieved from the restraints of society. There was no display at South Fork. The young men wore flannel shirts and crush hats, and the girls plain costumes that would not be injured in scrambling over rugged rocks or fishing in turbulent streams, with the possibility of an occasional tumble into the water. There were a few modest cottages along the borders of the lake, and a club-house that until a year or so before the flood had been the plainest of wooden shanties. Then the club had spent a few thousands upon it, had built a veranda and otherwise improved it. It was a comfortable, home-like place, and was as different from the ordinary fashionable summer resort as could well be conceived. The beautiful sheet of water bore upon its bosom, in the soft evenings, gay parties of young folks, some of whom would thrum the mandolin or guitar in a desultory way, while others, in couples, would tell and listen to the old, old story, that never sounds sweeter than when accompanied by the rustling of leaves and the murmuring of waters in such a sylvan spot as this at the head of the Conemaugh.

The place was exclusive only in the sense that a private house or garden is of that character. There was no lofty disregard of other people's rights, nor any desire on the part of the members to set themselves above those around them. The club was a happy family party, and nothing more. The fishing and hunting at South Fork were excellent, as they always

had been. The game that the Indian had brought down with his arrow in the days long gone by now succumbed to the improved fowling-piece of the young Pittsburger, while the wary trout and bass took the bait prepared with care by experts in angling with the same avidity that had led them to fall an easy prey to the red man.

There was an atmosphere of repose over South-Fork Lake that it seemed as if nothing could disturb. The dam was there, certainly; but if people below, who did not know its immense strength, felt some apprehension, certain it is that their fears were never shared by the members of the club.

A few days after the flood it was seen that the water had carved out a great highway for itself down the hill-side, and its course to the point where it seized the narrow bed of the South Fork for a centre, and from thence on to its junction with the Conemaugh, could be seen plainly. It was surprising to find that so much of the dam remained. Two wings of the dam were standing,—the oldest portion, and that which was solidly constructed by government engineers years and years ago, remaining moss-grown but firm and solid as when it was built. But the centre of the dam had gone. Very little *débris* at the base of the dam was there to show where the chunk bitten out by the waters had been hurled. It was a clean-cut gap, in width perhaps thirty-five feet, or about one-third of the dam's whole length. One would imagine that masons had deliberately taken out the stone-work in the centre. The gap was somewhat in the shape of a key-stone, and the aperture at the lowest point was probably not more than one-tenth as wide as at the top of the wall. The great lake had dwindled down to a

narrow silver thread that worked its way among the loose rocks at the bottom of what had not long before been the bed of the great pond. The grass was already growing in the interstices, and birds, singing to each other, were hopping about in the opening or looking curiously at the chipmunks running saucily along the broken limbs of trees that had been cast aside by the flood. But there were no human voices. Speech was silenced in the presence of such desolation, and the only sentiment seemed to be that it should be left in that primeval solitude from which it had been torn by the hand of man, only to be taken back again at one effort of angry Dame Nature.

Although the aggregate wealth of the owners of South-Fork Lake would reach at least eight figures, the amount of the South-Fork Club's capital stock was but thirty-five thousand dollars, although it was currently reported at two hundred thousand dollars.

The club was incorporated May 19, 1879, the application for charter having been filed with Judge E. H. Stowe, of the Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County. The judge granted the application, and Prothonotary B. F. Kennedy drew up the papers for the court at the December term in 1879. The form of the charter was as follows:

*First.*—The name and title of this organization shall be the South-Fork Fishing and Hunting Club of Pittsburgh, incorporated under and in pursuance of the provisions of an act of General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved April 29, 1874, entitled "An Act, etc."

*Second.*—This association shall have for its object the protection and propagation of game and game fish, and the enforcement of all laws of this State against the unlawful killing or wounding of the same.

*Third.*—This association shall have its place of business in the city of Pittsburg, county of Allegheny, State of Pennsylvania.

*Fourth.*—This association shall, as such, exist perpetually from the date of its incorporation.

*Fifth.*—The capital stock of this association shall be ten thousand dollars, divided into one hundred shares of the value of one hundred dollars each.

The names of the subscribers are as follows :

B. F. Ruff, T. H. Sweat, Charles J. Clark, Thomas Clark, W. F. Fundenberg, Howard Hartley, H. C. Yeager, J. B. White, H. C. Frick, E. A. Meyers, C. C. Hussey, D. R. Ewer, C. A. Carpenter, W. L. Dun, W. L. McClintock, A. V. Holmes.

Not long after the charter was granted, the capital stock of the club was increased from ten thousand dollars to thirty-five thousand dollars. There was no need to make it more. That figure amply covered the cost of improvements, and the private cottages along the lake were, of course, erected with private funds. Since then there has not been much activity in stocks of the club. The officers of the club at the time of the flood were Colonel E. J. Unger, President; Colonel J. J. Lawrence, Vice-President; Louis Irwin, Treasurer; E. A. Meyers, Secretary. For several years Colonel Ruff was president, and John A. Harper, cashier of the Bank of Pittsburg, was secretary and treasurer.

Of course the club is only liable financially to the limit of its capital stock. Its property at South Fork is valuable even in its present drained condition. The dam will never be rebuilt. The officers of the club were all so deeply shocked by the catastrophe, and so earnest in their efforts to help the sufferers, that they had not the heart to think of their club's future.



There were suits against the club for damages, but, notwithstanding the fact that a coroner's jury gave a verdict on a flood victim placing the blame upon the club, none of them were decided adversely to the corporation. This was as it should have been. The club owners were in no manner responsible for the disaster, and any or all of them would have gladly parted with their millions could it have been averted.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE IDENTIFIED DEAD.

THE loss of life was, after a great deal of trouble, placed at about five thousand. There were wild reports that ten thousand or even fifteen thousand had perished, but when the matter was reviewed in calmer mood, and careful calculations made, allowing for many that were burned out of existence at the stone bridge or swept down the river to oblivion, the smaller figure was believed to cover it completely. Considering the confusion that reigned in the Conemaugh Valley during the awful weeks succeeding the flood, it is remarkable that so many bodies were identified. Nothing but unremitting labor and the exercise of keen wits enabled the workers to find out the names and personality of the bruised corpses that were tossed up by the torrent when it had sported with them to its full desire. We here give a full official list of the identified.

## FOURTH WARD MORGUE.

Andrews, John, John Street, at Point.	Campbell, Peter, C. B.
Anderson, John, Sr.	Cox, J. G., travelling salesman, killed at Hulbert House, body shipped to Posey, Slater & Co., Philadelphia.
Alexander, Arillia, taken by her mother June 13.	Carlin, Jonathan, sent to Philadelphia.
Beam, Dr. L. T., and son Charles.	Clark, John B., Conemaugh Borough.
Bogus, William, colored porter at Hulbert House.	Cummings, Amy, buried at Grand View.
Blough, Sophia, wife of Samuel.	Carroll, Thomas P., Conemaugh Borough, buried at St. John's.
Brinke, Elmer J., Gantier clerk, killed at Hulbert House, taken charge of by K. of P. and buried.	Christy, Mrs., Butler, Pa.
Burns, John, Portage Street.	Dimond, Mrs. Anna.
Butler, Charles T., assistant treasurer Cambridge Iron Company, lost at Hulbert House.	Davis, Maggie Della, buried at Sandyvale.
Baldwin, George H., machinist, No. 317 Apple Alley.	Davis, Miss Mary.
Barbour, Carrie S., aged sixteen, Woodvale.	Dimond, Frank, Portage Street.
Bending, Elisabeth (widow), and daughter Jessie.	Diehl, Carrie, who was visiting Miss Jennie Wells at the Hulbert House, sent to Shippensburg, Pa.
Benford, Mrs. Elisabeth E., Hulbert House, buried at Grand View.	Dunn, Miss Mary.
Benford, Lou., Hulbert House, buried at Grand View.	DeFrance, Mrs. H. T., lost at Hulbert House, body taken to Mercer for burial.
Benshoff, J. Q. A.	Dull, W. F.
Butler, Sarah.	Dillon, James, Somerset.
Brown, Mary Emily, daughter of Peter Brown, of Woodvale, found with little daughter of James M. Shumaker, of Johnstown, in her arms, buried at St. John's.	Elsasser, A.
Brown, Lizzie, buried at St. John's.	Eldridge, Samuel B., policeman.
Brown, Peter, Woodvale.	Eldridge, Abram S.
Burns, Peter, Woodvale.	Farrell, Mrs., Woodvale, supposed.
Beheke, Charles, private Eighty-seventh New York Veterans.	Flinn, Mary.
Barrett, James or James Lewis.	Faloon, Miss Annie, No. 245 Pearl Street.
	Fleegle, Miss Anna, of Somerset County.
	Forbes, Henry, buried at Sandyvale.

- Fronheiser, Mrs. Dr. James J.  
 Fadder, E. J., buried at Grand View.  
 Fitzharris, Christ, Sr., living at St. Charles Hotel, ninety-six years of age; Christ, Jr., proprietor St. Charles; Mrs. Margaret, John, Sallie, Katie; all buried at Morrellville.  
 Fitzharris, Gertie, buried at Morrellville.  
 Fingle, Mrs. Mary.  
 Fechtner, Miss Tillie, domestic at No. 259 Main Street, buried at Grand View.  
 Fisher, Wolfgang, wire drawer, roomed No. 307 Main Street, buried at Prospect.  
 Fleck, Leroy.  
 Gard, Andrew.  
 Gardner, John.  
 Gray, Taylor, buried at Sandyvale.  
 Greenawalt, Rosa, Conemaugh Borough.  
 Gageby, Sadie, No. 115 Jackson Street.  
 Greenawalt, Mary Ellen, buried at Sandyvale by Martin Greenawalt.  
 Hipp, Jessie.  
 Hellreigel, Charles, Woodvale.  
 Hellreigel, Mr., buried at Prospect, June 9.  
 Hamilton, Laura and Mary, daughters of Jacob, Bedford Street.  
 Haynes, Walter B., No. 601 Horner Street.  
 Hite, Samuel.  
 Howe, Mrs. Thomas, and son Robert Garfield, restaurant under Hager's block.  
 Hornick, John D.  
 Howe, Mrs. Bridget, mother of County Treasurer Thomas E. Howe.  
 Hennecamp, Mrs. Rebecca, buried at Grand View.  
 Hennecamp, Oscar E., photographer, No. 71 Vine Street, buried at Grand View.  
 Hornick, John P., buried at St. John's.  
 Hoffgard, Conrad, baker, Clinton Street.  
 Holmes, Julia.  
 Halter, Miss.  
 Harris, Mrs. Margaret, Maggie, Sarah, Frank, and John, family of Chief-of-Police John T. Harris, all buried at Grand View.  
 Irwin, Miss Maggie, South Side, buried at Grand View.  
 Jones, Mrs. W. W., Pearl Street; Eliza and a Miss or Mrs. Jones.  
 Katzenstine, Mrs. Jacob (Economy Clothing Store) and child; lost at Hulbert House.  
 Keifline, Mrs. Catharine and Mary.  
 Keiper, Mrs. John A., buried at Grand View.  
 Kirkbride, Mrs. Mahlon (Ida King) and daughter Linda, buried at Grand View.  
 Knee, George D., No. 512 Portage Street.  
 Knox, Mrs. Thomas E., colored.  
 Kimple, Christ.  
 Lyden, Mary, Merchants' Hotel.  
 Little, A., Pittsburg.  
 Llewellyn, Mrs. J. J.  
 Lenhart, Mrs. Samuel, buried at Grand View.  
 Lenhart, Emma, buried at Grand View.

Layton, William and David W.,  
No. 223 Broad Street.

Layton, Mrs. Mary and Miss Ella.

Larimer, James, colored.

Lingle, Mary, buried at Grand  
View.

Leitenberger, Elise and Ellen.

Lewis, James.

Lots, Mrs. Elisabeth, buried at  
Sandyvale.

Long, Samuel, butcher, No. 131  
Vine Street.

Luckhardt, Mrs. Adolph.

Ludwig, Henry and Kate, buried  
at Grand View.

Meredith, Mr.

Murphy, M. J., Brunswick Hotel,  
buried at St. John's.

Murphy, James J., Parke Place.

Murphy, Bessie.

Murphy, Mrs.

Marbourgh, Dr. H. W., Market  
Street.

Malsi, Jacob, butcher, Washington  
Street.

Montgomery, Alex., removed to  
Greensburg.

Murray, James, and daughter  
Nellie.

Marshall, William,

Marshall, C. A., civil engineer,  
drowned at Hulbert House.

McAuliffe, Laura.

McGuire, Lawrence and Kate.

McCullough, Laura, buried at St.  
John's.

McGinley, James, ex-policeman,  
C. B.

McKinstry, Annie, Grand View,  
June 9.

McNally, Pat., St. John's, June 9.

McKinstry, Mrs., dressmaker.

McKeever, Mrs. Mary.

Maylen, Joseph.

Murray, James, of Hayes, Murray  
& Co., Philadelphia, killed at  
Hulbert House, found standing  
erect in *débris*.

Marshall, William, harness-maker,  
body sent to Indiana, Pa.

Mayhew, Joseph, buried at St.  
John's.

Nathan, Adolph, dry goods and  
notions, body shipped to Phila-  
delphia.

Neary, Mary Ellen.

Neary, Kate, St. John's, June 9.

Nightly, John.

Owens, Daisy.

O'Donnell, Frank.

O'Connell, Miss, sister of Patrick,  
Washington Street.

Penrod, William H. Gantier Street,  
buried at Sandyvale.

Poland, Walter and Fred., sons of  
Dr. S. C. Poland, dentist.

Phillips, Mrs. E.

Powell, Howell, No. 141 Vine  
Street, and two children.

Quinn, Vincent D., son of James,  
buried at St. John's.

Riddle, John, Sr.

Raab, Norma, daughter of George  
Raab, Clinton Street, also John  
Raab, son of George.

Rauk, Ella, a little child.

Richards, John B., buried at  
Sandyvale.

Richards, Miss Carrie, teacher in  
the English and Classical school,  
and her sister Mollie, of Ypsi-  
lanti, Mich., who was visiting  
her at the Hulbert House; bodies  
sent to Ypsilanti.

- Randolph, George, of Beaver Falls, killed at Hulbert House, buried by his father, Richard Randolph.
- Rerdal, J. O.
- Raab, George, Clinton Street.
- Ruth, John.
- Ripple, Jackson.
- Raab, George, Washington Street.
- Richardson, John B.
- Raab, Amelia.
- Raab, Miss Lissie.
- Snyder, Mary.
- Slick, Cyrus.
- Spoller, Lea.
- Shumaker, John S., and little sister, son and daughter of James M.
- Schnabel, John.
- Schnabel, Mrs. Conrad, supposed.
- Slick, Nancy A., claimed by Charles Leffler.
- Snaller, Mrs. Joseph, buried at Sandyvale.
- Smith, three children of J. L. Smith, Stony Creek Street, lost at the Hulbert House, where they were sent for safety.
- Stopfel, Bertha, buried at Grand View.
- Stream, John, of Fisher & Stream, liquor dealers, Main Street.
- St. John, Dr. C. B., oculist, a stranger, lost at Hulbert House, buried at Grand View.
- Strouse, Moses.
- Spitts, W. L., sent to Philadelphia.
- Spoller, Mrs.
- Tittle, C. P.
- Trawatha, Mrs., mother of Cal. Trawatha, identified by A. Keifline, of Prospect.
- Thomas, Lydia, supposed.
- Thomas, Ed. (gasman), Woodvale.
- Viering, Mrs. Henry.
- Viering, Henry, aged fourteen, son of Henry Viering.
- Valentine, William T., buried at Grand View.
- Von Alt, Henry.
- Viering, Miss Lissie, Railroad St.
- Wells, Miss Jennie, assistant principal of Johnstown High School, lost at the Hulbert House, claimed by W. H. Ocker, of Shippensburg, body sent.
- Wild, Jacob and wife, Main Street, and daughter Bertha.
- Weakland, John W., Esq., lost at Hulbert House, buried by his partner, T. R. Marshall, of the Marshall-Weakland Company.
- Williams, Joseph.
- Werry, Albert, No. 109 Chestnut St.
- Woolf, Mrs. Joanna, buried at St. John's.
- Werberger, William.
- Wheat, Frank, bartender.
- Williams, Henry, Hulbert House porter.
- Wilson, Charles H., clerk Hulbert House.
- Young, Mrs. Andrew, buried at Grand View.
- Young, August, of Eldridge & Young, buried at Grand View.
- Young, Emil, Sr., taken by his wife.
- Young, Frank, son of Emil, taken by his mother.
- Zimmerman, Emma, and Mrs. Laura Zimmerman Haynes, daughters of Jacob Zimmerman, Esq., Bedford Street.
- Zimmerman, Theodore F.

## MINERSVILLE MORGUE.

The Minersville Morgue was in the old hose-house, and was opened on Saturday following the flood. Mr. David Teeter, Mrs. Bartlebaugh, and Mrs. Napoleon had charge of it. The following bodies were received at this Morgue:

Barley, Nancy.	Matthews, Thomas.
Blair, Mrs., Woodvale.	Morgan, Minnie.
Davis, Willard.	Murphy, Rosy.
Davis, Susan.	Murphy, William.
Drue, Mollie, daughter of Harry.	Murphy, Mary.
Edmonds, Nancy, Conemaugh St.	Osterman, —, Cambria.
Evans, Mrs.	Rodgers, Gracie, daughter of Mr.
Evans, Lake.	Patrick Rodgers, Iron Street.
Evans, Maggie.	Robertson, Thomas, Woodvale.
Evans, Mrs., and child.	Sharkey, child of Neal Sharkey,
Evans, Mamie.	Johnstown.
Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Peter, and child,	Shultz, Joseph, River Street.
wife of Chief Fitzpatrick, of	Smith, Mrs. Maggie, wife of P. M.
Cambria.	Smith.
Foust, Cooney, Woodvale.	Thoburn, Jennie.
Greenwalt, George, Cambria.	Thomas, son of Mrs. Jenkin
Hainey, —, painter.	Thomas.
Himes, —, insurance agent.	Thomas, Mrs. Jenkin, Conemaugh
Huston, Miss.	Street.
Kelley, Mrs. James M., widow of	Thomas, John.
ex-Policeman Kelley, of Cam-	Tomb, G. C., Morrellville.
bria.	Woman, supposed to be Mrs. Pat-
Kidd, Mrs. Sarah, Walnut Street.	rick Madden, sandy complexion,
Lewis, Mrs. Ananias, Iron Street.	gray hair.

The bodies not taken charge of by relatives and friends were interred on Benshoff's hill. Benjamin Goughnor was in charge of the work.

## MORRELLVILLE MORGUE.

Those received at Morrellville were laid in a field near the railroad until identified, or coffined and interred. The following is the list:

Ams or Eims, Nicholas, Cambria.	Garver, Mrs.
Ams or Eims, Mary, Cambria.	Grady, Mrs. Abbey.
Ams or Eims, William, Cambria.	Gallager, Thomas.
Benson, child of R.	Garven, Mrs.
Baird, Charles, Cambria.	Gregor, Anne, Cambria.
Bare, Mrs., and child.	Griffith, —.
Bridges, Emma, Cambria.	Heiner, Mrs. August, Cambria.
Boyle, Charles.	Hessler, Andrew.
Bernheiser, Rosa.	Harris, Mrs. N.
Brawley, George.	Hayes, Mary.
Benson, child of R.	Hess, William W.
Bowser, George, Bedford County.	Jones, child of Officer Jones.
Coleman, Jessie, South Side.	Johnson, John.
Craig, Christ., and child, Cambria.	Jenkins, Thomas.
Coll, Mary.	James, child of Jack.
Cope, Mrs. Ahlum.	Johnson, Mrs. John.
Culliton, Mrs. Frank.	Johill, Joseph.
Davis, Thomas S. ("California Tom.")	Kirlin, Frank.
Ding, Alex., Locust Street, Johnstown.	Kirlin, Edward.
Dixon, David, Iron Street.	King, Mrs. J. L.
Dowling, Miss M. E., Johnstown.	Kintz, Catharine.
Dowling, Mrs. Catharine.	Kane, Mary, Cambria.
Davis, Mrs.	Kathers, A., child, Cambria.
Evans, Maggie.	Keland, Frank.
Featherman, W. M.	Kiner, Lissie, Cambria.
Fink, Mary.	Kintz, Mrs. Mary, Cambria.
Fisher, Ignatius.	Lambriski, John, Cambria.
Fendra, Hibler Barie.	Lambriski, Mrs. Kate, Cambria.
Fisher, Miss, Cambria.	Liningar, Mrs.
Fisher, Emma.	Lambriski, Mrs. Mary.
Franko, Jessie, Washington Street, Johnstown.	Lambriski, Miss.
Fisher, Aug.	Liningar, Mrs.
	McClarren, John.
	McClarren, Cora.
	Mickey, August.

Miller, George, Cambria.	Thomas, Jenkin.
Murphy, Mary, Iron Street.	Thomas, Sylvester, Cambria.
McAneny, Miss, Cambria.	Temple, Leroy.
McLane, John.	Thomas, John.
McLane, Cora, supposed.	Thurn, Levi, Conemaugh Borough.
Morgan, —.	Unmoen, Cal.
Myers, Charles.	Varner, Ella.
Nadi, Frank.	Vitner, A. J., Cambria.
Newell, August.	Wagoner, Lizzie, Johnstown.
Nue, Elenore.	Welsh, James, Cambria.
Oswald, Miss, Johnstown.	Welsh, Thomas, Cambria.
Polk, John, Railroad Street.	Williams, W. J., Union Street,
Purse, Mary M., Johnstown.	Johnstown.
Raab, —.	Wolford, A., Johnstown.
Reese, Sarah.	Warren, Willie, taken by R. B.
Schubert, C. T., editor <i>Freie Presse</i> .	Bates to Racine, Wis.
Sheldon, H.	Worthington, —.
Stern, Bella.	Wier, Frank.
Smith, Mrs. Thomas.	Youst, Eddie.
Shaffer, Jacob.	Supposed Miss Mame Fink, had
Schiffhauer, John.	carved gold ring inscribed "Will
Strauss, child of Charles.	to Mary," and ring with red set,
Steinley, Mrs., Cambria.	ear-rings with glass sets, dark
Stewes, Lewis, Conemaugh Bor-	brown hair, fair complexion,
ough.	about five feet four, rather
Tokash, Mrs., and child, Cambria.	fleshy.

Following are the names of some of the dead who are not recorded on the morgue lists:

Leitenberger, Mrs. John, Vine Street.	Schaffer, Fred., found back of St. Joseph's Church, boarded with
Leitenberger, Miss Nancy, Vine Street.	John Stormer, C. B., buried at Singer's.
Sheets, Jacob, Sr., found at Nineveh.	Williams, Joseph.

There were sixty-three unknown dead at this morgue.



## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH MORGUE.

Benshoff, Arthur.	Hughes, Emma.
Brindle, Mary.	Humm, Geo. C., Panxsutawney.
Brinker, Henry.	Jones, Thomas.
Brinker, Miss.	Kegg, W. E.
Brinke, Dr. G. C.	Kinny, Mrs., thirty-five.
Bruhn, Claus, supposed.	Lewis, Mrs.
Coad, Mrs.	Meyer, Elizabeth.
Coad, Willie.	Meyer, Mary F.
Coad, John, Sr.	O'Connell, Capt. Patrick.
Davis, Della.	Roberts, Howard J.
Dewalt, Charles B.	Roland, Mrs. Louis.
Eckdale, James.	Roland, Louis.
Evans, Mr., supposed.	Rosensteel, Mrs. J. M.
Gaither, daughter of J. C. Gaither.	Roth, Mrs. Emil C.
Gaither, Harry.	Rubert, Teny.
Gallagher, Prof.	Ryan, ex-Sheriff John.
Halleran, Mrs. Mary, daughter of John Coad.	Statler, Frank E.
Halstead, Phil.	Strayer, Mrs. J. S.
Hawn, George C.	Strayer, Myrtle.
Hoffman, Ella.	White, Ebba.
Hoffman, Ben.	Wilt, Casper, Stony Creek Town- ship.
Hoffman, Minnie.	Young, Mrs. Andy.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD STATION MORGUE.

The morgue at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station was in the ladies' waiting-room, where the bodies were confined and prepared for identification. The unknown were taken to the Peelerville School-House, after which they were interred on the hill.

Abler, Lewis.	Burkhart, Mrs. Mollie.
Abler, George.	Christy, Mrs., supposed.
Barkley, Viola.	Christy, Andrew C.
Bischof, Thomas.	Connors, Mrs. Mary.
Blough, Emanuel.	Davis, Frank.
Boyer, Solomon.	Davis, Clara.
Bradley, Thomas.	Deibel, Henry, Woodvale.
Buchanan, John S.	Dhrew, Mrs. Mary.

Diller, Isaac.  
 Diller, Mrs. Marion.  
 Diller, Rev. Alonzo P.  
 Dinsant, Lola.  
 Downey, Mrs. Mary.  
 Downs, Thomas.  
 Downs, Mrs. Catherine.  
 Duncan, Mrs. Dr. J. C.  
 Eek, Ella M.  
 Fagan, Patrick.  
 Fagan, Mrs. Patrick.  
 Fagan, two daughters, one thirteen  
     years, the other six months,  
     badly burned.  
 Fisher, Noah.  
 Fitzharris, Mary.  
 Geddes, Paul, supposed.  
 Geddes, George.  
 Gromley, Lily.  
 Hager, Miss.  
 House, Mellie.  
 Helsel, George.  
 Hellreigel, Miss Lizzie.  
 Hennekamp, Samuel E.  
 Hite, Emanuel or Samuel.  
 Howe, Mary A.  
 Hurst, Harry.  
 James, Mollie.  
 James, Mrs. John W.  
 Jones, Annie.  
 Jones, Edgar.  
 Jones, Richard.  
 Jones, James.  
 Keedy, Mrs. Mary.  
 Kenna, Mrs. Alice, *nee* Christy.  
 Kilgore, Alex.  
 Leech, Mrs.  
 Leslie, John S.  
 Lewis, Oril.  
 Levergood, Miss Lucy.  
 Lucas, Mrs. Maria, colored.  
 Mansfield, ——.

Morgan, Martha.  
 Morgan, Catharine.  
 Murphy, John.  
 Murr, Charles.  
 Myers, John.  
 Myers, Mrs. Catharine.  
 McDowell, Mrs. Agnes.  
 McDowell, George.  
 McHugh, John L.  
 McKee, John C. W.  
 Nixon, Emma.  
 Overbeck, W. H.  
 Owens, Anna.  
 Owens, Mrs. Mary Ann.  
 Owens, Thomas.  
 Owens, William L.  
 Parsons, Mrs. Eva May.  
 Peyton, Campbell.  
 Peyton, Georgiana.  
 Peyton, Julia.  
 Peyton, John W.  
 Potter, Joseph, Sr.  
 Prosser, Miss Bessie.  
 Prosser, Fanny.  
 Rodgers, Patrick and wife.  
 Rose, Harry G.  
 Rodgers, Mrs. Mary E.  
 Ross, Joseph (first man drowned).  
 Schultseldick, Gottlieb.  
 Schellhammer, Lawrence.  
 Schatz, E.  
 Sharkey, Mary.  
 Siebert, Henry.  
 Smith, Hettie H.  
 Spitz, Walter L.  
 Stophel, Mrs. Margaret.  
 Such, Homer.  
 Surany, David.  
 Suter, Homer.  
 Thoburn, Thomas.  
 Thomas, E. W.  
 Tross, Mrs. Margaret.

Tucker, Liliand J.  
 Vinton, Margaret, daughter of Mr.  
 E. J. Vinton, of Jeannette, on a  
 visit here.  
 Wilbower, Mrs. Bertha, died in  
 Prospect Hospital.  
 Williams, Mrs. D. J.  
 Williams, —.

Wilson, Dr. J. C.  
 Young, William, Co. "C," Four-  
 teenth Regiment, N. G. Pa.,  
 aged thirty, fair complexion, hair  
 black, hazel eyes, one hundred  
 and sixty pounds, five feet eight,  
 blue military suit, shot himself.  
 Zeller, Miss Rose.

### MILLVILLE BOROUGH MORGUE, AT SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Abler, Louisa.  
 Abler, Georgia.  
 Bittner, A. D.  
 Baird, Charles.  
 Bowers, George.  
 Bare, Mrs.  
 Bridges, Emma.  
 Bates, Annie, draft sixty dollars  
 First National Bank, Racine,  
 Wis.  
 Coleman, Jessy.  
 Creed, David.  
 Duig, Alex.  
 Ems, William.  
 Greger, Ann.  
 Griffiths, Mr.  
 Given, Miss Jane.  
 Given, Benjamin.  
 Harnish, Blanche, sent to Dayton,  
 Ohio.  
 Heckman, Frances, domestic for  
 John Henderson.  
 Johnson, John.  
 Jones, Mrs. Alice.  
 Kints, Mary.  
 Knorr, Bertha, Jackson Street.  
 Knorr, Emma.  
 Lambriski, John.  
 Lambriski, Kate.  
 Layton, Mrs. William.  
 Miller, George.

Murphy, Mary.  
 McClarren, Samuel.  
 McAneny, Miss.  
 McConaghy, Wallace, blown up  
 out of wreck at stone bridge,  
 identified by receipt in his  
 pocket from W. J. Rose & Son,  
 only part of body, large set  
 ring, no clothing.  
 McHugh, Mrs. D. A., East Cone-  
 maugh.  
 Oswald, Miss.  
 Phillips, John, son of Robert Phil-  
 lips, aged thirteen, Second Ward,  
 Johnstown.  
 Phillips, Mrs. Robert, First Ward,  
 Johnstown.  
 Raab, Elizabeth.  
 Reese, John, son of James Reese,  
 Conemaugh Street.  
 Roland, Rand.  
 Roland, Emma.  
 Thomas, Sylvester.  
 Tobash, child of Mrs.  
 Varner, Ella.  
 Wagoner, Lizzie.  
 Wolford, A.  
 Welsh, James.  
 Williams, Harvey D.  
 Williams, N. J.  
 White, Mary P.

## PEELORVILLE MORGUE.

Abler, Lulu.	McCune, John L.
Agrey, —.	Owens, David.
Brinton, Margaret.	Rogers, Mrs David.
Hellenberger, Mrs. E.	Salunty, E.
Hicks, Ella, Woodvale.	Thomas, Mrs. E.
Hurst, Nattie.	Tucker, Reuben.

## MILLVILLE MORGUE.

Henry Pritchard, Market Street.	Luther Werts, Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Peter L. Lacy, Woodvale.	Rose Carroll, Railroad Street, Conemaugh.
Winnie T., daughter of John H. Harris.	Harry Keedy, Cinder Street.
Mrs. James Murtha.	Harry Cover, son of Benjamin Hinchman.
Child of James Murtha.	John D. Ross.
Infant of James Murtha.	Lewis Jacoby, Broad Street, Cambria.
Frank, son of James Murtha.	Harry, son of Gottfried Hoffman.
James Murtha.	Gustave Schmitz, life insurance agent.
Maggie R. Riffe.	Gottfried Hoffman, Washington Street.
Jacob Hamilton.	Female, dark brown hair, black Jersey, green and brown striped wool dress, blue and white striped skirt, seven dollars and twenty-six cents in money, one old foreign penny. Subsequently identified as Mrs. Morris Woolf.
Bertha Knorr, Jackson Street.	E. Vincent Webber.
John, son of James Reese, Conemaugh Street.	Potts, Jane.
Frank J. Dally.	Ressler, John R.
Rose Ann O'Connors.	
Francis Feris.	
Minnie Linton.	
Annie Lenhart.	
Mrs. George Helser, Washington Street.	
Daniel Hammer, No. 329 Railroad Street, Johnstown.	
Maud Connery, Railroad Street, Johnstown.	

## RECOVERED ON THE KERNVILLE SIDE.

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| <p>Akers, Alvar, of the firm of Akers &amp; Baumer.</p> <p>Alexander, J. G.</p> <p>Arthur, Mrs. William.</p> <p>Baker, Mrs. Nelson, widow.</p> <p>Bantley, William.</p> <p>Bryan, William.</p> <p>Bowman, Luther, eight years.</p> <p>Bowman, Nellie, thirteen years.</p> <p>Brady, John, Esq.</p> <p>Brennan, Mrs. Edward, Woodvale.</p> <p>Bryan, William.</p> <p>Cope, Miss Ella.</p> <p>Cunz, child of Prof. Bernard Cunz, six years.</p> <p>Craig, J. J.</p> <p>Craig, Mrs. J. J.</p> <p>Cooper, Otho, colored.</p> <p>Coodee (or Kioeger), worked for H. Martin, wire mill.</p> <p>Davis, Mrs. Walter.</p> <p>Delaney, Mrs. L. W.</p> <p>Dyer, Mrs.</p> <p>English, John.</p> <p>Evans, Mrs. M., and three children.</p> <p>Evans, Mrs., Vine Street.</p> <p>Fink, Mrs.</p> <p>Fisher, John H., Esq., wife and three children,—to wit, Mrs. Margaret J. Fisher, Miss Maggie Fisher, George Fisher, Baby Fisher, and servant girl, name unknown.</p> <p>Fidley, Elvira, Hooversville.</p> <p>Forkes, Mrs. Rachel.</p> <p>Gageby, Mrs. Robert H.</p> <p>Hager, Mrs. George.</p> <p>Howe, Thomas J.</p> <p>Hamilton, Miss Jessie, Bedford Street.</p> | <p>Halleran, Miss May.</p> <p>Hefley, Ed., Stoyestown.</p> <p>Hite, Mrs. Larry.</p> <p>Howe, Mrs. Gertrude, Railroad Street.</p> <p>Howard, James.</p> <p>Hocker, Mrs. John.</p> <p>Humphreys, William.</p> <p>Kinney, Mrs. (elderly).</p> <p>Koontz, Mrs. Ann.</p> <p>Kohle, Mrs.</p> <p>Levergood, Mrs. Jane, widow of Jacob.</p> <p>Lichtenberg, Rev., of the German Lutheran Church, and wife.</p> <p>Lovell, Mrs. Sallie.</p> <p>Lindle, Mary.</p> <p>McClelland, Mrs. George.</p> <p>Musser, Charles.</p> <p>Murrell, John's child.</p> <p>Nixon, Mrs. Robert H. The body of Mrs. Nixon was found near Unique Rink, and was buried on Sunday at Grand View.</p> <p>Owen, Moses, and three children.</p> <p>Palmer, Mrs. (old lady).</p> <p>Potter, Mrs., Woodvale.</p> <p>Parke, William, his sister and child, and his mother, widow of the late John Parke.</p> <p>Pike, Miss Fannie.</p> <p>Pike, S. Bowen.</p> <p>Pike, W. W.</p> <p>Pike, W. W., Jr.</p> <p>Quinn, Miss Ellen.</p> <p>Rainey, Mrs. W. R.</p> <p>Rainey, Parke.</p> <p>Ryan, Maggie.</p> <p>Ream, Adolph.</p> <p>Ream, Mrs., Woodvale.</p> |
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Reese, Windsor.  
 Reese, Annie.  
 Rhodes, Lincoln.  
 Rhodes, Mrs. Lincoln.  
 Roberts, Mrs. Millard.  
 Roebrio, G. (Johnson Street Railway Company).  
 Swank, Freddie.  
 Shumaker, daughter of J. M., eight years.  
 Smith, Mrs. J. L.  
 Sperline, John, Cambria.  
 Swank, Jacob.

Swank, Mrs. Jacob, Bedford Street.  
 Swank, Mrs. Neff J., and four children.  
 Speers, Mrs. L. E. (\$5 gold-piece for breastpin and \$2.50 gold-pieces for ear-rings).  
 Stuft, Mrs. Wesley, Woodvale.  
 Voeghtly, Mrs.  
 White, Mrs. John, and two daughters,—Misses Ella and Maggie.  
 Will, Mrs. Elizabeth.  
 Westeytuff, Mrs.  
 Zimmerman, Morgan.

## ST. COLUMBA MORGUE, CAMBRIA.

St. Columba's Catholic Church, in Cambria Borough, was used as a morgue, and the bodies began to arrive there on Saturday after the flood. The following were received there :

Allbetter, Mrs.  
 Alt, Mr. George, sixty, Cambria.  
 Bagley, William.  
 Berkebile, Mahlon.  
 Barkley, George.  
 Briscooll, Jessie.  
 Bonson, Charles R.  
 Brady, John.  
 Bishop, Julius.  
 Boyle, Thomas, eight, Cambria.  
 Cooper, Mrs. (colored).  
 Coe, John.  
 Callahan, Mrs. Frank.  
 Cush, Manuel.  
 Cush, Joseph.  
 Cush, Joseph.  
 Cush, J. Dan.  
 Orig, Annie.  
 Couthamer, Mr.  
 Orig, Catharine.  
 Cush, Mrs. Patrick, Cambria.

Cush, Mrs. Patrick, Sr.  
 Dunn, Miss Mary A., Prospect.  
 Davis, Mr.  
 Davis, Thomas.  
 Eldridge, Pennell, Morrellville.  
 Edwards, Levi.  
 Evans, Maggie.  
 Evans, Daisy.  
 Fogarty, Thomas.  
 Frank, Katie.  
 Fredinan, M. W.  
 Fink, Mrs. Mary.  
 Fisher, Annie.  
 Golligher, Thomas.  
 Garter, —.  
 Hass, Mrs.  
 Hays, Michael (child).  
 Howe, Gertie, Johnstown.  
 Henning, Mary.  
 Henning, John.  
 Hough, Mrs.

- Holmes, Mrs. Eliza.  
 Holtzman, Joseph.  
 Harrigan, Ella.  
 Hessler, Annie.  
 Howe, L. S.  
 Herman, E.  
 Johnson, Mrs. John.  
 Johnson, John.  
 Johel, Joseph.  
 Kirby, William, Johnstown.  
 Kratzer, Mrs. Henry.  
 Kane, John.  
 Knable, Leonard.  
 Knable, John.  
 Kelly, Charles.  
 Keelan, Mary, and husband.  
 Keelan Frank.  
 Keelan Edward.  
 Korars, Mrs. M.  
 King, Mrs. S. T.  
 Kinty, Mrs. Mary.  
 Kinty, Mrs. Catharine.  
 Kamviski, Mrs.  
 Kamviski, John.  
 Kamviski, Mrs. (No. 2).  
 Kane, John.  
 Lambert, Mrs., fifty-eight, Cambria.  
 Lightner, James and wife.  
 McAneny, Kate, fourteen, Cambria.  
 McCann, John, Johnstown.  
 McCaughy, Mrs. James P.,  
     Johnstown.  
 Madden, Mame.  
 Mozo, Thomas.  
 Monteverde, C., and two children.  
 Madden, John.  
 Maloolm, Cora.  
 Morgan, Mr.  
 McCaughy, J. P., died after flood.  
 Nainbaugh, Henry.  
 Nix, Frank.  
 New, Frank.  
 Nitch, John P., and child, Cambria.  
 Nixon, Emma, seventeen, Woodvale.  
 Overdorf, Isaac.  
 Overdorf, J. R.  
 Overdorf, Jacob.  
 Oiler, George.  
 O'Neill, infant child of Burgess  
     O'Neill, Cambria.  
 Pheley, Barney.  
 Plummer Alvin.  
 Penninger, Mrs.  
 Ross, Berkshire.  
 Ross, John.  
 Riley, Mary, ten, Cambria.  
 Riley, Frank, fifteen, Cambria.  
 Schnell, Mrs., sixty-five.  
 Slick, Josephine.  
 Sharpler, Jacob, Jr.  
 Sharpler, Jacob, Sr.  
 Shewer, George.  
 Shewer, Neal.  
 Stinsman, Joseph.  
 Stern, Bella.  
 Skinner, John.  
 Smith, William.  
 Skobaugh, Mrs.  
 Smith, John.  
 Smith, Robert.  
 Smith, Mrs. Thomas.  
 Smith, Mrs. John.  
 Smith, Mrs.  
 Tomb, Charles.  
 Wise, J., and boy, Cambria.  
 Wise, Annie, four, Cambria.  
 Wise, —, ten, Cambria.  
 Wise, Mrs. Martin.  
 Williams, P.  
 Wine, Mart.  
 Worthington, Mrs. R., and child.  
 Warom, William.  
 Yocum, Samuel.  
 Youst, Edward, and boy.

## AT NINEVEH—WESTMORELAND SIDE.

A large number of bodies were taken from the river on the Westmoreland side, at Nineveh. An acre of ground was purchased by the authorities of the county, for a cemetery for the flood victims and to be used as a burying place for Nineveh and vicinity, from Mr. Samuel Hill. It is on a hill to the left of the railroad, going west. The victims of the flood are interred in three rows, each body being designated by a head-board, bearing its number and such information about the person as could be obtained. The following is the list:

Katie Frits, Johnstown.	Mrs. Shinkey.
Maggie Frits, Johnstown.	Supposed Walter Jones, son of
Miss H. Golde, Johnstown.	Simeon Jones, of Washington,
Mary Albetter, Cambria.	Pa., or Johnstown.
Jacob Sheets, Conemaugh Borough.	Man, twenty, Philip Smith.
Charles Oswald, Johnstown.	Man, forty, red hair and moustache,
Mrs. H. Viering, Johnstown.	supposed Jacob Miller.
Thomas Clark, Johnstown.	Mrs. Rev. D. W. Jones, Johnstown.
Mrs. Fitzharris.	Woman, twenty-two, brown hair,
Mrs. P. Davis.	left incisor broken, supposed Mrs.
Miss Jennie Greenwood, Cambria.	White.
Mrs. Master, or Miss Maser, Conemaugh Street, Johnstown.	Man, fifty, supposed Richard
Mrs. Just McCann.	Worthington.
Mrs. Maggie Cornelison, Johnstown.	Child, eight months, found with
Supposed Mrs. Henry Saylor, Johnstown.	Mrs. Niche.
Larry Shettnhelm, Cambria.	Child, two, dark hair, brown eyes,
Mrs. Degnan, Cambria.	supposed John Thomas's child.
Frank Woodford.	Josiah Kidd, Johnstown.
Katie Evans, Iron Street, Millville.	Mrs. McAneny.
Hulbert Pryan, Market Street, Johnstown.	James Holtzman.
Mrs. John Garber.	Supposed Maggie Hipp, thirty,
Shonwiski, Cambria.	light brown hair, gold ring.
	Girl, eight, supposed Sarah Winsor.
	Sarah Mingle.
	Eliza Struston, of Norristown.
	Woman, fifty, supposed Miss Griffin.



Large woman, fifty-five, supposed Mrs. John Oswald.	Man, twenty-five, brown hair, sup- posed George Subliff, Crawford County.
Man, sixty-five, supposed W. Owens.	Mrs. Evans, Cambria.
William Schry, Woodvale.	David J. Johnson, mine boss, Johnstown, or David Mistida, of Indiana County.
Girl, twelve, supposed daughter of Jacob Bopp.	
Maggie Greenwood, Cambria.	

## AT NINEVEH—INDIANA SIDE.

On the Indiana side of the river, at Nineveh, the following bodies were recovered:

Ams, Mrs., or Mrs. Eims.	Lambriski, child of John, Cambria.
Atkinson, John, Cambria.	Maltsie, Mrs. Joseph.
Constable, Mrs., Cambria.	Marks, William.
Craig, Catharine.	Meyers, Bernhard, Jersey City Heights, N. J.
Griffin, Miss Mary, Johnstown.	Murphy, Mrs. M. J., Brunswick Hotel, Johnstown.
"Hester," Cambria, six toes.	Riley, Miss Kate, Cambria.
Hirsh, Ed.	Schittenhelm, Tony.
Hirsh, Harry.	Smith, Mrs., or Mrs. Martin.
James, Benjamin.	Stinely, Mrs. Mary, and baby, Cambria.
Johnston, David, Johnstown.	Sweitzer, —, Cambria.
Keelan, Mrs., Cambria.	Wise, Mrs., Cambria.
King, Mrs. J. L.	
Kints, John, Cambria.	
Lambriski, Mrs., Cambria.	

About fifty were not identified here.

## AT FRANKLIN.

Boyer, Solomon.	Mills, William.
Constable, George.	Robina, Mrs., and two children.
Devlin, Miss, niece of Dr. Wilson.	Rubrits, Peter, wife and daughter.
Keiper, Mrs. John, and child.	Wilson, Dr. J. C., and wife.
Leech, Mrs., and daughter.	Unknown man from house of Mrs. Skelly.
Loudenstein, Ida.	

## AT MINERAL POINT.

Mrs. James Finley and daugh- ter.	James Wilson.
Mr. Abe Byers and mother.	Mr. Grumbling, wife, and five children.
Samuel Page and family.	Mr. Kohler.

To these names must be added the long list of unidentified dead, who are described in the official list only as "Man," "Woman," or "Child," as the case may be, together with height, weight, probable age, etc. They lie in unmarked graves, and will never be known until they answer the great roll-call above.

The greatest loss of life in a single building occurred at the Hulbert House, the leading hotel of Johnstown. There were fifty-seven guests in the hotel at the time of the flood, only ten of whom escaped alive. The story of the wreck is best told in the language of George Hartley, a resident of the city, who was stopping at the Hulbert at the time.

"About five minutes before the crash came," said Mr. Hartley, "we heard a whistle blow, and, thinking it was for a fire, all ran upstairs. I had just reached the second-story landing when the waters struck the building and the walls crumbled, penning the helpless guests in the ruins of the structure. As the waters rushed over my head I became fastened between the timbers, with no possible means of escape in sight, and, concluding that it was perhaps the easiest way to die after all, I opened my mouth and prepared to meet my doom. Then the roof was raised by the angry elements. This released me from my precarious position, at the same time tearing most of my clothing from my body. I grasped the edge of the roof, and, after pulling a man named Mark Benford out of the water, weak as I was, I managed to pick my way on the drift across Main Street to the Fritz House, where Benford and I rescued a girl who worked at Clark's notion store and one of the Fritz House chamber-maids. We also rescued Mrs. Greiss, who worked in Weaver's confectionery store, as we were gaining the upper floor of the

Fritz House, where all hands were compelled to remain for the night."

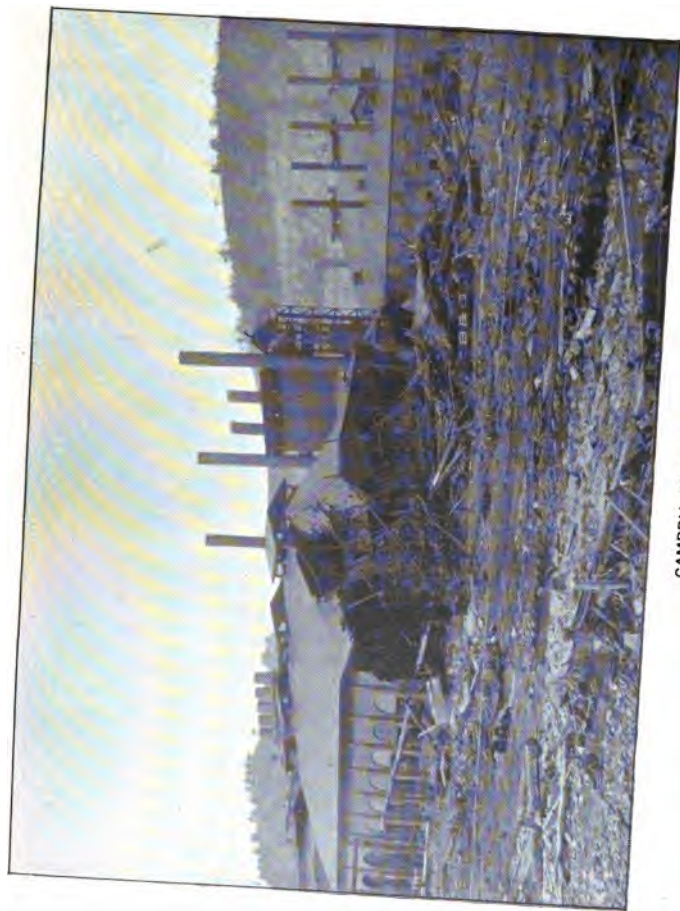
Four travellers who were stopping at the Hulbert House went to the third floor when the flood overtook them, and, after wishing one another good-by, surrendered themselves to fate, which came to three of them. The unfortunates were John Little, of Sewickley, Pa., W. J. Cox, of Philadelphia, and R. Snitz. The survivor was John Dorsey, of Philadelphia. Two Pittsburghers escaped by mere chance. They were boarding at the Hulbert, but, a few minutes before the flood reached the hotel, had crossed the street to the Merchants'. The Hulbert House was managed by Mr. Benford, whose mother, sister, and brother were among the lost. It was a popular hotel with travelling men, and the only wonder is that there were so few of them present at the time of the disaster. The names of those who went down to their death with the house will be found in the alphabetical list of the dead.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FINANCIAL LOSSES—HISTORY OF CAMBRIA IRON-WORKS.

At the time of the flood reports sent out regarding the loss of property were greatly exaggerated. Many of the newspapers placed the aggregate at forty million dollars; the total valuation of Cambria County, however, was not more than half of this amount. A careful estimate made one month after the disaster showed that about eighteen hundred houses had been destroyed within the county. To replace them would



CAMBRIA IRON COMPANY.



have necessitated the outlay of about five million dollars, showing that the loss of property (exclusive of that sustained by the Cambria Iron Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad) did not exceed half a million dollars.

To make good these losses was the first work of the relief committees, and the first step in this direction was taken on June 20, when Pittsburg ordered one hundred frame houses, at one hundred dollars each, with furnishings at fifty dollars; Governor Beaver ordered one hundred houses at two hundred dollars each, one hundred at one hundred and twenty-five dollars each, and one hundred stores at two hundred and fifty dollars each. These structures were erected with the greatest facility, and thirty days after the disaster many of them were peopled with tenants.

Johnstown was, before the flood, a bustling, thriving city. It was live in the fullest sense of the term, and it comprised within its own borders the means of progress and of prosperity for many years to come. There were six regularly incorporated concerns in the city exclusive of the Cambria Steel Works and the Gaultier branch, having a listed capital of five hundred and ten thousand dollars; this being exclusive of banks. There were ninety-five groceries, thirty-four general stores, and over fifty dry goods houses, all of which represented a large gross sum of capital invested. It was estimated that the city of Johnstown comprised a capital of sixteen million dollars. There were six hundred and thirteen business establishments in the devastated city and its suburbs. Many were small, but a great number were of considerable dimensions, giving employment to hundreds of operatives. There were sixty-six saloons.

The history of the Cambria Iron Company is both romantic and interesting. In 1803, General Arthur St. Clair erected Hermitage Furnace, some sixteen miles from the site of what is now the city of Johnstown. Prior to his perceiving the advantages of that locality—mainly carbonate ore—the pioneer workers in that locality had already established charcoal furnaces. The raw material and the product had to be transported principally by wagons. In 1809 the working of ores began in Johnstown. Crude and primitive as was the industry then, it marked the important epoch when began the manufacture of iron in America. It was not until 1852 that the Cambria Iron Company was organized, purposely to operate four old-fashioned charcoal furnaces. Coal, iron, and limestone abounded. In 1853 four coke furnaces were started, and it took the three following years to develop what is now the great coke industry.

The iron industry throughout America, as well as in the Iron State, was then in its infancy. From 1852 until after the War of the Rebellion the Cambria Iron Company struggled for its very existence. Then it was that the illustrious Daniel J. Morrell, a member of the Philadelphia mercantile firm who were the creditors, sprang to the front, and said in effect, "You gentlemen should make no mistake about this. The region in and all around Johnstown is pregnant with all the materials necessary to establish the greatest industry of the nation."

He was appointed chairman of the merchants whose investments were at stake to visit the place. His report shrewdly recommended a further investment, which would at the same time relieve the Cambria Iron Company from bankruptcy. Faith was placed in him.

He was intrusted with additional funds. The investment, however, in 1855, owing to the approach of a panic, proved a partial failure. Mr. Morrell secured the formation of a new company, consisting of Richard D. Wood, Daniel J. Morrell, Edward Y. Townsend, George Trotter, Matthew Newkirk, with others. Then it was that Daniel J. Morrell threw his heart and soul into the project. But he met with many reverses. In 1856 there was financial depression. The year 1857 saw one of the most prostrating panics through which Pennsylvania had ever passed. The month of June witnessed a fire which destroyed the entire works, notwithstanding the fact that men in double rank passed bucketfuls of water from the Conemaugh to the flames. One week afterwards, by determination and financial ability, the furnaces were aglow and the rolls whirled with the familiar hum.

The Cambria Iron Company was actively employed during the war. Up to the year 1870 the so-called Bessemer process, whether known or not, had not been utilized extensively.

In 1857 one steel rail was sent to Derby, England, and laid down on the Midland Railroad, where travel was so great that iron rails had to be renewed almost every three months. In June, 1873, after sixteen years of trial, that rail was replaced.

In 1857-58, William Kelly, of Louisville, Kentucky, made, at the Cambria Iron Company's works, the first experiment in this country of pneumatic steel. Kelly preceded Bessemer beyond the possibility of a doubt in the discovery of the process, but Bessemer obtained the patent; yet Mr. Morrell achieved the feat of avoiding years of litigation by consolidating the two companies and putting the process into effectual use.



Priority was awarded Kelly by the Patent Office, and the American engineers, Holley, the Fritz brothers, W. R. Jones (of Braddock), Hunt, and others rearranged and improved the Bessemer machinery to manipulate the product.

Ten years ago the Cambria Iron Company started as an adjunct the "Gautier Steel Company, Limited," to manufacture wire and other forms of merchant steel. This had grown into the greatest proportions when the flood of May 31, 1889, swept down the valley.

The Johnstown furnaces, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, formed a simple but complete plant, with stacks seventy-five feet high and sixteen feet bosh. Twelve Whitewell stoves heated the blast, and the smoke went up through two stacks two hundred and thirty-two feet high. All the railroad facilities were convenient. Then Nos. 5 and 6 furnaces formed a second plant, with stacks seventy-five feet high and nineteen feet diameter of bosh. No. 5 had iron hot-blast stoves and No. 6 had four Whitewell fire-brick hot-blast stoves. This was the sixth Bessemer plant started in the United States. The works were supplied with a battery of twenty-one tubular boilers. The best, but not the highest, average done in the Bessemer department was one hundred and three heats of eight and a half tons each for each twenty-four hours. The best weekly record reached was four thousand eight hundred and forty-seven tons of ingots; the best monthly record twenty thousand three hundred and four tons; best daily output nine hundred tons ingots. All grades of steel were made in the converters, from the softest wires and bridge stock to the spring stock. The tension test was one hundred thousand pounds. The open-hearth building occupied one hundred and twenty by fifty-five feet

the rolling-mill one hundred by nineteen hundred feet. Rolls, trains, forges, hammers, every possible machine that the genius of man has invented to put iron ore into shape for use, formed part of this stupendous structure.

The Gautier steel department occupied a brick building two hundred by five hundred feet, with a warehouse three hundred and seventy-three by forty-three feet, barb wire mill fifty by two hundred and fifty-six feet, and the merchant mill seven hundred and twenty-five by two hundred and fifty feet. These mills produced wire shafting, springs, ploughshares, rake and harrow teeth, and all other kinds of agricultural implement steel. In 1887 they produced fifty thousand tons of this material, which was marketed mainly in the West. Grouped with these mills were foundries, pattern and other shops, draughting offices, time offices, etc., all of a presumably substantial character.

The company operated no less than thirty-five miles of railroad, used twenty-four locomotives, with fifteen hundred cars of its own. They have (in 1889) fifty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-three acres of mineral land. In the Connellsville region they have five hundred acres of coal and a leasehold of one thousand, where they have over six hundred coke ovens. The coal-producing capacity of their mines is eight hundred and fifteen thousand tons a year.

In 1886 they began to utilize the natural gas from the exuberant Grapeville region, and this effected the greatest revolution in the iron, the steel, and the other works, which have made Western Pennsylvania the very cradle of American industry.

Daniel J. Morrell came into prominence in 1837 as a clerk for a wholesale dry goods firm in Philadelphia.

His brother was a proprietor. In 1845 he became a dealer in fancy dry goods. In 1854, his partner, Oliver Martin, having died, as executor of the estate he devoted a year to settling the business, to the entire satisfaction of the debtors and creditors. With a small capital he assumed the management of the Cambria Iron-Works, and engaged actively in business and politics. The company of which he was the head, and which his successors were operating so prosperously, employed more than seven thousand five hundred people, with at least twenty thousand depending upon that establishment for a livelihood.

The Cambria Iron-Works was the second largest mill of its kind in the country. Its capacity of finished steel per annum was one hundred and eighty thousand net tons of steel rails and twenty thousand net tons of steel in other shapes. The mill turned out steel rails, spike bars, angles, flats, rounds, axles, billets, and wire rods. There were nine Siemens and forty-two reverberatory heating furnaces, one seven-ton and two six-thousand-pound hammers, and the trains of rolls.

The Bessemer Steel-Works made their first blow on July 10, 1871, and contained nine gross-ton converters, with an annual capacity of two hundred thousand net tons of ingots. In 1878 two fifteen-gross-ton Siemens open-hearth steel furnaces were built, with an annual capacity of twenty thousand net tons of ingots.

The Cambria Iron Company also owned the Gautier Steel-Works at Johnstown, which were erected in 1878. The rolling-mill produced annually thirty thousand net tons of merchant bar steel of every size and for every purpose. The wire-mill had a capacity alone of thirty thousand tons of fence-wire.

There were numerous bituminous coal-mines near



RUINS OF A SOAP-WORKS.



Johnstown, operated by the Cambria Iron Company, the Euclid Coal Company, and private persons.

There were three woollen-mills, employing over three hundred hands and producing an annual product valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

The total loss was estimated, after careful consideration by people familiar with the property and industries of the Conemaugh Valley, at twenty-five million dollars for the city of Johnstown and suburbs. The greatest loss was of course to the Cambria Iron Company. The upper mill of the Cambria Works was a total wreck, and the lower mill was damaged to a serious extent, but not beyond repair. The great supply stores were destroyed, the damage to the stock alone amounting to fifty thousand dollars. The total loss was placed at three hundred thousand dollars, though at first wild estimates that it would reach two million five hundred thousand dollars were made. The fact that the machinery was found in good condition when the waters receded had much to do with reducing the first estimates. At the Gautier Wire-Works there was great devastation, the buildings being entirely destroyed. The loss was put at \$1,000,000.

Among the heavy losses were: Johnstown Water Company, \$100,000; Westmoreland and Cambria Natural Gas Company, \$150,000; Wolf, Son & Thomas, clothing, \$100,000; Thomas & Sons, general merchandise, \$100,000; Rose & Sons, lumber, \$100,000; Johnstown Electric Company, \$100,000; T. G. Stewart & Co., grocers, \$80,000; Greist, Foster & Quince, \$60,000; Economy Clothing Company, \$50,000; Hulbert House, \$60,000; Merchants' Hotel, \$35,000; Greist & Shreigh, clothing, \$30,000; John Q. Benshoof & Sons, \$30,000; Swank & Sons, \$75,000; Acres & Bauman, grocers,

\$30,000; Marshall & Weakmore Planing-Mill, \$60,000; Cover Bros., livery, \$30,000; T. T. Morrell, \$80,000; First National Bank, \$50,000; Johnstown Savings Bank, \$50,000.

In Cambria Borough, or city, as it is popularly called, which touches Johnstown below the forks of the river and continues down the south side of the main stream, there was a population, before the flood, according to the secretary of the Borough Council, of between three thousand two hundred and three thousand four hundred, in a little over six hundred houses, built along the four principal streets parallel with the river. On both sides of the street next the river every house was swept away. One side of the second street was washed away and all but twenty of the houses on the other side of the street. Here and there upon the other two streets the swirling water reached out of its general channel and seized upon the buildings, taking here a prominent edifice, there a whole block of dwellings. Of the six hundred houses in the borough, one hundred and eighty-six were left standing. The Steires store, the largest in the place, was swept away, and all that remained afterwards to show that there was ever such a store was the safe, that lay among the wreckage about a square below where the store stood. There were only two churches in the town, both Catholic, and, although they were damaged, neither were destroyed.

The property loss in Cambria City was between seven hundred and forty-five and seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Steires, the burgess, and the secretary of the Borough Council, placed it at these figures by a simple process of calculation. The assessed valuation of real estate was one hundred and

sixty thousand dollars, based on one-seventh of the selling value. This would make the town, exclusive of personal property, worth one million one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The buildings in two-thirds of the town were destroyed, and the loss in personal property was counted as more than making up the value of the ground in the shape in which it was left. Mr. Steires, who on the Friday before the flood was the wealthiest man in the town, on Sunday was compelled to borrow the dress which clothed his wife. When the flood began to threaten he removed some of the most valuable papers from his safe and placed them in the upper story of the building, to keep them from getting wet. The dam burst and Conemaugh Lake came down, and these papers of course went with the building. He got his safe on Monday, but found that thieves had been before him. They had chiselled it open and taken everything but sixty-five dollars in a drawer which they overlooked. Mr. Steires's only comment was, "I am terribly crippled financially, but my family were all saved, and I am ready to begin over again."

Across the river from Cambria, a little lower down, but overlapping it, is Minersville, a town composed of small dwellings, occupied mostly by workmen employed by the Cambria Iron Company. It stands on high ground and thus escaped actual annihilation. Only eight lives were lost there, and the total destruction of property is estimated at fifteen thousand dollars. The Minersville people drowned at and about Johnstown were only such working-girls as were employed in the city, and who chanced to be there on errands or curiosity.

Morrellville was a town of about one thousand inhabitants, lying on the south side of the river about



three-quarters of a mile below Cambria Borough. It was also situated on rather high rolling ground, and so escaped without much injury. The whole amount of property destroyed did not exceed ten thousand dollars. Only one life was lost there.

Coopersdale, a village of about six hundred inhabitants, is situated one and a half miles below Minersville, on the same side of the river. In this place twenty-five dwellings were swept away, but no lives were lost. The planing-mill and keg factory, valued at ten thousand dollars, also the machine-shops, valued at four thousand dollars, were destroyed. The total loss and damages to property was about seventy-five thousand dollars. A young man of the place, Ed. C. Wills, rescued thirty persons from the river, going out for them in a skiff.

Kernville, which is the south side of Johnstown, across Story Creek, was, prior to the flood, a town of about three squares, very much strung out. It had, according to Dr. Beelman, a resident physician, two thousand eight hundred people at a census taken in 1885, but had grown since to perhaps three thousand. Most of the houses were of wood. The former value of real estate was placed at two million dollars.

Mineral Point is about seven miles east of Johnstown. It had a population of two hundred and twenty-five. There were thirty-four houses in the place, of which the flood left but seven. The one church (Methodist) was swept away.

Woodvale was a thriving manufacturing village of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, east of Johnstown. The Johnson Steel Company, also known as the Johnstown Street Railway Company, was the heaviest loser, some two hundred thousand dollars being washed

away. The greatest loss was in the draughting department, where there were some nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of drawings that had been accumulating for four years, and could not easily be replaced. There were twenty-one thousand dollars in cash in a safe that was lost. The company decided not to rebuild its mills there, but to remove the machinery and put up a new manufactory at Moxham.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### REORGANIZATION OF JOHNSTOWN.

THE city of Johnstown was destroyed by flood on the afternoon of May 31, 1889. On the 2d of June, James McMillan, vice-president of the Cambria Iron-Works, was talking about rebuilding the mill. He said,—

“The mill will be rebuilt immediately. I have sent out orders that all men that can muster report at the mill to-morrow to commence cleaning up. I do not think the building is insured against flood. The great thing we want is to get that mill in operation again.”

On June 7, Mr. Joseph Swank, editor of the *Johnstown Daily Tribune*, a representative citizen, said,—

“Johnstown will be rebuilt on the spot it occupied before. I have the personal assurance of Vice-President Powell Stackhouse, of the Cambria Iron Company, that the company will repair and rebuild upon the old site. The banks are in good financial condition. There is one national bank, one savings bank, and possibly the private institution of John Dibert &

Son, which will open as soon as they can get their affairs straightened up a little. They will have to be favored a little at home. The savings bank has mortgages on Johnstown real estate, and those on the ground will hold from one-half to two-thirds their original value. They have, besides, two hundred thousand dollars in government bonds and State and county securities. The best business men have signified their intention of taking up the thread of business where the flood snapped it off. The vaults of the national bank have been opened, and in them have been found the eighty thousand dollars in cash therein deposited, the five hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities, and the books and papers."

Everywhere was the hopeful feeling so characteristically American. No doubt about the city soon being itself again, and no disposition to accept help longer than was necessary. A sturdy independence and self-reliance that showed of what stuff the men of Johnstown were made,—stuff that could no more be melted away by a flood than it could be crushed out of existence by any other smaller disaster. One of the leading citizens of Johnstown, Mr. Cyrus Elder, said, on June 7, that the municipal debt of the city was a very small one. Johnstown was one of the best-governed little cities in the country. There were no rings and no steals. It was just preparing to increase its water supply by a line of mains to extend seven miles up Stony Creek. All the streets were paved; there were artificial and natural gas, electric light, and a splendid street railway system. The health of the community was fairly good, the city being always free from epidemics of any kind.

Some observations made by Mr. McMillan on the 7th

of June may be quoted here as showing the general feeling in the city.

"Lots in the city of Johnstown have already enhanced in value. There is a man owning two vacant lots on Main Street who had a 'for sale' up at three hundred dollars a foot before the flood, and who has refused three hundred and fifty dollars for the same property since. I heartily endorse the scheme of Captain W. R. Jones to dredge and lower the river-bed thirty feet, and add about seventy per cent. to its present width, as a precautionary measure against future wash-outs. I have positive assurance from other business men that the work will be carried out the moment the *débris* is all cleared away.

"Besides that, a scheme is on foot to get a charter for the city of Johnstown which will embrace all the surrounding boroughs. In the event of that being done, and I am certain it will be, the plan of the city will be entirely changed and made to correspond with the best-laid-out cities in the country. In ten years Johnstown will be one of the prettiest and liveliest cities in the world, and nothing can prevent it. The streets will be widened and probably made to start from a common centre, something after the fashion of Washington City, with a little more regard for the value of property. With the Cambria Iron Company, the Gautier Steel-Works, and other manufactories, as well as our yearly-increasing railroad facilities, Johnstown has a start which will grow in a short time to enormous proportions. From a real estate stand-point the flood has been a benefit beyond a doubt.

"Another addition to the city will be an immense water main to connect with a magnificent reservoir of the finest water in the world, to be situated in the mean

time up Stony Creek, for supplying the entire city as contemplated in the proposed new charter. This plant was well under way when the flood came, and about one hundred thousand dollars had already been expended on it, which has been lost."

Such spirit as had been shown by all the leading citizens of Johnstown could have but one result, and on June 13 a business men's meeting was held in the freight-house of the Pennsylvania Railroad to consider ways and means for restoring the city. General Hastings convoked the gathering and called it to order. He stated that he wished the future of the city to be discussed, and that the only way to do so was to bring its representative men together. He had undertaken to clear up the valley, and had made contracts with four contractors, who would put two thousand men at work on the streets and the wreck at the bridge. He went on:

"The best thing for the business people of this place to do is to begin to look towards the resumption of business. To give the thought in my mind practical shape, if there are among you business men here assembled any who desire to open business, and who will indicate to me what will be necessary to assist you to that end, I will communicate with the proper people in order to see if we can't get you what you need to put you on your feet again. We have all the relief necessary. There is no necessity for a man to go mealless, and if any one goes to bed hungry or shelterless, it is his own fault. The organization we have now to supply food and clothing is as near perfect as we can make it, and if any citizen suffers from either hunger or exposure he need only make it known at once, and it will be the fault of every man, woman, or

child if he or she does not get plenty to eat, with a proper shelter. I am anxious to see you begin to have enough confidence in yourselves to resume your own government. You have retained no deputy sheriffs on your streets to-day. Excepting at this little point here there are no places where persons are prevented from going through the town. There is no martial law. The troops are here to see that those who work are not molested and to prevent vandals and sight-seers from injuring your property or speculating on your misfortunes. They are here for this, and this they will do, and it is all that they will do. ["That's right" and applause followed.]

"We will not interfere with your local government. We want you to open your municipal government, your town council, appoint your own police, and go about your daily occupations as you did before. This is what I want you to do. There is no martial, no military law, as I said before. We have only the troops here necessary to keep the vandals out.

"Now, gentlemen, in order to put this matter in practical shape, the suggestion I have to make is this: I understand that you are all merchants. If you are willing to go back again and resume business, I would like to know it, and, if you are, I will call upon certain parties in the East to furnish to you the lumber and the building material necessary for you to put up at least temporary structures in which to begin business over again; and, although I have no positive assurances to give you to this effect, I believe that we can get you the needed building material very shortly. I have word from a large number of merchants in Pittsburg who are not only willing, but anxious, to come here and provide you with stock to set you up in business

again. There are gentlemen within my hearing who have come here for the purpose of taking you by the hand and saying, 'If you want to start up, I will trust you and wait on you until the city can take some definite and tangible shape.' I don't think you gentlemen want to be still and wait until some regular distribution of assistance is made. If you can get the lumber to put up your places of business, the merchant will come to you and will provide you with stock. The lumber is entirely gratis. I will communicate with people who will send train-loads of lumber here as rapidly as they can be transported. The State is bound by certain rules. I only want to put in some tangible shape the aid which the country wants to give you."

The speech of General Hastings was frequently interrupted by the applause of the gentlemen before whom he was urging the necessity of action, and for five minutes afterwards his hand was shaken by men with tears in their eyes, who spoke their thanks with husky voices.

William Caldwell, a very old man, said, "I am the oldest business man in the city. I gave an order this morning to reopen my establishment in the best possible condition, and shall resume immediately. I hope all of my friends will do the same."

Mr. Martin, of Cambria City, said, "I want to say that we are now on a firm basis of home government. Our business men who are starting to-day are opening their doors and are ready to do business."

Colonel John P. Linton, a prominent attorney, said, "Although completely wiped out, I am ready to begin business at the old law stand, and thank God for that new *régime* which teaches men to help themselves.

While deeply grateful for the change in government, I think it is our duty as citizens to take care of our own local government. I am gratified beyond expression that you have assured us of your intention of taking this action. I feel sure that many citizens will appreciate your efforts, General Hastings, and it only requires united action to bring us out of the slough of despond. The resumption of work in our factories will enable our people to do this thing."

At the conclusion of Colonel Linton's speech, General Hastings suggested that Colonel Linton prepare a set of resolutions embodying the views of the business people of Johnstown regarding their intentions. Colonel Linton said his law-office, with its pens, paper, and contents, was by this time in the Mississippi, and he could not get up the resolutions. General Hastings forthwith hoisted his stenographer, Will Searight, to the table, and Colonel Linton dictated the following resolutions to him:

*"Resolved,* That the merchants and business men of Johnstown, assembled here at the request of General Hastings, having listened with gratification to his remarks, will at once resume business.

*"Resolved, further,* That each merchant and business man in this meeting will use his best efforts to restore, by his own actions, the condition of business and prosperity of this place prior to the flood.

*"Resolved,* That we thank General Hastings, and that this meeting of business men tenders its heartiest thanks for his kindly suggestions and offer of aid."

That day there were many stores open in Johnstown, and it was surprising to note how business-like the city became, and with what cheery hopefulness the people went about their daily duties.



Five days after the citizens' meeting called by General Hastings—viz., on the 18th—the first effort looking to the establishment of civil government was made, when the general met the surviving members of city council and reorganized that body. President Kennedy presided. The roll-call was a pathetic ceremony, and many a name was responded to by a quiet "Dead!" from some member who knew that the person asked for had answered the dread roll-call on the awful May 31. After reorganizing, it was decided to allow business men to build temporary structures on the two public parks, the buildings to remain upon public land for eighteen months.

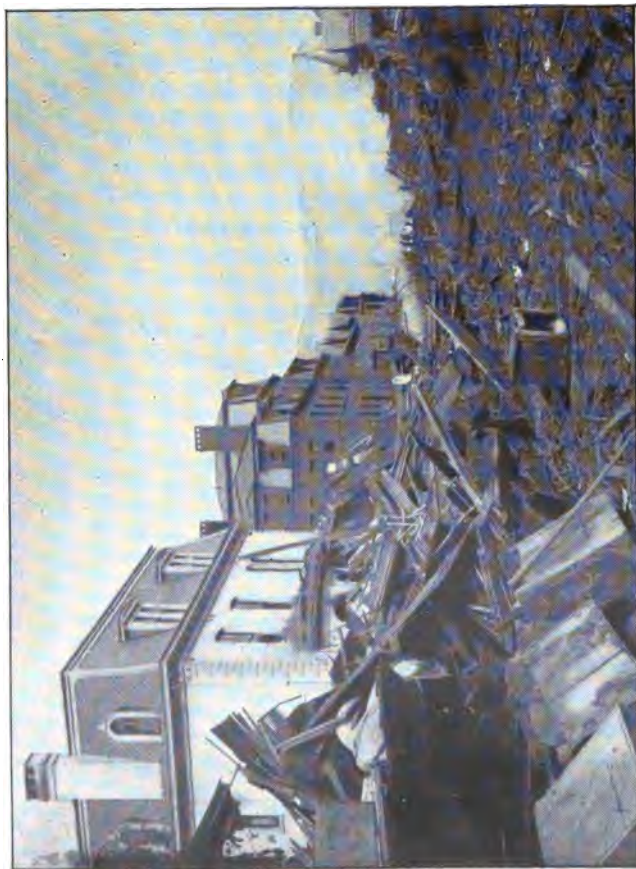
This was all the business that the council could do at its first meeting, but it was enough to emphasize the fact that Johnstown was once more governing itself; that it had recovered from its paralysis, and that it was again in the list of active cities.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HISTORY OF JOHNSTOWN.

JOHNSTOWN is situated in Cambria County, Pa., at the confluence of two important mountain streams,—Conemaugh Creek and Stony Creek,—about seventy-eight miles by rail east of Pittsburg, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. From Johnstown west the united streams are known as the Conemaugh River. Nearly the whole of the town, as it existed prior to May 31, 1889, was built upon an almost perfectly level plain. The beauty of its situation, the hills covered



RESIDENCE OF JAMES McMILLAN.



with green encircling it on every hand, often attracted the attention of artists and travellers. The site of the town must have been exceedingly beautiful in the days when the Indians were its only occupants.

Johnstown is not a city, but a borough. Prior to May 31, 1889, it was the centre of a nest of nearly a dozen boroughs and suburban villages, the population of the whole aggregating fully thirty thousand souls. The population of Johnstown alone amounted to about ten thousand persons. A proposition to consolidate Johnstown and the contiguous boroughs and villages into a city was often considered, but was always dismissed, chiefly for financial reasons.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century a number of German farmers from Southeastern Pennsylvania and Western Maryland settled upon the site of Johnstown and in the neighborhood, and in the year 1800, one of these settlers—Joseph Johns—laid out a town in the territory lying between the two streams and just above their junction, calling it Conemaugh. The name was afterwards (about 1830) changed to Johnstown.

The town grew slowly, and in 1810 its population was not above fifty families. Before this time, however, it had become a point of shipment, by flat-boats on the Conemaugh, of pig-iron, etc., made at blast furnaces in the Juniata Valley. These flat-boats were usually built on the north bank of Stony Creek and at points below. The flat-boating business subsequently embraced the shipment of Juniata blooms, as well as pig-iron and bar-iron, and not only Pittsburg, but points farther west and south were visited by the flat-boats of the Conemaugh.

The development of the shipping traffic from Johns-

town led John Buckwalter and another enterprising family named Halliday to embark at Johnstown, in 1809, in the manufacture of blooms and bar-iron. This enterprise embraced a forge, with two hammers,—a tilt-hammer and a trip-hammer.

A little earlier than this, in 1808, a blast-furnace was built by Gerehart & Reynolds, on Shade Creek, Somerset County, fifteen miles southeast of Johnstown, for the manufacture of pig-iron, pots, kettles, and-irons, sad-irons, clock-weights, mill machinery, etc. These two iron enterprises contributed of themselves to make Johnstown an iron centre, and to give employment to its flat-boats. The flat-boating traffic flourished until the Pennsylvania Canal was opened from Pittsburg to Johnstown, in 1830, when it was abandoned.

The furnace was fitfully operated for half a century. Being badly located, and supplied only with bog-ores, it was never prosperous, financially ruining many successive owners. After a serious flood in Stony Creek the forge at Johnstown was removed to the north bank of the Conemaugh, in what is the present borough of Millvale. Its last owner was Peter Levergood, who ceased operations in 1825. All these iron enterprises were operated by water-power.

In 1830 the population of Johnstown and its immediate vicinity probably amounted to three thousand persons, some of whom had been drawn to the place by the building of the canal, which commenced at Johnstown in 1828 or 1829. Intercourse with other parts of the State had previously been established by means of country roads which connected with the northern turnpike, passing through Huntingdon and Blairsville, and with the southern turnpike, passing

through Bedford and Greensburg. But neither through its flat-boats on the Conemaugh nor its turnpike connections did Johnstown, down to 1830, give promise of ever becoming a place of any considerable commercial or manufacturing importance. Its residents at this time were still chiefly Pennsylvania Germans, the new-comers brought by the canal being of other blood. A few of the early residents of the town after 1800 were Scotch-Irish and Welsh.

With the completion of the Pennsylvania Canal to Johnstown in 1830, and of the Portage Railroad to Hollidaysburg in 1833, the whole character of the town suddenly changed. Canal-boating and railroad-ing took the place of flat-boating; the Pennsylvania German element ceased to predominate in the make-up of the population; communications with other parts of the State and with other States became more frequent; homespun clothing was thenceforward not so generally worn; the town at once lost nearly all its pioneer characteristics. In the boating season, from March to December, it became a very busy place, and in the winter its streets were made lively with the jingling of the sleigh-bells of the idle boatmen and other employés of the various transportation companies. The building of new boats and of railroad cars went on all the year round. In the increase of population which accompanied the augmented business of the town, the farmers found more frequent occasion to pay it a visit, and more farms were opened up and more saw-mills were built.

Between 1830 and 1840 the population of Johnstown and its vicinity probably doubled. But there was a limit to the expansion of the boating and railroad interests of the place, and its population would not

have increased very rapidly after 1840 but for the revival of its iron industry soon after that year. In 1841 four enterprising citizens of Johnstown—Messrs. George S. King, David Stewart, John K. Shryock, and William L. Shryock—built Cambria Furnace, on Laurel Run, four miles west of Johnstown. It was followed by Millcreek Furnace, four miles south of Johnstown, built by John Bell & Co., in 1845; Benscreek Furnace, three miles south of Johnstown, built by George S. King & Co., in 1846; and by Mount Vernon Furnace, at Johnstown, built by Peter Levergood & Co., in 1846, but soon afterwards owned and operated by Linton & Galbreath.

Several other furnaces were built not far from Johnstown in the decade from 1840 to 1850. All the furnaces referred to were operated with charcoal, and all were long ago abandoned. All drew their supplies in whole or in part from Johnstown, and several of them shipped their pig-iron from the banks of the canal at that place. The starting up of so many furnaces at and near Johnstown added greatly to its activity and increased its population.

In 1852, Mr. King obtained a charter for the organization of the Cambria Iron Company, for the purpose of erecting works at Johnstown for the manufacture of iron rails for railroad tracks, and in 1853 this enterprise was fairly started, the erection of the necessary buildings being then undertaken in some green fields just west of Johnstown which had previously been owned by Jacob Levergood. The company had previously become the owner of four of the neighboring furnaces and of thousands of acres of iron ore, coal, and wood lands belonging to those furnaces.

In the same year (1852) in which Mr. King obtained

his charter for the organization of the Cambria Iron Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad was completed from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. In 1857 the canals and railroads of the State of Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and Pittsburg passed into the ownership of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and were soon afterwards abandoned.

It was a great event in the history of Johnstown when the erection of the Cambria Iron-Works was undertaken. We need not follow the history of these works to the time of the flood. It is enough to say that their establishment at once gave a fresh and a bounding impulse to the growth and prosperity of the town of Johnstown and its suburbs and sister boroughs. After 1855, when the usual financial difficulties of a great enterprise were ended, these communities all grew steadily and prospered abundantly down to the dreadful 31st of May, 1889, when both growth and prosperity were suddenly and cruelly arrested by a flood of waters such as the world has seldom known.

During the period intervening between the commencement of work in the erection of the Cambria Iron-Works in 1853 and the 31st of May, 1889, the population of Johnstown and its vicinity more than doubled, until at the time last mentioned it amounted, as has been stated, to fully thirty thousand persons. This increase in population was greatly promoted by the addition of the extensive works of the Johnson Company.

It will be seen that Johnstown has had three periods of development, each occupying nearly the same period of time. The first was the pioneer and flat-boating period, extending from about 1800 to 1830; the second was the canal period, extending from 1830 to 1857;



and the third was the period covered by the extensive and beneficent operations of the Cambria Iron Company, which operations were interrupted, but were soon resumed again in all their former extent and variety. From first to last Johnstown has been an iron town.

## BOOK II.

THE FIRST DAYS AFTER THE FLOOD—HOW THE REASON OF  
MANY TOTTERED ON ITS THRONE—THRILLING STORIES  
OF SURVIVORS AND EYE-WITNESSES—SUMMARY PUNISH-  
MENT OF EVIL-DOERS—PATHETIC SCENES AT THE  
MORGUES AND IN THE CEMETERIES—THE RIDE OF  
DANIEL PEYTON—ROLL-CALL AT THE GAUTIER MILL.

### CHAPTER I.

CONDITION OF THE SURVIVORS AFTER THE FLOOD—HAIR-  
BREADTH ESCAPES, ETC.

MADDENED by the suddenness of the shock which swept from them their all, the survivors in the ill-fated valley of the Conemaugh for days and days walked and talked amid the ruins of their former homes without shedding a tear or dropping a word in sympathy. They were dazed. The horrors of the situation through which they had passed left them hardened and almost cruel. Tottering upon its throne was the reason of almost every man, woman, and child in Johnstown. Mothers told with apparent zest how the demon of death had snatched their babes almost from their breasts into its awful embrace. Husbands related how their wives had been swept away from them into the great beyond, without a tear; while little children, whom the flood had orphaned, chattered glibly about the greatest loss a human being is ever called upon to sustain,—that of a mother. Many who had lost every-

thing boasted of it as though it was something of which to be proud.

The flood of water first gave way to a flood of terror; the flood of terror was soon succeeded by the calm that precedes a storm of insanity. After many days this gave place to a perfect deluge of tears, with all its wealth of bereavement, great and deep. But it was welcome, ah, yes! It severed the cord of madness and brought the living regiment of the annihilated army, as gold through fire, face to face with fate and future.

It was in these early days after the flood that many scenes of stirring interest and the deepest pathos occurred within the devastated district. Tales of sterling heroism and hair-breadth rescues abounded on every hand. Many of these were most remarkable, and, while but a few can be related here, they will serve to show the general character of the whole.

To a nameless tramp—one of nature's outcasts—belongs the credit of having saved the lives of a mother and her little girl. At the risk of his own life this creature, against whom the hand of every man was turned, plunged into the angry, perturbed waters near Lockport and cheated death of two helpless beings whom it had almost marked for its own. Mrs. Horner and her twelve-year-old daughter had floated from Johnstown, a distance of nearly five miles, to Lockport, upon the roof of a house. As they reached the latter place the last vestige of the house parted and left mother and child struggling with the waves. They grappled at a passing tree, and both managed to clutch it.

"For mercy's sake, hold on, daughter, to the last! If die we must, we will die together!"

At this moment a tramp, watching from the shore, caught sight of the two forms struggling in the water. - Heedless of his own safety, he plunged in and by daring swimming soon landed mother and daughter safe and sound upon the banks of the sheltering shore. He was a modest hero, too, this poor tramp, for while the wondering crowd were caring for the two helpless beings and discussing his act of heroism, he quietly stole away and was never heard of more.

In the case of William Decker, a slightly-built young man of about twenty-one years, the title of desperado which he gained in a little difficulty at Morrellville, one short week before the flood, was changed in a twinkling to that of hero. Down the stream, past a party of thirty or forty men older and stronger than young Decker, floated a gray-haired old woman, clinging to a spar and loudly crying for help. After vainly begging the men upon the banks to assist him, Decker finally tore the roof from a hog-pen near by, and, using a couple of sticks for paddles, made for the centre of the river, from which he piloted the old woman safely to the shore.

The writer made a tour along the banks of the Conemaugh and through the refugee trains between Johnstown and Nineveh just one week after the flood, and some of the scenes then witnessed were never to be forgotten.

Searching amid the ruins of what had once been their happy home, at a point near Morrellville, were three forlorn-looking women. One among them, a frail being, sad-eyed and wan-faced, looked as though she would have esteemed it a blessing had death claimed her for its own. Down the road she noticed a party of rough-looking men carrying an old wooden rocker between them. As they neared her she became

visibly excited, and rushing out with a cry in which there was almost a tone of gladness, she said,—

"Where did you get that rocker? Quick, tell me; it's mine!"

"Ef it's your'n, ma'am," began the biggest and roughest of the men, "you kin have it. Can't she, boys? And——"

"No, no!" answered the woman, as the big tears chased each other down her cheeks. "I don't want the rocker. I have no place to put it. Keep it, then, and find for me, if you can, my album. In it are the pictures of my dead husband and baby boy, who are gone from me forever."

The sight of this Niobe of modern times was too much for even the roughest of men, and as they turned away not an eye was free from tears. It was the thought, perhaps, of little ones at home that drew them closer to the suffering mother and welded one and all in a bond of sympathy with the woman whom the flood had robbed of husband and of child.

A short distance below, in the middle of the river, lay a horse and wagon. The driver, where was he? Perhaps he escaped before the flood overtook him; perhaps he sleeps with the unknown dead in the valley of the Conemaugh; and perhaps his remains are lying beneath the waters that gently flow between Johnstown and the Gulf. Who can tell?

Entering a refugee train at Sang Hollow, two things attracted attention. The first was a gray-haired old patriarch who sat at one end of the car, his very life ebbing away in the tears that fell like rain from his eyes, while the second was a party of light-hearted, merry children, who, having escaped with all their friends, were as happy as happy could be. Never a

care had they, and they knew not that their laughter was as torture to the old man and the companions who surrounded him. Judge Potts was the name of the silver-haired old gentleman, and at one time that name had been a power in Johnstown. That was years and years ago, when the judge was reckoned the ablest jurist in Cambria County, and before his head had become bowed with the weight of fourscore years and more.

Beside the judge sat a sweet-faced old lady who tried to comfort him,—his wife; opposite were a grown-up daughter and son; but still one was missing,—Jennie, the youngest of the family and the pride of the grand old judge. She alone was necessary to complete the family circle and turn the bitterest sobs into the lightest laughter. But she had gone out with the flood. From before their very eyes she had floated away to the great beyond to obey the summons of the Master.

In the train was Elvie Duncan, one of the bravest little heroines that ever lived. She was the daughter of John Duncan, a prominent citizen of Johnstown. With her mother and two younger sisters she had fled to the roof of their residence for safety when the flood submerged the lower floors. Here they felt comparatively safe until a heavy telegraph pole struck the roof and severed it, carrying off the little ones into the raging torrent. Without a moment's hesitation Elvie jumped in and by daring swimming managed to rescue her half-drowned sisters.

David Dixon, an engineer in the employ of the Cambria Iron-Works, was with his family in his house on Cinder Street when the flood struck the city. The shock overturned his house against that of a neighbor

named Evans. He and his infant daughter Edith were pinned between the houses as a result of the upturning. Both houses were carried down against the viaduct of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and there, in the sight of his wife and all his children, save one, he was drowned, the water rising and smothering him because of his inability to get from between the buildings. His wife was badly crushed, and will be an invalid the remainder of her days. The children, including the babe in its father's arms, were all saved. Little Joe Dixon, one of the brightest, bravest, handsomest little fellows in the world, was in his newsstand near the Pennsylvania passenger station when his father was lost. He was rescued with difficulty by Edward Decker, another boy, just as the drift-wood struck the store and lifted it high off its foundation. The little fellow was the support of his mother and younger brothers.

John Henderson, his wife and three children, and the mother of Mrs. Henderson remained in their house until carried out by the flood, when they succeeded in getting upon some drift, only separately. Mr. Henderson took the babe from his wife, but the little thing soon succumbed to the cold and died in its father's arms. He clung to it till it grew cold and stiff, and then, kissing it, let it drop into the water. His mother-in-law, an aged lady, was nearly as feeble as the babe, and in a few minutes Mr. Henderson, who had managed to get near to the board upon which she was floating, noticed that she, too, was dying. He did what little he could to help her, but the cold and the shock combined were too much. Assuring himself that the old lady was dead, Mr. Henderson turned his attention to his own safety, and allowed the body to float

down the stream. In the mean time, Mrs. Henderson had managed to keep her other two children, but finally a great wave dashed them from her arms and out of sight. They were, however, clinging to some drift-wood, and providentially were driven into the very arms of their father, who was some distance down the stream. Another whirl of the flood and all were driven over into Stony Creek and carried by backing water to Kernville, where they were rescued.

Evan B. Jones, wife, and one daughter, of Woodvale, were lost in the flood, and the pathetic incident in connection with this family was when a man had a chance to rescue Mrs. Jones and a young daughter. He told them he could save only one, as his life was in danger should he try to pilot them both to the shore. The daughter calmly said, "If you can't save us both, leave us here to die together," and they were carried away under the drift. Their bodies were never recovered.

Another case was that of a woman with her child, who saw the terrific torrent coming and hastily gathered a bag of bonds and cash in hope of saving it. The flood came upon her, and the alternative presented was to either drop the money, amounting to three thousand dollars, or the child. In this case the ruling passion was not fatally strong, and the money was lost that the child might be saved.

Two of the saddest cases in all the sad history of the flood were those of Miss Jennie Paulson and Miss Nannie Elder. Both were just budding into womanhood, and both were possessed of those peculiar qualities which go to make up a perfect model of femininity. Miss Paulson was a resident of Allegheny City and the daughter of J. G. Paulson, a



former well-known Pittsburger. She perished in the wreck of the day express—an account of which is given elsewhere—with her friend, Miss Lizzie Bryan, of Easton, Pennsylvania. In attempting to escape the flood by fleeing from the train, both were swallowed up and carried into eternity.

The remains of Miss Bryan were found and identified, but those of her friend never; and the surmise is that they were found in the first days of the flood and buried in an unknown grave.

Miss Elder was the daughter of Cyrus Elder, solicitor of the Cambria Iron Company. She went down with the wreck of her father's home and disappeared with her mother as quietly as if in a dream. She made no sign and gave no cry, and reluctant indeed must have been the torrent that dragged out her sweet young life, sorrowing indeed the angel that bore her pure soul to heaven. She was too beautiful to perish thus.

Miss Margaret Patrick, of Allegheny, who was a passenger on that ill-fated day express, said that when she reached Conemaugh, at 11 A.M., Friday, May 31, it was raining heavily and the train was stopped. "About three o'clock I noticed the people had left our car, and that the telegraph poles and fence rails were floating past. Then I saw a number of people running away from the train in the direction of the mountain-top. A voice cried out, 'The dam has burst!' and I heard a great roaring sound. I jumped from the platform and started up the hill-side with my satchel. It contained my expense money, and it was very necessary I should save that. The water began to rise as I climbed the hill, and I ran the faster. In doing so I tripped and fell over a lot of *débris*. Then I thought all was over, but I determined to make one

more effort to save my life. I began to crawl up the steep mountain-side on my hands and knees. The din around me was terrible, and the rain poured down in torrents. I looked towards the opening between the two hills, and there saw what drove terror to my heart. A great wall of water, black as ink, above which hung a mist which nearly reached the clouds, was rolling towards me. I struggled to my feet and ran a distance of ten yards, when I again fell. Then I gave up all hope, when a gentleman came to my rescue and I was assisted beyond the water's reach. The two ladies with me were likewise saved, and we were all taken to Ebensburg in a wagon."

Rev. James A. Lane, brother-in-law of Hon. Harry Rose, of Cambria, and a relative of I. N. Richards, of Pittsburg, saved his life by the exercise of remarkable presence of mind. Mr. Lane told the tale of his escape as follows: "After I was carried down a short distance by the raging torrent I got wedged in between two stumps of trees which held me fast for several hours. Then a large piece of wood caught in my suspender on my back and turned my head under water. I was almost helpless, and would have drowned in a very short time. Finally it flashed on me that my pen-knife was in my trousers pocket. I reached down, pulled my knife out, and cut my suspenders off, thus saving my life.

One of the most thrilling incidents of narrow escapes in connection with the flood was that told by Miss Minnie Chambers. She had been to see a friend in the morning, and was returning to her home on Main Street, when the suddenly-rising waters caused her to quicken her steps. Before she could reach her home or seek shelter at any point, the water had risen

so high and the current become so strong that she was swept from her feet and carried along in the flood. Fortunately, her skirts served to support her on the surface for a time, but at last, as they became soaked, she gave up all hope of being saved. Just as she was going under, a box car that had been torn from its trucks floated past her, and she managed, by a desperate effort, to get hold of it and crawl inside through the open door-way. Here she remained, fearing that every moment her shelter would be dashed to pieces by the buildings and other obstructions that struck it. Through the door she could see the mass of angry, swirling waters, filled with everything that could be imagined. Men, women, and children, many of them dead and dying, were being whirled along. Several of them tried to get refuge in the car with her, but were torn away by the rushing waters before they could secure an entrance.

Finally a man made his way into the car. On went the strange boat, while all about it seemed to be a perfect pandemonium. Shrieks and cries from the hundreds outside who were being driven to their death filled the air on every hand. Many who floated by her could be seen kneeling on the wreckage that bore them, with clasped hands and upturned faces, as though in prayer. Others wore a look of awful despair on their faces, as though all reason had been driven from them, and were cursing the God who had brought them into the world only to take them away again in such an awful manner. Suddenly, as the car turned around, the stone bridge was seen just ahead.

The man who was in the car called to Miss Chambers to jump out, or she would be dashed to pieces. She refused to go. He seized a plank and sprang into the

water. In an instant the eddying current had torn the plank from him, and, as it twisted around, it struck him on the head, compelling him to throw out his arms and sink beneath the water, never to rise again. Miss Chambers covered her face to avoid the horrible sights, when, with an awful crash, the car struck one of the stone piers. The entire side of it was knocked out. As the car lodged against the pier the water rushed through and carried Miss Chambers away. Again she gave herself up as lost, when she felt herself knocked against an obstruction, and instinctively threw out her hands and clutched it. Here she remained until the waters subsided, when she found that she was on the roof of one of the Cambria mills, and had been saved by holding on to a pipe that came through the roof. All through that awful night she remained there, almost freezing to death, while enveloped in the dense mass of smoke from the burning drift on the other side of the bridge. The cries of those being roasted to death were heard plainly by her. On Saturday some men succeeded in getting her from the perilous position she occupied and took her to the house of friends in Prospect. Strange to say, with the exception of a few bruises, she escaped without injury.

On a cot in one of the hospitals on Prospect Hill was found a man injured almost to death, but whose mental sufferings were so great as to entirely overshadow those of a physical nature. His name was Vering, and he lost in the flood his whole family of wife and three children. The look of despair and agony on that poor man's face would have caused tears to flow from adamant. In an interview he said,—

"I was at home with my wife and children when the alarm came. We hurried from the house, leaving

everything behind us. As we reached the door a friend of mine was running by. He grasped the two smallest children, one under each arm, and hurried on ahead of us. I had my arm around my wife's waist, supporting her. Behind us we could hear the flood rushing upon us. In one hurried glance as I passed a corner I could see the flood crunching and crackling the houses in its fearful grasp. I then could see that there was no possibility of our escape, as we were too far away from the hill-sides. In a very few moments the water was upon us. In a flash I saw my three dear children swallowed up by it and disappear from sight, as my wife and I were thrown into the air by the vanguard of the rushing ruins. We found ourselves among a lot of drift, sweeping along with the speed of a race-horse. In a moment or two we were thrown with a crash against the sides of a large frame building, whose walls gave way before it as easily as if they were made of pie-crust, and the timbers began to fall about us in all directions. 'Up to this time I had retained a firm hold on my wife, but as I found myself pinned between two heavy timbers, the agony caused my senses to leave me momentarily. I recovered in time to see my wife's head just disappearing under water.

"Like lightning I grasped her by the hair, and, as best I could, pinioned as I was in the water by the timber, I raised her above it.

"The weight proved too much and she sank. Again I pulled her to the surface and again she sank.

"This I did again and again with no avail. She drowned in my grasp, and at last she dropped from my nerveless hands to leave my sight forever.

"As if I had not suffered enough, a few moments afterwards I saw some white objects whirling around



RESIDENCE OF COLONEL CAMPBELL.



in an eddy until, reaching again the current, they floated past me.

"My God, man! would you believe me? The objects were my children, all dead. Their dear little faces are before me now, distorted in a look of agony that, no matter what I do, haunts me. Oh, if I could only have released myself at that time I would have willingly gone with them!"

Many places in and about Johnstown became historic during the flood, on account of the number of living and dead that were cast upon their shores. Nineveh, a few miles below the fated city, became known as the New Golgotha, and it was indeed a place of skulls. Hundreds of bodies were recovered along the river banks at this place. New Florence, Bolivar, Sang Hollow, Morrellville, Sheridan, and other points also yielded up corpses by the score, but Nineveh was the worst of all. Woodvale was the scene, perhaps, of the greatest destruction to property and life, but Nineveh gave up the greatest number of dead.

As for the living, more persons were saved at the residence of Colonel Campbell, a prominent citizen of Johnstown, than anywhere else. It is said that over forty persons were hauled in at the windows of the Campbell residence by means of ropes. The Johnstown Club-House was also a haven of safety for a score of persons who were rescued as they were floating past it on the *débris*. The club building was a massive structure, and, although it was partially destroyed, was protected by other buildings surrounding it. At the time of the flood a number of the club members were at dinner. They fled to the upper stories of the building, and thus cheated death.

The Morrell Institute, located in what was known as



the old Morrell mansion, served as a place of safety for several young school-girls and their teachers. At the residence of James McMillan there were numbers rescued, while an old Catholic church had almost as many lives to its credit as had the Campbell residence.

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## CHAPTER II.

### HOW ONE EVIL-DOER WAS DRIVEN TO HIS DEATH— RELIC-HUNTERS AND SIGHT-SEERS.

HARD, indeed, was the way of the transgressor in the desolated valley of the Conemaugh. For three days after the flood each hour revealed some new and horrible story of suffering and outrage, while each succeeding hour brought news of swift and merited punishment meted out to the fiends who had dared to desecrate the cold and mangled corpses in the city of the dead and torture the already half-crazed victims of the cruelest of modern catastrophes. As the roads to the lands round about were opened up, tales of almost indescribable horror came to light, and deeds of the vilest nature, perpetrated in the secrecy of the night, were reported.

Just as the shadows began to fall upon the earth on the Sunday following the blackest of all black Fridays, a party of thirteen Hungarians might have been noticed stealthily wending their way along the winding banks of the Conemaugh towards Sang Hollow. Suspicious of their purpose, several farmers armed themselves and started in pursuit.

Soon their most horrible fears were realized. The

Hungarians were out for plunder. Lying upon the shore was the dead and mangled body of a woman, upon whose person there were a number of trinkets of jewelry, including two diamond rings. In their efforts to secure the plunder the Hungarians got into a squabble, during which one of their number severed the fingers upon which were the rings and started on a run with his fearful prize.

The revolting nature of the deed so wrought upon the farmers, who by this time were near at hand, that they gave immediate chase. Some of the Hungarians showed fight, but, being outnumbered, were compelled to flee for their lives. All escaped save the inhuman monster whose atrocious deed has been described. Without the slightest compunction, the farmers forced him into the river, an involuntary suicide, to a watery grave.

In addition to this, one man was hung by unknown parties who caught him in the act of pilfering from the dead; but although there were numerous reports of lynchings, etc., these were the only two instances of the kind that could be thoroughly corroborated. Of course quite a number of Huns and not a few Americans were found in the horrible act of robbing the dead, but beyond a severe beating no greater violence was done to them. Indeed, all things considered, matters were remarkably quiet after the flood,—a condition of affairs largely due to the determined men who took the control of the valley into their own hands and by stringent laws taught marauders that Johnstown and its afflicted environs were for the time being sacred territory.

Perhaps the most noted figure among all the early rulers of Johnstown was Charles L. Dick, better known as "Chal" Dick. Mr. Dick was the constable of Cam-

bria County, and as such he distinguished himself in more ways than one. On the Saturday following the fatal Friday, when sight-seers, relic-hunters, and crooks of all descriptions were pouring into the devastated district, "Chal" Dick made his appearance in the town mounted on a grand bay charger, with a Winchester rifle slung over his shoulder and a small arsenal at his belt. In this picturesque costume he took up his station at the big stone bridge, and single-handed and alone kept from the stricken city all save those who had the right to enter in the name of humanity. Personally, "Chal" Dick was a man of iron nerve but tender heart, and while many criticised his methods, they were the only winning ones that could have been employed at such a time. Dick was at one time Mayor of Johnstown. Shortly after the flood he moved temporarily to Greensburg, where his wife was stricken down and almost completely lost her reason as a result of the horrible scenes through which she had passed.

Mrs. Dick was not the only one whom the events of May 31, 1889, robbed of reason. Indeed, there were numberless cases of insanity resultant therefrom. Some of them were fairly heart-rending in their sadness, and, out of respect to all, the least said about them the better.

An incident of almost inhuman cruelty was related to the writer by Dr. Holland, a physician who lived on Vine Street. When the water began to rise above his house the doctor took his two little children to the roof of his house, from whence the flood carried them into eternity. Almost the same wave that stole his beloved children from him carried the doctor out into the angry elements. Drifting along with the tide, he finally came to a building in the window of which a man was standing. Holding up his hands for succor, the doctor was

horrified when the man, or devil, seized him and, dexterously slipping a valuable ring from his finger, demoniacally cast him back into the raging torrent again. But the death-angel had not marked the doctor for its own. Down the stream a little farther he was rescued and carried to a place of safety.

Among the worst features that followed the flood were the actions of the fiendish relic hunters and the heartless excursionists who fairly thronged the ill-fated valley for days and days.

While sketching amid the smouldering ruins about the stone bridge at Johnstown one morning the writer saw a morbid monomaniac secure the charred bones of an infant from among the smoking *débris* and, wrapping them carefully in a newspaper, carry them away with a look of triumph on his face.

This is but one of the many frightful deeds that were perpetrated by the searchers for relics. One man stole an old bandanna kerchief from about the head of a dead colored woman. Another removed a shoe from an old gray-haired man, whose stiff and mangled corpse was found dangling in a tree; while still another possessed himself of the sheet which was thrown over the remains of a child, leaving the body at the mercy of a weeping heaven.

Nor were the relic hunters the only class who desecrated the sanctity of the city of the dead. The heartless crowds of excursionists who thronged the regions round about would have been more at home in a prison than anywhere else, if one were to judge by their actions. Some of them went through the town singing, whistling, and cracking the coarsest of jokes, while others trampled over the coffins strewn about the roads with an utter disregard for their sacred contents.

## CHAPTER III.

## ESTABLISHMENT OF MORGUES AND HOW THEY WERE CONDUCTED.

ON Sunday, June 2, the first morgue was established in the city of the dead. The Fourth Ward school-house, one of the few buildings in Johnstown that stood in defiance of the death-dealing waters, was selected for the morgue, and on the following day similar places were opened in the Pennsylvania Railroad station and the Presbyterian and Catholic churches. Subsequently the Pennsylvania Railroad station morgue was removed to the First Ward school-house, which was made the general morgue after the State government took charge of the city, all others being abolished. A morgue at Nineveh was established in a planing-mill by Undertakers Sampson and Fullerton, on the Saturday after the flood, while another was opened at Morrellville, in charge of Deputy Sheriff James Williams, an ex-undertaker. At Nineveh alone from two hundred and fifty to three hundred bodies were embalmed in two days, a large percentage of the same having been taken out at that point.

As soon as a body was recovered it was taken to one of the morgues, where the clothing—if the ravages of the angry waters had not torn every vestige of wearing apparel off—was searched for something that might lead to identification. Articles of value, money, jewelry, etc., were handed over to the proper authorities. The bodies, if in a fair state of preservation,

were washed and embalmed, after which they were wrapped in muslin.

A description of each corpse—color, sex, probable age, complexion, height, weight, color of eyes, etc., and style of dress and articles found on the remains—was written on a numbered card, recorded, and then attached to the coffin in which the victim was placed. The coffin was then placed outside the morgue with the lid partly open, disclosing the face. In this way many of the dead were identified and claimed by their friends.

Sights such as the eyes of mortal man never looked upon before were witnessed at these palaces of grim Death. Strong men, who had passed through the terrible scenes of the Rebellion and were used to scenes of horror, were bowed down with sorrow, so great was the grief of those around them. Sightings that would wring the hearts of the most hardened abounded on every hand, and it was impossible to remain within the vicinity of the morgues five minutes without being called upon to witness some event of sorrow or of pathos. There were mothers there searching for their dear ones, a beloved son or daughter,—a father's joy, a mother's pride; there were fathers and husbands looking for wives and children, while many a little toddler walked up and down the aisles, past rows and rows of coffins, sobbing bitterly and crying for a "mamma" upon whose face it was destined never to look again.

There was many a tear shed here, and not alone by those who had been robbed of some dear one whose life was more precious than their own,—for some of them had passed the weeping stage in sorrow's long road,—but the spectators, those who had come to the

relief of the sufferers,—the stout-hearted soldier, the physician, the undertaker, and the civilian,—alike were moved to tears when they beheld the grief of others. Those who yesterday were strangers to them were to-day their brothers, bound together by a bond of love and sympathy welded by the great calamity.

Mothers and fathers hung around the morgues for days and weeks searching for a missing face. To the faintest ray of hope they clung as only a fond and bereaved parent can, and some of them were finally rewarded; for many a stiff and mangled corpse would have been numbered among the unknown, had not some loving one recognized a peculiar mark or a strip of clothing upon the dead and claimed it as their own. Thus many were identified and taken in charge by friends and relations, but the weary searching of hundreds of others was in vain.

While one of the volunteer undertakers was at work among the dead on the Sunday after the flood, a man with haggard face and eyes fairly starting from their sockets approached him and, pointing to the corpse of a young woman lying on the ground, said,—

“There, that is my wife, or, rather, is all that is left of her. Take her remains to my house on Prospect Hill and prepare her corpse for burial, and this money is yours.”

He held out an enormous roll of money, amounting to several thousand dollars.

“Take it,” he continued; “it is all I have, but you may have it if you’ll only attend to her. She was all I held dear in life; now that she is gone, I have nothing to live for.”

As he spoke the big tears coursed down his pale cheeks, seeming to remove a load of sorrow from his

heart. The undertaker embalmed the body but refused the money, and the sorrowing man accompanied the remains to the grave. He was the only mourner, but to him such a funeral was a blessing when he thought of the thousands of souls that went down with the tide never to come up again.

Owing to the advanced stage of decomposition of some of the corpses, identification was extremely difficult, and this in some cases led to a great deal of confusion. One man would view a body and positively identify it as that of his child, while another would say that the corpse was that of an entirely different person. In one day the corpse of a young lady was identified as eleven different persons. The survivors were so benumbed in some instances that every body they looked upon seemed to be that of some near friend or relative who was among the missing.

Among the patient watchers at the Kernville morgue was a manly little fellow of about twelve years. He came day in and day out and eagerly viewed every new corpse found, only to turn away with a weary sigh. He had lost mother, father, and sister, and the cruel waters refused to yield up to him even their stiff and mangled remains.

While searching for the dead, the living were often found.

"My God, John! can this be you? I thought you dead, and hoped only to find your body."

"'Tis I, father, safe and sound. But how about mother and the baby?"

"Gone! All gone!" And the old man burst into tears.

"Why, mother! Alive and well!"

"Yes, Jessie; and, thank God, you're safe!"



"Yes; I was rescued by Jack Moore. But he lost all the members of his own family except Mary."

Such were a few of the dialogues picked up amid the searchers at the morgues.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### **PATHETIC SCENES IN THE CEMETERIES ON THE HILL-SIDES WHERE "UNKNOWN" WERE LAID TO REST.**

"SAY, John, are you sure that's number sixty-three over which you're putting that head-board?"

"Of course I am. Don't you recollect this is the big one we had so much trouble carrying?"

"Oh, yes; I guess you're right. Hold the ropes there tight, boys. Lower it slowly. There, that's all right."

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes!"

The scene was one of the many improvised graveyards which were established in every vacant plot on the hills around about Johnstown after the flood. A score of new-made graves confronted the sight-seer, and two-score coffins already laden with their human freight lay upon the ground awaiting interment. The graves were those of the unknown dead, who for all time to come will be known only by the numbers painted upon the head-boards that mark their last resting-places.

There were no priests, no clergymen present at these burials; there were no friends, no relatives, none save the volunteer grave-diggers and the volunteer undertakers. They alone were witnesses to the solemn

scenes that occurred for days and days upon the hills and mountains of Cambria County.

But see, here comes a farmer's wagon. In it a coffin and two women too full of grief for tears. The years that have passed over the head of one have grown the blossoms of the grave; the other is young, and assists her aged companion to the ground. The coffin in the wagon contains the husband of the younger woman, the son of the older. They alone of all their friends and relatives have survived, and they alone drop a tear in memory over his grave.

Hardly has this solemn scene been enacted ere two men come toiling up the hill bearing a coffin on their shoulders. Behind them follow three children,—one a little girl of twelve, the others toddlers scarcely able to walk and far too young to comprehend the calamity that has befallen them. One of the pall-bearers is a section hand, and on Friday he had taken his children to see their grandmother at Nineveh. His wife alone remained at home. She was drowned, and on Saturday morning after the flood her body was recovered.

This explains the coffin and the story it contained.

Who is this strange being coming over the hill? Her hair is silver and her dress is poor, but from her mouth issues the crooning of old songs while she trips lightly over the graves, laughing all the while. "Arrest her, men! She has dared to desecrate this holy place." But no! Her face is blank and expressionless. My God! her life has been spared, but her mind has gone out with the flood. Care for her tenderly, search for her friends. Friends! Ah, has she any friends now?

These are but instances of the misery that hovered on every hand. Let us away; there's madness in the very air!

## CHAPTER V.

THE RIDE OF DANIEL PEYTON, THE HERO OF THE CONE-  
MAUGH.

The rhythmic ring of a horse's feet  
Echoes along the city street,  
And the idle crowd swarms out to see  
Whom can the reckless rider be.

With bloodless face and blazing eyes  
He dashes on, and wildly cries,  
"Fly, for the river's wrath is near!  
Fly, for the Flood—the Flood is here!"

He passes, and they stand amazed;  
Then jest, and deem the rider crazed,—  
Some mischief-breeding addle-pate,—  
Then turn and see, and fly—too late!

DANIEL PEYTON was the name of the Paul Revere of the Conemaugh. He it was who received the message at Johnstown station that the dam was about to burst, and, heedless of his own safety, rode like mad through the city, warning the people on every hand to flee to the hills for safety.

For several days prior to the ill-fated 31st of May rain had fallen almost unceasingly throughout the entire range of the Allegheny Mountains, and as a consequence every river and rivulet was filled to overflowing. So it was with the South-Fork Lake, which on Friday morning was fairly ready to burst. A force



JOHNSTOWN CLUB-HOUSE.



of Italian workmen had for hours been trying to provide an outlet for the stream, but without success. Finally, John G. Parke, a young Philadelphia civil engineer, who was visiting friends at the lake, took charge of affairs, and in half an hour had an additional sluice relieving the overburdened lake and dam.

The waters continued to rise, however, and despite his efforts the lake was soon overflowing again. Something had to be done and that quickly, too. Giving orders to his men to cut another outlet, Mr. Parke jumped into the saddle and started at a breakneck speed for the station below. As he rode he warned the people on every hand of their danger, and soon hundreds were rushing to the higher grounds.

Reaching South Fork station, he telegraphed the warning to Johnstown. Here it was received by the patient heroine, Mrs. Ogle, and transmitted to Daniel Peyton, a young man about thirty years of age, the son of a well-known citizen of Johnstown, who without a word jumped upon a horse and started upon his mission of charity through the doomed city.

Up one street and down another he rode like a madman.

"Flee to the hills!" he cried; "flee for your lives! The dam—the dam is about to burst!"

Some heeded the note of alarm; to others it was like the cry of "Wolf" in the fable,—they had heard it before. Some thought the wild rider a maniac, and laughed in derision at his terrible warning.

On and on continued Peyton. Up one street and down another he rode, his faithful steed pushing on unflinchingly. Behind him the clouds grew blacker and blacker every minute, and the ominous roll of the thunder came closer and closer. Yet still he heeded

not. Human lives were at stake, and to save these he would sacrifice his own.

Suddenly a mighty roar, like the roar of an angry monster of the jungle, was heard behind him. The dam had burst at last, and the waters from the lake were sweeping like a deluge upon the earth. But the daring rider kept on.

"The dam has burst!" he cried. "Flee for your lives!"

At last he completed the circuit of the city and started in search of a place of safety for himself. To the hills he urged his noble steed. Tired out from its awful ride, the animal became slower and slower at every stride, while the water continued to come faster and faster in pursuit. Like an assassin upon the trail of his victim, it gained step by step upon the intrepid rider. But the hills are in sight! Yes, he will gain them in safety. No, he is doomed, for at that moment a mighty wave, blacker and angrier than the rest, overtook horse and rider and drew both back into the outstretched arms of death.

As to the time of Peyton's ride through Johnstown there appears to have been some dispute. Mr. Parke, who telegraphed the warning from South Fork, said his message reached Johnstown not later than noon Friday. Persons who claimed to have seen Peyton on his courageous ride placed the hour at which he executed his dangerous and self-sacrificing feat between three and five o'clock. This seems to be about correct, too, inasmuch as horse and rider were both lost, and the flood, according to the best authorities, did not submerge the city until after four o'clock.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE ROLL-CALL AT THE GAUTIER MILL—THE REMNANT  
OF AN ARMY OF WORKMEN.

ON Friday afternoon, May 31, when the whistle blew to quit work in the Gautier steel-mill of the Cambria Iron Company, over thirteen hundred happy men filed out and started for home. Six days later, when the whistle once again sounded throughout the valley calling the survivors together, but four hundred and eighty-seven responded. This as well as anything else tells the story of the ruin wrought by the flood.

"Report at nine o'clock to-morrow morning for work."

Such was the notice posted throughout Johnstown on Wednesday, June 5. It was not very explicit, but everybody knew that it was a notice calling together the surviving workmen of the Gautier steel-mill, and everybody knew also that it was not intended that they should report at the great big mill which had once been Johnstown's pride, for the reason that the great big mill was gone. Hence, a natural impulse seemed to impel what was left of the working force, on the following morning, towards the general office of the company, which was about the only building left standing in the central part of Johnstown proper.

The agent of the company, Mr. L. L. Smith, arrived on the scene early, and, with three clerks to aid him, he soon began the work of making up the roster of the sadly-reduced Gautier forces.



It was not long before the men began to arrive, and they reminded one for all the world of the first reformed platoon of an army gathered together after the enemy had vanquished them. At the head of the platoon was a boy. Following him were five men who looked as though they had parted with all they held dear in life. One was an Irishman, two were English, one was a German, and one colored. Two of them carried pickaxes in their hands, which they had been using on the wreckage upon the streets.

"Say, mister," said the boy, with a tremor in his voice, "is this the place?"

"Are you a Gautier man?" asked Mr. Smith, in a kindly tone.

"Yes, sir; me and my father worked together. But—father's gone." And a ragged sleeve brushed away a briny tear.

In a broken voice the agent told the boy to report at the lower office for work. Turning to the other men, he told them that they were to turn in at once and clear away the wreckage about the mill, so that it could be started again as soon as possible; that the intention of the company was to go right on and face the worst, and that the men should do likewise; with faces to the future, all backs should be turned upon the past.

When Mr. Smith had concluded his speech, a big, burly fellow, who had seen his wife and babe swept away from him, said,—

"But suppose we don't feel like goin' to work to-day. Do we have to?"

"No, men. You don't have to go to work until you're ready. But it's the company's desire to get matters in shape as soon as possible."

While Mr. Smith was talking other workmen came in. They, too, were Gautier employés, and they had pickaxes on their shoulders. They heard the agent's last remark, and one of them, stepping forward, said,—

"A good many of us are at work clearing up the town. Shall we leave that?"

"There are men here for that purpose," was the response. "And the best thing you can do, boys, is to give us your names, so we can find out how many of our men are left."

All this time members of the stricken army of workmen were filing into the muddy-floored office, looking more and more like the remnant of a routed army. In twos, threes, and dozens they came, some wearing faces gray with grief, while others displayed grievous wounds wrought by the angry floods. One man had a deep cut in the back of his head, another limped along upon a heavy stick, and one had lost a finger and had an ugly bruise upon his cheek.

Seated in the office was J. N. Short, the foreman of the cold-steel-shafting department, and many of the men who filed past had been under him in the works. There were handshakes all the more hearty and congratulations all the more sincere because of what all had passed through.

"I tell you, Mr. Short," said Workman J. T. Miller, "I'm glad to see you're safe!"

"And how did *you* fare, old man?"

"All right, thank God!"

Then came another man, bolder than all and apparently a general favorite. Rushing forward with outstretched hands, he said,—

"Mr. Smith, good-morning! Good-morning!"

"So you got out of it, did you, after all?"

"Indeed I did; but Lor' bless my soul, I thought the wife and babies were gone."

The man gave his name and rushed away with tears of thankfulness in his eyes.

Up came another man. He was dejected and looked as though he had been weeping. He hesitated in front of the desk.

"I'm a Gautier employé," he faltered, "and—and I've reported according to orders."

"Well, give us your name and go to work down at the lower mill."

"No, sir, I guess I'll not," he said, after a pause. "I'm not for staying in this town any longer than I can help. I've—I've lost—two children—and they will be buried to-day."

As he left the office not a sound was to be heard. His simple story had touched the hearts of all.

The reporting of names went rapidly on, but, as expected faces did not appear, Mr. Smith said,—

"Say, boys, who do you know are alive?" He never once asked who they knew were dead.

"Well," responded one man, "I'm pretty sure Frank Smith is alive; John Dugdale is alive; Tom Sweet is alive, and—I don't know any more. I've been away at Nineveh."

The speaker had been at Nineveh looking for the body of his son. Not another word was said to him.

"How about Pullman?" queried Mr. Smith. "He hasn't reported yet."

"He's all right, though," came the answer. "I was up at his sister's house last night, and he was there. But that's more than I can say for the other men in Pullman's shaft," added the speaker, in a low tone.

At this moment a joyous meeting between two men

occurred at the door. One was a gray-haired old hero who wore a Grand Army badge, and the other was a young man of twenty-three or thereabouts. They had been fast friends in the same department, and each thought the other dead. They knew no better till they met upon the threshold of the office door.

"Why, I heard your body had been found at Nineveh," said the old man.

"And I was told that you had been burned to death at the bridge," was the young man's rejoinder.

A pale-faced little woman with a ragged shawl thrown about her shoulders entered and stood by the rail.

"My husband cannot report," she said, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"He worked in the Gautier mill?" she was asked.

A nod and a whisper answered the question.

"Make a note that Mr. — is lost," said Mr. Smith to one of his clerks, "and that his wages are to be paid to his wife."

And so it was through the livelong day. At last, when evening came and the office was about to close, Mr. Smith said,—

"Out of nearly fourteen hundred men but four hundred and eighty-seven have reported. It is possible that there are two hundred more who either did not see the notice or who did not care to return to work. At least I hope so; before God, I hope so."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE CHURCHES OF JOHNSTOWN.

It was a somewhat remarkable fact that very few of Johnstown's churches were totally destroyed. The exceptions were St. John's (convent), the Episcopal, German Lutheran, Welsh Baptist, Welsh Methodist, and Congregational. The ministers of the Episcopal and of the German Lutheran, with their entire families, perished.

Johnstown's churches were among the finest and most flourishing in the State. Many of the buildings were magnificent, and the congregations were large and earnest in their work. The Baptist church, a splendid big brick building, with a spire reaching one hundred feet skyward, was one of the most fortunate. The water flooded the first floor and reached to within a fourth of an inch of the second, leaving the carpet and pews entirely untouched. Five hundred dollars only were needed to put the building in as good shape as it was before. A large portion of this amount was contributed voluntarily.

The Methodist edifice was a magnificent stone building with a double spire, and was worth probably fifty thousand dollars. It was very little damaged save by water, and was one of the first ready for worship again. The Evangelical Lutheran was also damaged only by water, and was repaired for two or three hundred dollars. The Presbyterian building, which did good service as a morgue, was badly damaged. The floor dropped

about eighteen inches. It was valued at about twenty thousand dollars. A thousand dollars put the United Brethren building in shape again, and about the same amount repaired the Dunkard building, one corner of which was caved in.

The first step taken to rebuild the churches was when Bishop Whitehead, the head of the Episcopal diocese at Pittsburg, proposed to have a temporary place of worship erected for his denomination at Johnstown, and took measures to this end. This was on June 14. The idea was a good one, and was taken up by the other churches to such an extent that soon after the denominations were all supplied with temples of worship.

The first divine services after the flood, however, were held, under difficulties, on Sunday, June 16.

Episcopal services were held by Bishop Whitehead in the school-house in Peelerville. Other services were held at the Pennsylvania Railroad station at the foot of Kernville bridge and at the corner of Main and Adams Streets. Among those who preached were Rev. Geo. T. Purves, of Pittsburg; Rev. John Fox, of Allegheny; Chaplain Maguire, of the Fourteenth Regiment; Rev. J. Logan Sample, of Black Hill, Pa.; Elder John Fulton, of the Presbyterian church of Johnstown; Rev. D. J. Beal, pastor of the Presbyterian church; Rev. H. L. Chapman, of Cambria, and Father Tahaney, of Conemaugh.

The services that Sunday were very impressive. Many of the worshippers who bowed meekly to the will of God had lost whole families, and it spoke volumes for Christianity to see them drop their heads in prayer and listen with reverential awe to the words of cheer that issued from the lips of the black-robed followers of "Him who doeth all things well."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## REBUILDING IN THE TOWN AND ON THE RAILROADS.

HARDLY had the old Johnstown disappeared from sight beneath the flood of water and of fire, than, Phoenix-like, the new Johnstown began to rise in its place.

First the Cambria Iron Company took heart and commenced to rebuild; then the Johnson Company followed suit. The banks opened their doors, and all branches of business began anew again. Proprietors of stores whose buildings had been swept away philosophically accepted the situation, and for a few days transacted business beneath a tent, in the open air, or wherever they could find a convenient spot.

In a short time the Relief Commission appointed by Governor Beaver purchased a number of wooden store buildings, as well as hundreds of dwellings, and had them sent on to Johnstown ready for use. These were put up on excellent sites, and a general drawing took place for the most available. It was conducted in such a fair, straightforward manner that there was no dissatisfaction after it was over, especially as those who failed to secure a place to conduct their business were supplied a short time afterwards.

Of course, many of the merchants of the place had lost their all in the flood, and were in debt besides. Here was where their creditors showed of what stuff they were made. When the Johnstown merchants ordered new supplies they found that anything and

everything they required was at their disposal on long time.

"Your old account has been wiped out," were the cheering words they heard from wholesalers in Philadelphia and Pittsburg. "Order what you want to begin your commercial career again."

With such generous offers, it was not surprising that Johnstown's merchants weathered the storm and soon again came out with flying colors.

The business men of Cambria County were not the only ones who faced the great calamity with bravery and fortitude. The railroads of Pennsylvania, all of which suffered to a greater or lesser extent, never lost a moment, but went right to work to recuperate.

The railroads in and about the Conemaugh Valley alone lost upward of eight million dollars by the flood. Of this amount the Pennsylvania Railroad sustained about two-thirds. Its tracks were literally torn up from Sang Hollow to Altoona; its massive bridges were swept away, and much of its rolling stock was converted into a mass of tangled *débris*,—engines, passenger coaches, and freight cars by the score having been utterly demolished.

In fact, it looked as if it would take months instead of days to repair the damage. And so it would but for the men who had charge of the work. Robert Pitcairn, superintendent, and Mr. Trump, assistant superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the Western division, took the bull by the horns and set to work at once to repair the damage that had been wrought. First of all, however, they proved the fallacy of the old saw that corporations are soulless, by tendering free the use of their line between Pittsburg and Sang Hollow for the transportation of provisions



to the sufferers, as well as to the hundreds of persons who volunteered to go forward and conduct the work of relief. This done, Superintendent Pitcairn arranged to open up connections with the East *via* the Allegheny Valley Railroad and a mountain branch of the Pennsylvania Central. At the same time he sent his assistant, Mr. Trump, to the scene of the disaster with an efficient corps of engineers and workmen, who at once began the rebuilding of the road. Tracks were laid as if by magic, and immense bridges sprung up as if in a night. Such a feat of engineering skill had never been accomplished before, and so wonderful was it that almost within a fortnight after the flood through trains were running as usual over the main line between New York and Pittsburgh.

Nor was this all. While the work of reconstruction was going on, Mr. Pitcairn still found time to assist in the work of relief, and, as one of the prominent members of the Pittsburgh committee said, his services were of incalculable value. He also saw to it that the passengers who were caught in the flood, but who were fortunate enough to escape with their lives, were comfortably cared for at the Logan House, Altoona, free of charge. In fact, in a great emergency, Mr. Pitcairn fully arose to the exigencies of the occasion.

Mr. J. V. Patton, superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was another man who did yeoman service both for his road and for the public. Like Mr. Pitcairn, he threw open his line gratis to the sufferers, and in addition sent all along it for provisions, which he personally aided in distributing. His road was badly damaged between Hyndman and Johnstown on the Somerset branch. The damage, however, was promptly repaired, and trains were run into Johnstown

almost as soon as the waters had subsided. Mr. Patton's most valued lieutenant was E. D. Smith, the passenger agent at Pittsburg for the Western division. Mr. Smith early grasped the situation in its entirety, and turned in like a beaver without delay.

## **BOOK III.**

**HISTORY OF THE WORK OF RELIEF—BY WHOM IT WAS CONDUCTED—HOW THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, THE SECRET ORGANIZATIONS, ETC., RESPONDED—NAMES OF THE LEADING WORKERS.**

### **CHAPTER I.**

#### **FORMATION AND WORK OF THE PITTSBURG RELIEF COMMITTEE.**

WHILE it is true that some other cities contributed a larger amount of money to the Johnstown sufferers than Pittsburg, to Pittsburg belongs the credit of having rushed first to the assistance of the stricken city. In their greatest hour of need, when the entire Conemaugh Valley was still covered with water, and when its suffering thousands were literally shut out from all the world, Pittsburg opened her heart and unloosed her purse-strings to succor the living and perform the last sad rites for the dead.

The cry for help—for money, food, and clothes—that went up from Johnstown on that ever-memorable Saturday morning after the flood, even before the extent of the devastation was fully realized, struck a sympathetic chord in the breast of every man, woman, and child in the generous city of gas, and it was answered promptly and with telling effect.

When the news of the wash-out on the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was received at the Pittsburg office,



RUINS OF OPERA-HOUSE.



Superintendent Robert Pitcairn immediately jumped upon an engine and gave the engineer orders to proceed at once to the scene, and to let the engine drive for all she was worth. The engineer obeyed his orders and the locomotive sped over the tracks at a speed that almost threatened a derailment of the engine. Finally, the party arrived at Sang Hollow, the nearest point to Johnstown at that time accessible.

Superintendent Pitcairn at once saw that the flood was far greater in extent than anybody had imagined. He saw also that help would be needed, and at once. The wires of the Western Union Company were all down, but over the private wires of his road he sent a lengthy message to the editors of the Pittsburg newspapers asking them to do all in their power to induce the mayor to call a meeting of the citizens, to take action towards the relief of the sufferers at Johnstown. Even then the vast extent of Johnstown's horror was not comprehended by any one, but the suggestion of Superintendent Pitcairn was generally accepted as a good one. Mayor McCallin, of Pittsburg, entered heartily into the scheme, and early the next morning he held a consultation with Mayor Pearson, of Allegheny, and they decided that a meeting of the citizens should be called at once. Before ten o'clock the same morning both cities were completely placarded with notices signed by the two mayors, calling upon the citizens to attend a meeting at Old City Hall, in Pittsburg, for that afternoon, to take such action as might be thought necessary looking towards the relief of the suffering people of Johnstown.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Old City Hall was crowded to its doors with the representative business men and citizens of both cities. William McCreery

called the meeting to order and named Mayor William McCallin as chairman. The vice-presidents chosen were Robert Pitcairn, H. W. Oliver, James B. Scott, Nicholas H. Voeghtly, William Semple, John W. Chalfant, R. T. Pearson, mayor of Allegheny, Martin Lappe, Rev. James Allison, D.D., Rev. I. C. Pershing, D.D., Rev. F. Ruoff, Rev. Father Sheedy, Fred. Gwinner, Park Painter, Simon Kaufmann, Edward Gregg, Thomas M. Marshall, William H. Graham, and James S. Atterbury.

The first work done was the appointment of an executive committee, which consisted of William McCreery, chairman; Henry Phipps, Reuben Miller, H. C. Frick, James McCrea, H. I. Gourley, and Banker W. R. Thompson as treasurer. Mr. Thompson was commissioned to look after all the funds, including collections, contributions, and disbursements.

Superintendent Pitcairn, the only member of the committee who had at that time been to the scene of the disaster, was then called upon to tell those present what the state of affairs in the stricken valley really was. Upon rising he said that there was no time to waste in useless talk. What was needed was help, and not flowery speeches. Then, in one of the shortest but most impassioned speeches ever listened to in the city of Pittsburg, he described graphically the intense sufferings that he had witnessed the night before. During his recital of the heart-rending scenes Mr. Pitcairn was listened to with the most rapt and over-awed attention.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pitcairn's speech, Mayor McCallin called for contributions. Then followed the wildest scene that ever was witnessed in Old City Hall. Men grew hoarse in hallooing to the chairman

for recognition, while they frantically waved checks, notes, drafts, and bank-bills high above their heads. In less time than it takes to tell it, the chairman's table was flooded with money and checks. Treasurer Thompson stood dismayed; both his hands were filled with money; he could take no more. Mayor McCallin went to his assistance, and a second later H. I. Gourley was mustered into service. The three men stood there for over half an hour, and the excited crowds kept them working like beavers.

Where was the money coming from? Whose money was it? Nobody knew. It simply kept pouring in from all sides. One moment Treasurer Thompson would cry, "Whose hundred is this?" Then, "Who laid that check here?—what was his name?" But no one knew. The big-hearted citizens of Pittsburg and Allegheny simply went there, laid down their money, and got away as quickly as possible, in order to give others a chance.

It was a motley crowd that surged about the platform, each vying with the other to get his contribution in first. Business men were crowded by their employés; doctors of divinity stood shoulder to shoulder with whiskey distillers; prohibitionists made way for saloon-keepers; physicians and burly teamsters stood together; all lines of color, race, creed, or condition of life were entirely swept away. There was no ceremony. Everybody entered heartily into a most generous spirit of charitable rivalry. There was no speech-making. The golden eloquence of much-needed cash forever silenced anything that would have had the least semblance of oratory.

Whenever Treasurer Thompson could find time, or discover the donor, to make an announcement of a



contribution, the applause was most deafening; a five-dollar subscription was applauded fully as much as one of five hundred dollars. For an hour the money rolled upon the table at the rate of nearly a thousand dollars a minute,—a circumstance in the way of popular subscriptions which may well be said to be almost unprecedented.

As the maddened waters rushed down the Conemaugh Valley the day before, so did the storm of cash pour upon the treasurer's table, until at last, exhausted, Treasurer Thompson called a halt,—the money was coming too fast. If it continued many minutes longer, he feared that the committee would be thrown into a state of dire confusion. When the outpouring of money ceased, and the committee found time to count it up, it was discovered that in just fifty minutes forty-eight thousand one hundred and sixteen dollars and seventy cents had been received.

The amount at that time was considered enormous, and the hearty co-operation of citizens of all degrees with the mayor's committee was generally spoken of as one of the marvels of the decade.

Although the sum of money contributed was very large, yet each succeeding bulletin from Johnstown only served to show that this vast amount would prove but as a drop in the bucket, as compared with what would be needed.

The pastors of the various churches of all denominations were asked to take up a contribution at the next morning's (Sunday) services. Although the notice was remarkably short, yet right heartily did the congregations respond, and at night it was found that upward of twenty-five thousand dollars had been subscribed by the churches. All the hospitals and orphan asylums

in the two cities threw their doors wide open for the reception of any of the sufferers who might be brought into the city. All the theatres and museums announced extra performances for Sunday, for the benefit of the sufferers. This latter proposition was, however, not carried out. An Allegheny minister offered a resolution at the citizens' meeting to stop the performances on Sunday, and although its introduction created considerable excitement and confusion, Mayor McCallin was compelled under the law to prohibit the performances.

The Chamber of Commerce tendered the use of its rooms to the Citizens' Relief Committee, whither the committee at once repaired.

The balance of Saturday, June 1, was spent in getting things into working order and in receiving additional assurances of money. This closed one of the most memorable days in the history of the city of Pittsburg, and one the record of which will stand unprecedented in the annals of charity and promptitude of one city to hasten to the assistance of a stricken sister.

Late that night there was a most exciting scene in the committee's rooms; that was when Charles F. Jahn, a Pittsburg business man, entered the rooms a few minutes after his return from Johnstown. Everybody crowded around him, and when he got a moment's time he submitted the first verbal report that had been received. He said, "I have just returned from Johnstown, where I went on the ten o'clock train this morning with some undertakers. We found about one hundred bodies just this side of Johnstown, and we dug them out of the *débris*. They were lying in every position conceivable. The undertakers at

once started to work; they are very busy and will be for some time; they are still digging out bodies. We went from Johnstown to Sang Hollow. I understand that no one has been to Johnstown proper since the flood occurred, and those that are over there can only stand idly by and see the bodies slowly burning in the ruins. All the way down we could find bodies, and from information received from newspaper men and others there have been four hundred and eight bodies found up to the present time. The people there don't seem to realize things; they can't imagine their losses; they are dumbstruck. We learned also that there are people lying on the hills in the wet grass without food or shelter. Our train was the first that succeeded in getting east of Sang Hollow. There is not enough help there; the people need assistance badly. A couple of regiments should be sent to the scene at once, as vandals of the lowest order are on the ground, and all sorts of stealing is going on."

Mr. Jahn's report was received by the committee, the members of which thanked him heartily, as his information at that time was of the most vital importance.

The succeeding days were scarcely less exciting, and no one who was not in Pittsburg at the time can ever form the slightest conception of the excitement of the people. Their nervous systems were strained to the greatest tension. Business of all kinds was abandoned. Merchants rushed hither and thither in their efforts to outdo their neighbors in the noble work of forming the nucleus of a life-saving, a distress-succoring, army. Men whom one was accustomed to see at a desk in a counting-room were now found rushing through the streets, their hats on the backs of their heads, collars wilted, faces flushed, and withal their appearance be-

tokened the most intense excitement. Now they stood for a second in front of a newspaper office, glancing hurriedly over the bulletins; the next minute they were bounding up the stairs leading to the Chamber of Commerce, three steps at a time. Breathlessly they would rush up to Chairman McCreery and pantingly exclaim, "Put me down for two car-loads of provisions and clothing," or, "Here is my check for a thousand dollars," as the case might be.

The Relief Committee was not the least bit lax in its enthusiasm and zeal to do good. Night and day it labored. The first thing that was done was to appoint a sub-committee to go to Johnstown to look after the disposition of the relief supplies and funds that were almost hourly being forwarded to the devastated valley. Of this committee, James B. Scott, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was made chairman. Mr. Scott, on arriving at Johnstown, saw at a glance what the condition of affairs was, and with rare executive ability soon had the town, or rather the remnants of it, in something like a business-like condition. In a few days he was unanimously chosen dictator of the city, succeeding Mr. A. J. Moxham. His work as dictator is spoken of elsewhere in this volume.

On the Sunday succeeding the flood the streets of Pittsburg were crowded until midnight by one of the most excited crowds ever seen in a city. And it was perfectly natural that such should be the case, for there were but few families in Pittsburg who had not friends and relatives in the pretty little mountain town. Many there were with bleeding hearts and anxious faces standing before the newspaper offices, scanning each bulletin as it was sent in by the faithful and indefatigable correspondents. Hundreds stood there rent

with anguish, and there were thousands of eyes that, bubbling over with tears, could scarcely read the bulletins. When word was received that men had been arrested for robbing the dead, the indignation of the citizens knew no bounds. They clinched their fists and swore that such a state of affairs should not exist. In every portion of the city the opinion was the same, —viz., that the men who would rob the dead should not live.

Finally, Sunday night grew on, the excited crowds dwindled away, the bulletins became less frequent, and at midnight things had again assumed their normal condition.

Meanwhile, however, the Relief Committee was not idle. Work of the greatest importance was going on, and at a rapid pace. At the Chamber of Commerce everything was bustle and excitement; all the intensely agonizing interests of the citizens were practically centred there. Superintendent Pitcairn had notified the Relief Committee that the Pennsylvania Railroad was entirely at its service, and the offer was gladly accepted.

The committee determined that two head-quarters should be maintained,—one at the Chamber of Commerce for the transaction of all business, and one at the Old City Hall for the purpose of receiving donations of clothing, provisions, and other urgent necessities of life.

Up to this time the members of the committee had been unremitting in their labors; none of them slept; occasionally a tired individual sought a few minutes' repose in a quiet nap in a chair. Finally it became too apparent that such a state of affairs could not last forever, and it was decided that two forces would be necessary to keep up the constant labors of the

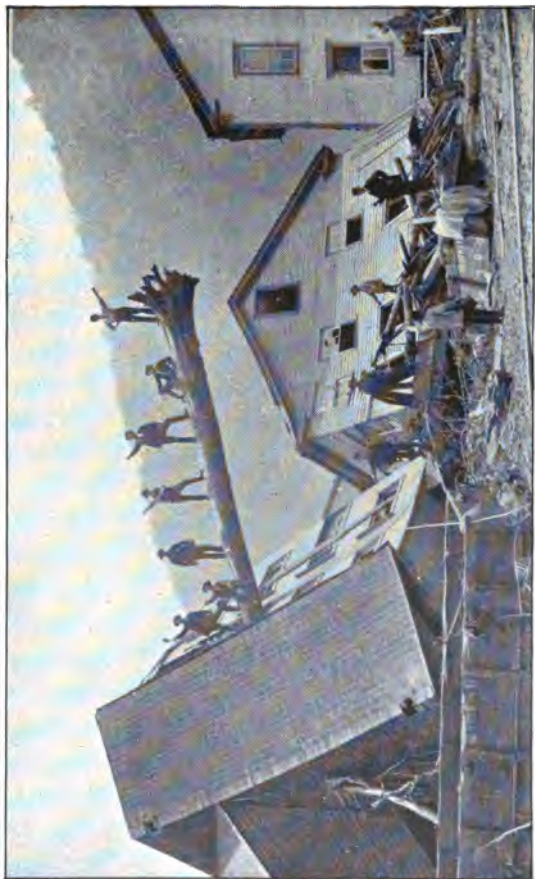
committee. Hitherto it had been the intense excitement that prevailed that had sustained the men, but now outraged nature was demanding its just due. Treasurer W. R. Thompson, Postmaster Larkin, H. I. Gourley, Charles Megraw, and David Robinson had worked unceasingly, but they could not hold out forever, and it was found that they must be relieved. On Sunday afternoon William McCreery, Reuben Miller, H. C. Frick, Charles J. Clarke, G. L. Follansbee, S. S. Marvin, and George A. Kelly formed what might be called the night-gang, and relieved Treasurer Thompson and his associates.

The committee having now got down to actual business, the work of relieving the distressed at Johnstown commenced in real earnest. The members of the committee held executive sessions daily. Everybody vied with each other in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the victims of the Conemaugh disaster. Chairman McCreery sent out an appeal to the mayors and Boards of Trade of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Detroit, Denver, Memphis, Savannah, New Orleans, Galveston, and other cities. Among the first to respond was poor little Jacksonville, who, although still suffering from the effects of the dreadful scourge which nearly converted her into a barren, deserted district, still remembered how Pennsylvania hurried to her assistance in the fall of 1888, and, in addition to a message of sympathy, sent also a substantial testimonial of the same in the shape of several thousand dollars. Governor Waterman, of California, too, was among the first to send a communication, and even before the appeal was sent out he offered the committee any assistance that lay

within the power of the State of California to grant. The other cities responded promptly, and the committee then felt at liberty to go ahead and do anything that might be found necessary. One of the hardest things that the committee had to deal with was the morbid curiosity of people of all classes, who, despite the fact that they knew they were encumbering the work of the people who went to the devastated city to save life and succor distress, insisted upon going up there simply to view the horrible disaster. Finally, these crowds grew so great that the committee received a message from Johnstown which read, "For God's sake, keep the sight-seers away!"

The railroads entered into the spirit of the thing and refused to sell tickets to any point within twenty miles west of Johnstown. Word was also received that two hundred laborers and two thousand coffins were needed at once. The contracts for the manufacture of the coffins were awarded to Pittsburg and Allegheny firms, and the work of constructing plain wooden receptacles for the dead went on night and day; not a moment was lost. They were not working for the mere salary alone, but were laboring for charity,—for human kind,—and never was the quotation "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" more fully exemplified than it was in those coffin-shops.

After awarding the contracts for the coffins, the committee then turned to the next important question,—that of securing laborers to clear away the *débris*. Bulletins were posted on the Chamber of Commerce building, and the newspapers published the matter freely, and the thousands of unemployed soon flocked about the committee's head-quarters. But in all that vast crowd of rough, untutored laborers there was no



A FREAK OF THE FLOOD.





tumult, no confusion, no jokes, no repartee, no laughter. The awful solemnity of the occasion threw a broad mantle of ominous silence over all. For the time being the jokes and good-natured laughter at each other's expense, so common to multitudes of laboring men, were completely hushed. Those who were employed went away quietly to the trains, and those who were unsuccessful took the matter philosophically, and did not waste time nor block up the passageways, bemoaning their ill-fortune. That inborn feeling of charity and awe impelled them to accept the inevitable without a murmur.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announced that a train of freight cars would move slowly from the Duquesne depot at the foot of Liberty Street, and would make frequent stops along that thoroughfare, so that those who desired to send provisions for the relief of the sufferers might do so. When the train started up Liberty Street it was taken possession of by a surging sea of human beings. The business men responded nobly, and boxes, barrels, cases, crates, and everything imaginable that would contain provisions were brought out to the train. Men, women, and children stopped to lend a willing hand to load the supplies, and in all that vast multitude there was not the slightest semblance of disorder or confusion. A fellow-feeling had indeed made the people wondrous kind.

The announcement of the absolute necessity of sending armed militia to guard the bodies of the dead and the property of the living had the effect of the issuance of an order by the commandants of the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Regiments N.G.P., and Battery "B" and the Washington Infantry to assemble at their

armories fully equipped and ready to move forward to Johnstown at a moment's notice. The troops were not slow to obey the command, and for two days uniformed soldiers stood about the streets in the neighborhood of their armories, anxiously awaiting the order to march. The committee, however, received assurances that all these troops would not be needed, and so informed the different commandants. Later, the Fourteenth Regiment was sent to the scene by order of the governor.

The Relief Committee had a private telegraph wire run into its room, and an operator was kept busy night and day receiving messages and transmitting instructions to the sub-committee at Johnstown. It received word that more undertakers were needed, and this was communicated to the undertakers of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The latter to a man left their business in a frightfully crippled condition and hastened to the scene, as requested by the committee. In addition to the relief provisions sent generally by the committee, a train-load of beef cattle, with a gang of men to dress and cut it up, was also sent.

While the committee was laboring night and day to succor the distressed of Johnstown, it soon encountered an obstacle in its way which almost staggered it. This obstacle came in the shape of a report to the committee that if it desired to protect Pittsburg from an epidemic of sickness, heroic measures looking towards that end must be taken immediately. The waters emptying into the Allegheny River, from which Pittsburg received its fresh-water supply, were being contaminated not only with the filthiest refuse of all kinds, but were being filled with burnt and decaying human flesh and putrefying bodies. The

committee was astounded at this startling revelation, and fully agreed that measures must be taken at once to prevent the spread of any disease. The newspapers notified the people generally of the alarming state of affairs, and for several days no one would think of using the Allegheny water for drinking purposes. Ice melted down and cooled again with ice was the beverage, while for cooking purposes the water was only used after having been thoroughly boiled. The committee took all the precautions necessary, and finally procured the services of the chemist of the Board of Health to make a complete analysis of the Allegheny water. This the latter did, and after a most minute analytical examination declared the water to be chemically pure. As no serious cases or sudden outbreak of sickness had been reported, the chemist's report in a great measure restored confidence. The committee was to be complimented for its activity and promptitude, and it is doubtless due to it that Pittsburg escaped an epidemic of typhoid fever and other maladies. One of the greatest features in the history of the work of the Relief Committee was the promptitude with which it responded to the appeal for clothing. Those of the residents of the fated Conemaugh Valley who escaped with their lives had lost everything in the shape of personal property, including wearing apparel. When the committee received word that clothing was needed, it lost no time in issuing an announcement that clothing of all sorts, sizes, and kinds was needed most urgently. When the announcement was made, every man, woman, and child in the city of Pittsburg that had a suit or a dress to spare hurried to the Old City Hall and left their contributions, to be used as the

committee saw fit. All the clothiers, hatters, shoe dealers, and dry-goods men of the city entered heartily into the spirit of generous and charitable rivalry to get clothing of all sorts first on the ground. Indeed, it is true of two of the most prominent Pittsburg firms of clothiers that in the morning one of them donated one thousand dollars' worth of clothing. Its generous rival, a short time later, not to be outdone, contributed two thousand dollars' worth of wearing apparel. The first house, seeing that its rival had jumped ahead of it, decided that such should not be the case, and without a moment's hesitation increased its first order of one thousand dollars' worth to two thousand five hundred dollars' worth. This same spirit of generous rivalry prevailed throughout the entire period during which succor was urgently needed. Business differences were forgotten, and every one was inclined to act with the Relief Committee, not only harmoniously, but with a great heart overflowing with charity and fellow-feeling. The fact that clothing was required as much if not more than anything else was more than fully corroborated by N. S. Brown, who reported to the committee that there were ladies of wealthy families on board the Baltimore and Ohio trains who for covering were wearing men's coats and trousers. Mr. Brown also reported that lights were badly needed. The committee, however, had already looked after this, and had sent out an entire electric-light plant, together with fifty barrels of illuminating oil. So great had the need of money and supplies become, that Chairman McCreery issued a notice to all the public school-teachers in Allegheny County, asking them to receive any and all contributions from their pupils that the latter might care to donate.

Superintendent J. V. Patton, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, was the first of the railroad officials to announce the running of through trains into Johnstown. He also announced that his road would furnish transportation free for all kinds of supplies that should be sent to the suffering people of the Conemaugh. This was but one of the many offers of liberality that the committee received from almost every source. Yet never was there greater need of liberality and generosity. The terrible reality was of itself a sufficient call,—a call that had never before been made so eloquently. It was a call, too, that had never before been answered so promptly. Its urgency the citizens of Pittsburg saw at a glance, and they lost no time in going to the rescue. Every one seemed to act as though it was his bounden duty to crowd to the front with a liberal heart and a full hand.

As the days passed the excitement became more and more intense. The rooms of the Relief Committee were crowded daily almost to suffocation with people whose anxious faces told only too well the sad, sad story of loved ones who had been in the ill-fated valley on that terrible black Friday, the 31st of May. Requests for transportation to Johnstown came by the thousand, and it kept two of the committeemen busy the entire day,—one granting passes over the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the other making out permits, in the name of Chairman McCreery, to pass the bearers into the city. While passes of this kind were granted to thousands of worthy people, still the unworthy, as in everything else, succeeded in getting in. The railroad people, in order to keep the sight-seers away, refused to sell tickets to them. The latter, however, were determined to go to the scene of the disaster, and

would appeal to the Relief Committee for transportation, telling, in order to gain their end, false stories that were so pitiful that the committeemen were bound to believe them. The stories told by some of these miscreants were sufficient to make the cheeks of the most hardened criminal burn with shame. To their eternal discredit be it said that those people who succeeded in inducing the committee to grant them passes were not satisfied with going there alone, but on their return to Pittsburg seemed to take a fiendish delight in recounting the terrible catastrophe in all its horrible details, and the more vivid and more horrible they could paint the tale the greater delight they seemed to take in telling it. They were of a class of people who succeeded most effectually in hampering and delaying the noble work of the Relief Committee. Soon the funds began to roll into the treasury in great abundance. The citizens of Pittsburg were never for a moment lax in their efforts to get money for the sufferers at Johnstown. Other cities, too, were coming to the front nobly, and every mail brought to Treasurer Thompson further evidence of the sympathy of the people throughout the country. First, Mayor Hugh Grant, of New York, telegraphed to draw on him for fifty thousand dollars. Mayor D. C. Creiger, of Chicago, followed suit. So did Mayor Edwin H. Fitler, of Philadelphia; Mayor A. C. Chapin, of Brooklyn; Mayor Wolfe Londouer, of Denver; Dr. Izard, of Camden, N. J.; Elliott F. Shephard, of the New York *Mail and Express*, and others. Mayor Fitler was chosen chairman of the Quaker City Relief Committee, and in that capacity did excellent service. In fact, there was no end to the contributions, and on July 10 nearly eight hundred thousand dollars had

been subscribed to the Pittsburg Relief Fund, to say nothing of the millions sent direct to the governor of the State. •

No sooner had the Pittsburg Relief Committee appointed Mr. J. B. Scott to go to Johnstown as its representative, than it named Mr. Reuben Miller a committee of one to go to Philadelphia and acquaint the people there of the general situation. At that place Mr. Miller met the Quaker City Committee, headed by Mayor Fitler, and Governor Beaver, to whom he explained matters in detail. In the mean time, Mr. Scott had been chosen absolute dictator at Johnstown and vicinity, at a public meeting of the citizens. He forthwith relieved Mr. A. J. Moxham, a prominent business man of Johnstown, who had been in charge up to that time. Realizing that the denizens of the stricken valley knew the condition of their neighbors better than outsiders, Mr. Scott placed many residents of Johnstown on the permanent local relief committee. About his first appointments were made June 5, as follows:

*Supplies.*—John Thomas, Rev. Father Tehaney, Louis M. Lunen, C. B. Cover, and C. Skill, secretary.

*Finance.*—James McMillan, Thomas Swank, W. C. Lewis, John Roberts, Dwight Roberts, and Cyrus Elder.

*Teams and Messengers.*—James McMillan, John Walters, and R. W. Welch, secretary.

*Information and Transportation.*—R. S. Murphy and Cyrus Brown.

*Company Committee.*—Captain Kuhn, John Master-son, William Boyd, and Charles Griffith.

*Removal of Dead Animals.*—Charles Zimmerman.

*Morgue.*—Beale and Chatburne.



*Remover of Débris.*—T. L. Johnson.

*Time-Keeping and Books.*—John S. Little.

*Dangerous Buildings.*—John Coffin and Richard Eyre.

*Police Committee.*—Captain Gagely and A. M. Hart.

*Outside Search for Living and Dead.*—John Platt and William McHenry.

*Fire Department.*—William Ossenberger, chief.

*Employment.*—H. C. Evans.

*Sanitary Corps.*—Drs. Louman, Mathews, and Lee.

In addition to these, there was a committee on telegraphy in charge of Mr. Scott himself. All of the chairmen of committees had their offices in the same building with Mr. Scott, and received hourly and oftener reports from their subordinates.

As will be seen by this, Mr. Scott early proved his usefulness by perfectly systematizing everything. From the first he ruled with an arm of iron, but a hand gloved in silk. He knew when to say "No!" and he had the courage to say it when necessary. He was gentleness personified when dealing with the sufferers, and as frigid as an iceberg when brought face to face with an evil-doer. In fact, so strong was his administration, that depredations were few and far between. He himself said that there were no hangings or lynchings at all, and that he was willing to be qualified to that effect. Indeed, he claimed that but one act clouded the moral horizon at Johnstown for the first few weeks after the flood, and that was when Private William B. Young, of Company "C," Fourteenth Regiment, committed suicide from despondency. This was on June 9.

Mr. Scott received valuable assistance in his work of relief from such well-known citizens of Johnstown as A. J. Moxham, W. C. Lewis, Cyrus Elder, G. W. Swank,

John Fulton, J. D. Roberts, James McMillan, A. J. Haws, Dwight Roberts, and others, who, although heavy losers themselves, flew to the aid of their less fortunate neighbors.

In conjunction with the Pittsburg Relief Committee there was a Ladies' Relief Committee, whose duty it was to receive the sufferers upon their arrival in Pittsburg from Johnstown, and to see to it that they were properly cared for. This committee had its headquarters first at the Second Presbyterian church, Penn Avenue, and later in the new Exposition building. It was divided into sub-committees, as follows:

Executive Committee, Mrs. H. C. Campbell, chairman, Mrs. W. McCreery, and Mrs. G. A. Kelly.

Dining-Room Committee, Mrs. E. A. Graff, chairman, and Mesdames Burt, Bennett, Leitcher, J. T. Patterson, Tanner, McDowell, Mellon, Lenhart, N. Patterson, Hamilton, Long, and Jemison.

The members of the Supply Committee were Mrs. J. B. Herron, chairman, and Mrs. A. P. Burchfield, William Emery, John McCreery, Joseph McNaughton, John Young, P. Reymer, A. W. Rook, and H. Sellers McKee.

The Directory Committee was composed of Mrs. George A. Kelly, chairman, Mrs. Allan Kerr, Miss Maggie Park, Miss May Swift, Mrs. Sarah Scott, Mrs. Roba Brown, and Miss Margaret Clark.

The Clothing Committee consisted of Mrs. Donnell, chairman, Miss McCreery, Mrs. Gorman, Mrs. J. Irwin, Mrs. A. Alston, Mrs. A. H. Wallace, Mrs. Wylie Stevenson, Mrs. H. Lee Mason.

The committee fed the hungry, clothed the needy, and nursed the sick, sending the ill or wounded to the various hospitals in Pittsburg and Allegheny.

## CHAPTER II.

## TRIALS OF THE RELIEF COMMITTEES EARLY ON THE SCENE.

NOBODY save those who were on the scene will ever thoroughly comprehend the noble work done by the various relief committees upon their arrival at Johnstown, or of the hardships they endured in getting there. On the Saturday following the flood, when the relief corps first set out for the afflicted district, it was impossible to get nearer to Johnstown than Sang Hollow, and from this point, a distance of four miles, whole car-loads of provisions, clothing, and medicine were carried, beneath a broiling sun, upon the backs of men, many of whom had never before been called upon to perform a single act of labor. But they complained not. With heroism unbounded, one and all took up their burdens and picked their way along the half-torn-up railroad tracks into the city of Johnstown. At the stone bridge a serious obstacle confronted the rescuers. All save the stone-work had been washed away, and there was apparently no way to get the goods into the city proper. However, a rope bridge was soon constructed, and over this, at the imminent peril of their lives, the noble band from Pittsburg carried the provisions to the half-famished multitudes.

Nor was the difficulty they experienced in reaching Johnstown the only unpleasant thing which the rescuers were called upon to face. All along the route grim death confronted them. Corpses by the score were strewn upon the roadways, while upon the

wet grass on the hills were entire families who had lost everything they ever possessed, and who were almost starving. Scores of wild-eyed men and sad-eyed women searching for their friends and relatives were encountered, while the general scene was one of the most harrowing description.

The action of the secret societies in flying to the relief of the Johnstown sufferers was both speedy and commendable.

Perhaps the first organization to reach the ill-fated district after the flood was the Free and Accepted Masons of Allegheny County. Immediately upon the receipt of the intelligence that Johnstown had been swept away, District Deputy Grand Master James S. McKean called an informal meeting of the local Masonic committee, and at five o'clock Saturday morning, June 1, less than twelve hours after the flood, Mr. James I. Buchanan left as the committee's representative for the devastated district. At noon on the same day the remainder of the committee, consisting of James S. McKean, W. S. Brown, W. J. Carson, W. D. H. Cain, and D. L. Gillespie, started with several carloads of provisions for Johnstown. They arrived there about five o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock had established a commissary department at Kernville, and were distributing supplies to the sufferers.

On Sunday morning a general meeting of the officers of the various Masonic bodies was held in Pittsburg, and in a few minutes four thousand three hundred dollars were subscribed to a relief fund. The same day Most Worshipful Grand Master McCalla, of Philadelphia, telegraphed five hundred dollars, and later raised this to five thousand dollars. Within a few days the four thousand three hundred dollars already re-

ferred to had been swelled to ten thousand dollars within the county, and before the Masonic committee closed its fund the various Masonic bodies throughout the United States had subscribed nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

Realizing the importance of proper sanitation throughout the Conemaugh Valley, the Masons appointed a committee, consisting of James S. McKean, T. J. Hudson, C. W. Batchelor, and James I. Buchanan, to consult with the President of the United States regarding the best mode of procedure. The following correspondence between the committee and the Chief Executive took place:

"PITTSBURG, June 8, 1889.

"HIS EXCELLENCY, BENJAMIN HARRISON, PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON:

"Situation at Johnstown appalling in extreme. Unless immediate steps are taken to remove dead from water, every river affected by waters of Conemaugh will carry pestilence in its course. Can you not send a government sanitary corps to the scene without a moment's delay? Every hour's delay serious. Two members of this committee have been on the scene for two days. No words can describe terrible situation and suffering. Houses and whole families swept away by flood and fire. Death and devastation incomprehensible.

"JAMES S. MCKEAN,  
"T. J. HUDSON,  
"C. W. BATCHELOR,  
"J. I. BUCHANAN,  
"Masonic Committee."

Then there came this pointed reply from the White House :

“ EXECUTIVE MANSION,

“ WASHINGTON, June 3, 1889.

“ JAMES S. MCKEAN AND OTHERS, MASONIC COMMITTEE,  
PITTSBURG :

“ Our only sanitary corps consists of a few medical officers. One, Dr. Carrington, is stationed at Pittsburg. You have a State Board of Health, and unless the governor should request it, Surgeon-General Hamilton could not interfere. We are anxious to extend every possible help, but what you need is systematic work under proper authority. If the governor and your State Board of Health make any call upon me in any matter in my discretion I will gladly respond, and will direct Dr. Carrington to report the situation, and Dr. Hamilton will communicate at once with your State Board of Health.

“ Respectfully,

“ BENJ. HARRISON.”

Then followed this :

“ PITTSBURG, June 3, 1889.

“ HIS EXCELLENCY, BENJ. HARRISON, PRESIDENT, ETC.,  
WASHINGTON :

“ Your very satisfactory telegram received. We thought it proper to communicate with you in view of national government relation to water highways. We thank you.”

[Signed by the same committee as above.]

The work of the Masonic organizations was wonderfully systematic and effective. A permanent relief committee was organized at Johnstown and another at Pittsburg. The former was composed of William Don-

aldson, chairman; R. P. Linton, treasurer; W. F. Meyer, secretary; Captain H. H. Kuhn, Alexander McKeever, B. F. Watkins, and H. L. Coulter; while the latter was composed of the gentlemen already named in the same connection, with James S. McKean as chairman, T. J. Hudson as treasurer, and William T. Reiter as secretary. Especially creditable work was done by Messrs. McKean, Buchanan, and Brown, all of whom were early on the ground and late to leave. Mr. McKean's work was particularly effective, and the same may be said of that of Mr. Buchanan.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE AMERICUS REPUBLICAN CLUB OF PITTSBURG.

It was the morning after the flood that the Americus Republican Club of Pittsburg awoke to a realization of the trouble in the Conemaugh Valley and took steps to relieve the sufferers. After a short consultation of the leading spirits of the club, a meeting was bulletined for 12 m. at the club-rooms. The call spread rapidly, and at the appointed time the room was filled with members who believed in the adage that "he who gives quickly gives twice." Within twenty minutes after President H. S. Paul called the meeting to order, eleven hundred and twenty dollars were subscribed, to which seven hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty cents were added within three hours after from members who were not present.

In addition to the cash subscriptions, the following donations were made by members and friends of the

club: A. J. Logan & Co., mattresses; Thompson & Co., bedclothing; Pearl Laundry Co., gentlemen's underwear; Eisner & Phillips, men's and boys' clothing; Western Union Telegraph Co., messenger service; Pittsburg Grocers' Supply Co., provisions; George N. Laycock, torches; Ben. Steel, tinware; W. J. Caskey, groceries; J. H. McKee, clothing; Thomas Moreland, torches; John Dimling, cooked provisions; R. H. Stockton, clothing; Central Hotel, cooked provisions; J. G. Bennett, hats and caps.

J. M. Walker was elected treasurer of the funds collected, and a committee, consisting of A. J. Logan, J. A. Reed, A. J. Edwards, A. M. Voight, and J. D. Littell, was appointed to purchase such supplies as were not contributed and were necessary to give immediate relief to the sufferers.

Knowing that the unfortunate residents of the valley where destruction reigned supreme were as helpless as they were homeless, a volunteer corps of forty men was enrolled, the members of which were ready to leave at an hour's notice for the scene of disaster, to render such service as lay in their power.

James S. McKean, W. S. Brown, and D. L. Gillespie were appointed as an advance guard to leave for Johnstown immediately, to learn the state of affairs and gain such information as would aid the members of the relief corps in making a proper distribution of their supplies when they arrived.

H. S. Paul was delegated to see Superintendent Robert Pitcairn to procure cars for the supplies contributed and purchased. His request met with a hearty response, and in a short time the cars were at the head of Fifth Street, on Liberty Avenue, ready to receive the freight.



A. J. Logan and H. D. W. English were appointed to report the action of the club to the citizens' meeting and tender the services of the volunteer corps to work in conjunction with such committees as might there be appointed.

The relief corps left Pittsburg at 4 P.M. Saturday, June 1, with the citizens' committee, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, in coaches attached to the freight cars bearing the supplies.

On the train an organization was effected by dividing the volunteers into two companies, with a captain and four lieutenants for each company. The officers were as follows: Commander James B. Scott. Company "A," Captain H. E. Collins; Lieutenants S. D. Hubley, O. S. Richardson, J. A. Reed, and Theodore Sproul. Company "B," Captain A. J. Logan; Lieutenants James M. Walker, Alex. M. Voight, H. D. W. English, and George S. Houghton.

J. D. Littell and A. J. Edwards were appointed to take charge of the commissary department for the relief corps, with a detail from Company "B" as assistants.

There were on board the train eighty-two members of the Relief Committee, twelve newspaper reporters, and thirty police-officers.

The train reached Sang Hollow, four miles west of Johnstown, at 8.30 P.M., only to learn that it would be impossible to reach the objective point before the following day, on account of the track being washed away in some places and covered with landslides in others. But it was soon apparent that no barrier was too difficult for this sturdy body of men to surmount.

Commander Scott immediately ordered out Company "B" to guard the train and unload supplies, and Company "A" to carry the supplies to Johnstown. The

lonely station of Sang Hollow was soon the scene of activity. The men carried the provisions on their backs over landslides and the trackless road-beds to points where hand-cars could be found and put into service.

In many places a temporary track was laid, over which the hand-cars passed. All night long a procession of lights was moving to and fro from Sang Hollow to the stone bridge.

The commissary department was kept running all night under rather difficult circumstances. While caring for the wants of the sufferers the men had failed to look out for their own needs. A few knives and forks had been purchased on the way, after organization, but only enough to prepare sandwiches. Necessity being the mother of invention, several pairs of new half-hose and a hatchet were utilized to pulverize the unground coffee.

The hard-working body of men soon acquired the ravenous appetites of hyenas, and enjoyed the rude repast of crackers, cheese, dry bread, and black coffee with a relish unknown in Delmonico's.

Thus, by hard, unrelenting work, two car-loads of provisions were landed at the stone bridge before daylight, and part of them passed over the raging Cone-maugh by the use of ropes.

Through the efforts of competent railroad officials, the track was laid and the first train enabled to reach the bridge on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. As the train moved slowly and cautiously along the new-made track, the boys gave bread, cheese, crackers, etc., to the famished, poorly-clad crowds that lined the tracks at Sheridan, Morrellville, and Cambria City, and received the benedictions of many sufferers whom they saved from longer enduring the pangs of hunger.

Immediately after arrival part of the train was unloaded at the stone bridge for Johnstown, and the rest of it in the upper and lower parts of Cambria City. The long-looked-for relief had come at last. The anxious people crowded around the cars begging for something to carry to their homeless families. It was only after forming a line from the train to the temporary storehouses that the supplies could be unloaded and taken to a place where a proper distribution could be made.

When the train had been relieved of its load every man who accompanied it was assigned to duty. Some acted in connection with local committees in distributing food and clothing to the needy. Others worked in the *débris* and mud in Johnstown, Kernville, and Cambria City, helping the sorrow-stricken sufferers to find their dead. Within a few hours after the arrival of the train the yellow ribbon (which was the badge adopted by the relief corps) was seen in all parts of the devastated valley. Every man had come to work and help the afflicted, and some of the boys did not, during their stay at Johnstown, return to the train that brought them. This was no place or time for rest or comfort, and it may truthfully be said that for forty-eight hours after arrival many of the relief corps suffered as much from hunger and loss of sleep as any of the residents of the valley.

The men engaged in passing supplies over the Cone-maugh by means of ropes soon found this tedious method unsatisfactory and inadequate to the demand. To remedy this the ingenuity of Alex. M. Gow, one of the relief corps, was called into action, and, with the assistance of J. A. Reed and W. P. Bennett, within a few hours he had made a bridge of short boards held to-



A DEMOLISHED CHAIR FACTORY.



gether by knotted ropes, and swung it across the chasm. This made communication and the furnishing of relief more easy. The bridge was kept in constant use until the railroad bridge was repaired.

While the train was lying at Sang Hollow a member of the advance guard of the club brought the information that boats were necessary to do effective and immediate work; whereupon word was immediately wired to members at home, and through the courtesy of Captain Lew N. Clark and Edward Jordan the boys were enabled to have seven yawls on the Conemaugh river and Stony Creek by Sunday morning. These boats were used in carrying passengers over the two streams when a pass was presented from the proper authorities.

The great work accomplished by the boats of the Americus Club, under command of Captain Clark, may be partially estimated from the work done on Sunday and Monday. The first day they carried three thousand passengers and the second seven thousand, besides transporting provisions and dead bodies.

When the tents from Ohio sent by Governor Foraker arrived, a detachment of Americus boys, consisting of W. L. Lapsley, W. D. H. Cain, Thomas E. Watt, W. I. Mustin, and W. W. Colville, carried a number of them to the summit of Prospect Hill, where they established a camp to give shelter to homeless families. The camp was named Camp Hastings, in honor of the adjutant-general.

On the fourth day of June, when James B. Scott assumed general charge of affairs in the valley, *vice* A. J. Moxham, resigned, he appointed Captain A. J. Logan, of the Americus Club, also a member of the citizens' committee of five, to take charge of all points west of

the Johnstown station, with head-quarters at Morrellville. This was for several days the most important station in the stricken district. All freight coming over the Pennsylvania Railroad was unloaded at this station and distributed to the stations located at Johnstown, Kernville, Grubtown, Roxbury, Brownstown, Coopersdale, Minersville, and Cambria City. Captain J. J. Maguire and J. G. Mullen, the representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had a long side track laid, on which all freight was switched and unloaded.

Frank Lecky, proprietor of the St. Cloud Hotel, tendered the use of a room for a telegraph-office and head-quarters. Direct communication by wire was obtained with the Chamber of Commerce in Pittsburgh, and head-quarters in Johnstown, with a day and night operator to manipulate the instrument.

At the instance of Michael Conway, the first floor of his hotel was used as a commissary for the relief corps and visiting committees of relief.

Several business men of the town offered the use of their places of business as storehouses, some of which were gladly accepted by Captain Logan.

A. H. Young's livery stable was turned into a grocery department, and the second floor, with an outside entrance, was used as a public commissariat, where hundreds of sufferers were fed daily.

Lincoln Overdorfer's planing-mill was converted into a large clothing store, with departments for boots, shoes, and hats.

The Methodist Episcopal church was procured for head-quarters for women's and children's clothing.

Nicholas Overdorfer's planing-mill and an adjoining machine-shop were used as general storehouses, where

unmarked boxes were opened and sent to the various departments for distribution.

The various storehouses were connected by telephone with the office at the St. Cloud Hotel.

Captain Logan had some of the men under his command assigned to every storehouse and distributing station in his district. In all cases they worked in unison with local committees, thus being enabled to give succor to the needy and avoid being imposed upon as far as possible under the circumstances. The following were the assignments made by Captain Logan:

*Head-quarters.*—H. D. W. English, Joseph O. Horne, William DeWolf, R. L. Cornelius, J. M. Walker, Samuel Moody, J. B. Youngdon.

*Office.*—A. J. Edwards.

*Transportation.*—H. S. Paul, George L. Holliday, C. W. Scoville, Joseph Ludwig, James Moorehead, W. McKnight, Charles C. Curry, James M. Bauman, Lew Meyers, E. H. Allen, E. A. Graff, C. C. Cassity, C. Mechling.

*Commissary.*—John D. Littell, W. C. Hagan, A. G. Roenick, A. M. Voight, Jacob Slagle.

*Transportation of Supplies.*—Charles A. Carroll, James S. Kerr, W. H. Keech, A. C. Latimer, George S. Houghton.

*Young's Stable.*—J. B. Haines, Jr., G. A. Hayes, W. A. McNulty, S. W. Jeffries, W. B. Hartman, E. E. Seibert, H. D. Brown, H. P. Pears, C. C. McCord.

*L. Overdorfer.*—Robert Knox, Jr., George N. Laycock, J. A. Irwin, I. K. Gray, D. C. Thornburg, A. S. Bender, G. A. Datte.

*Machine-Shop.*—H. C. Koerner, Howard Shannon, G. W. Williams.



*M. E. Church.*—H. B. Pepper, J. T. Wilson, Mrs. Andy Kirk, Mrs. Reese, Miss Kate Forsythe.

*N. Overdorfer.*—J. O. Petty, George Noble, A. C. Stevenson, W. H. Williams, Q. A. Robinson, D. M. Jones.

*Stone Bridge.*—J. A. Reed, W. P. Bennett, Alex. M. Gow, William Eisner, J. L. D. Speer, H. D. Sellers, W. T. Smith, J. P. Brown, J. L. Tempore, G. P. Luther, J. F. McCord.

*Minersville.*—W. J. Reed, A. A. Cowles.

*Coopersdale.*—John P. McCrea, William McKee, H. E. Passavant.

*Brownstown.*—William M. Reese, William Adams, J. C. Condon.

*Kernville, Grubtown, Roxbury, and Upper Yoder Township.*—George A. Miller.

The station at Cambria City was a very difficult one to manage, owing to the class of people who inhabited it, they being for the most part Hungarians. It was deemed advisable to have a local man to look after affairs at this point, in the person of Borough Solicitor Martin, who was ably assisted by W. H. Reed, B. W. Vandergrift, W. F. Clark, and J. W. Miller. Dr. George Gladden, of Homestead, was stationed here, and not only did excellent service in a professional way, but was of great assistance in other matters.

On Saturday, June 8, the station at Minersville was abandoned, and W. J. Reed, of that station, was placed in command at Cambria City,—the other members desiring a leave of absence,—where he built one of the finest distributing stations in the valley on the public square.

While on a short visit home, President Paul wisely appointed a committee in Pittsburg to attend to such

arrangements as were necessary to assist the relief corps in the prosecution of their work in the stricken territory. The following members were appointed: C. C. Baer, W. M. Gibbs, J. C. Rayburn, W. J. Osbourne, J. H. Speer, Richard Barrows, W. W. Price, J. K. Becker, W. D. Frew, G. B. Bostwick, J. N. Patterson, and Frank Kohler.

The various out-stations received their supplies by requisition to head-quarters at Morrellville. When requisitions were made for supplies not in stock they were placed upon file and the articles needed ordered from Pittsburg. Having a good organization and a smooth-running system, the needs of the people in the various localities were soon learned and, as far as possible, alleviated. The supplies were all hauled by wagons to the various stations from Morrellville.

The morning after establishing head-quarters at Morrellville, one of the men connected with the commissary department sent a half-grown boy to buy some milk. When he returned he was told that he could keep the change, but he positively declined to do so. He was asked his name and circumstances. He replied that his name was James Crowthers, that he had lost all of his relatives in the flood, and that he would gladly accept something to eat for the service he had rendered. From that time forward he was part and parcel of the commissary department, and in due course went to Pittsburg as a *protégé* of the Americus boys. He remained under the care of J. D. Littell.

The work done at Morrellville, aside from attending to the needs of the sufferers, was great and useful. The piles of *débris* scattered over the flat from Cambria City to Sheridan station were overturned and burned. All corpses found were taken to the morgue, prepared

for burial, and, if unidentified, interred in one of the neighboring cemeteries. A report of bodies found was sent to head-quarters at Johnstown, giving a description of the unidentified. The street railway track from Morrellville to Cambria City was cleaned and travel made easy between all points south of the Conemaugh River.

One of the most touching sights witnessed by the boys was on the first day after their arrival. One of the men connected with the commissary saw a gray-haired, barefooted old lady, bent with the weight of years and poorly clad, walking down the railroad track alone. In the hope of affording her some aid, he approached and offered food, but she refused all assistance. At this juncture a well-dressed young man came up to them and said this old lady was his mother, and that she was distracted over the loss of all she possessed. After considerable persuasion, she was induced to enter one of the coaches of the train, and was given the first food she had eaten since the night of the terrible disaster. She was also given a pair of shoes and other necessities, and soon became comparatively comfortable. Her son, who had come from Braddock to search for his mother, insisted upon paying for what was given her, but was informed that money did not purchase supplies on that train. The first train west carried the old lady, much revived in spirits and stronger in body, to the home of her son.

Incidents that would have been ludicrous had they not been pitiful were common. For instance, coming down the track was a man with a baby in his arms, followed by three women and two children. The man's trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his feet were covered by a pair of fine velvet slippers. He had been

in the water and mud with this outfit since Friday night. The whole party were given the first they had had to eat since the flood, and were furnished with suitable clothing. This gentleman was formerly Burgess of Johnstown. While he was being cared for a lady passed the car dressed in a white satin dress with a lace bodice. She wore silk hose and white satin slippers. Upon inquiry, it was learned that she was a resident of Morrellville, and had been to a party in Johnstown the night previous to the flood, and was prevailed upon to remain all night. She was caught in the flood, and her finery was rendered unfit for a rag-bag.

The membership of the Americus Club was by no means confined to the district west of Johnstown station. Among the tireless workers in Johnstown Borough and Woodvale were Dr. Frank McDonald, James McKnight, James S. McKean, C. A. McFeely, D. L. Gillespie, E. L. Devore, J. W. Douglass, E. H. Dermitt, W. R. Ford, P. S. Flinn, W. H. Davis, Theodore Doerflinger, A. P. Burchfield, G. B. Moore, J. P. Andrews, and James Kerr.

Among the members of the club who rendered invaluable service for the State in civil and military duty were Governor James A. Beaver, Adjutant-General D. H. Hastings, A. Æ. McCandless, M.D., D. G. Foster, M.D., W. S. Brown, Joseph B. Eaton, H. E. Armstrong, W. S. McLain, C. A. Brown, and Colonel J. H. Gray.

Among the honorary and life members of the club who visited the disastrous scene, and whose able counsel and assistance were fully appreciated by those in charge, were Governor J. B. Foraker, of Ohio; Captain W. R. Jones, Hon. William McCallin, Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker, and George A. Kelly.

Thus it is seen that the club was represented in

every part of the work done in the valley to relieve the pressing needs of the suffering people and help them on the way to future prosperity and happiness.

On Sunday, June 9, an old man named Powell, who had passed his threescore years and ten, entered the office at Morrellville and asked if he could send a message to Pittsburg to learn if his young boy was there, as he was in the city attending the wedding of a brother and was expected home on the ill-fated train that was swept away by the torrent. The old man had walked from Houtzdale, and had been looking through the various morgues for his lost son, spending his nights in the open air. It was impossible to deliver his message on Sunday, but he was sent to Pittsburg to prosecute his search. He returned Monday night rejoicing, and he brought his son with him. The boy had fortunately missed the train he expected to carry him home.

The members of the relief corps stationed at Morrellville showed the effects of their early training by holding religious services on Sunday, when the Rev. Mr. Loughrey, of Indiana, Penna., preached for them. The services were well attended by both residents and visitors.

When the various stations were established by the relief corps they found that they had about fifteen thousand people to furnish with food. Those who had been supplied with provisions for their own use were soon cleaned out by the large influx of refugees who had lost their all. A very small percentage of the sufferers had a change of clothing, many being compelled to remain within doors for want of proper wearing apparel. Houses under ordinary circumstances calculated to comfortably contain a family of five were obliged to accommodate from twenty to thirty. The fortunate

persons who were untouched by the flood, with a feeling of heartfelt sympathy, threw open their doors to any in distress, and all things were held in common.

On June 11, when the State assumed control of affairs, the various stations under the charge of the relief corps were surrendered to the men designated by General Hastings. Captain Logan and his faithful co-workers were relieved of duty by Major H. B. Moyer, and to him they handed over all stores in their charge. They remained with him until the 13th inst., to give him an opportunity to familiarize himself with the work and people, and to render him such assistance as was in their power.

During the stay of the relief corps nothing occurred to mar the peace and good order of the community. To a certain extent this was due to the faithful service of a detachment of police from Allegheny City under command of Lieutenant W. J. Shuff. Great credit is due the local committee, who gave all the aid and assistance possible to help the relief corps accomplish its objects.

The nearest approach to an accident that happened the club while in the valley was early one morning, when a train arrived and drilled some freight cars on to the siding occupied by the cars in which many of the boys slept. The cars came against the temporary sleeping-quarters with a crash, breaking glassware and overturning the rude furniture of the occupants. The sleepers were badly frightened, and it was an amusing sight to see the half-clad Americus boys fleeing from the cars as though for their lives.

On Thursday, June 13, the members of the relief corps returned home, tired in body and poor in pocket, but feeling satisfied that they had accomplished much good.

They had finished a volunteer work for their fellow-men, believing that justice was done to all with whom they came in contact in the performance of their duty. Errors may have occurred, but if so, they emanated from the head and not from the heart. In their work in the devastated district it was their aim to do justice to the sufferers and faithfully administer the duties imposed on them by those who nobly responded to the cry for assistance.

The return home of the relief corps did not finish the work of the Americus Club. Many homeless refugees sent to Pittsburg by them were supplied with work; others were given additional wearing apparel, and some were supplied with money. Several were sent to distant points, where they were received by friends and relatives.

On Wednesday, June 12, A. G. Roeingk and W. H. Cain, having returned from the scene of the disaster, were selected by the Relief Committee to take charge of and assort the goods received for the sufferers. Through the kindness of a Mr. Carpenter they secured the use of the new Exposition building, and were ably assisted in their labors by the ladies of Pittsburg and Allegheny City, among whom were Miss Ida Smith, Martha Griggs, the Misses Stoneys, Miss Mary Kelly, Mrs. Samuel Harper, the Misses Harper, Lee Moore, Sadie Moore, Mrs. Acre, Miss McElroy, Kitty Lippincott, Mrs. Wightman, Mamie Rinehart, America Wallace, Miss Linhart, and Grace Williams. Captain John W. Haney, with his usual forethought, placed all the wagons and men necessary for the hauling of the goods at the disposal of the committee, who continued in service until relieved by the Ladies' Aid Society.

On Friday, June 21, a meeting of the Americus Com-

mittee was held, and a report of the treasurer was read, showing the amounts received and expended, when a committee, consisting of Captain A. J. Logan and John D. Littell, was appointed to visit Johnstown and neighboring boroughs, to ascertain the most pressing needs of the people. As a result of that visit the committee, upon their return, decided to invest the balance of money at its disposal in a car-load of furniture, consisting of beds, springs, mattresses, pillows, sheets, tables, chairs, wash-boilers, brooms, tubs, buckets, and brushes,—in all an outfit complete for thirty-five families,—to be distributed at various points which Messrs. Logan and Littell had personally investigated.

The distribution of these goods was assumed by Mr. Alex. Wilson, of Morrellville, who was a faithful worker with the relief corps stationed at that point.

The work done at Johnstown and vicinity by the Americus Club is evidence of what can be accomplished by organization. Without it, any attempt to get a body of intelligent men willing to work, as they did, in so short a time would prove futile. The club individually and as an organization deserves the highest praise for the satisfactory manner in which everything it undertook to do was carried to a successful termination. The people of the washed-out valley will ever remember the unselfish, untiring, and self-sacrificing efforts of the Americus Republican Club of Pittsburg.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SECRET SOCIETIES AND WHAT THEY ACCOMPLISHED.

THE first secret society to fly to the relief of its stricken brethren in the Conemaugh Valley after the cry for help went up was the Knights of the Mystic Chain. Although the order was then in its infancy, as compared with the age and strength of the Masons, Odd-Fellows, and other organizations of a similar character, the work of its members in relieving the suffering, burying the dead, and caring for the orphans in the ill-fated city was equal to that of any kindred organization.

Early on Saturday morning, June 1, John J. Davis, representing the Knights of the Mystic Chain, penetrated into the worst of the flooded district, and was the first secret-society man to set foot in the depopulated city of Johnstown. Mr. Davis had to walk from Sang Hollow to the river, and the rope bridge there looked so treacherous that he preferred to continue his tramp around by Ebensburg. After passing a night of wakefulness on the mountain-side, for fear of evoking pistol-shots in an attempt to pass a picket-line, Mr. Davis landed in the heart of Johnstown at eight o'clock Saturday morning, with one thousand dollars. Mr. Davis was accompanied by W. G. Gish and S. D. Rainey. These gentlemen went right to work relieving the sick, caring for the widows and orphans, and searching for their dead comrades. Many a mother's and widow's burden was lightened by the assistance



ADJUTANT-GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS.



thus rendered. Shelter, food, and clothing were provided wherever needed, and many a heavy heart was made to leap with gratitude in consequence.

On the following Monday Mr. Davis and his committee were relieved by President J. P. Linton, Secretary J. K. Boyd, and Treasurer W. T. Colivar, officials of the order, who went right to work where Messrs. Davis, Gish, and Rainey had left off, and continued until they had accounted for every member of their order in the stricken valley and had ministered to those who survived and cared for the families of those who had perished.

Upward of fifteen hundred dollars were raised by the Knights of the Mystic Chain for the relief of the sufferers.

To none of the secret societies who aided the sufferers at Johnstown belongs more credit than to the Junior and Senior Orders United American Mechanics of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The Mechanics were among the first to arrive on the scene of destruction, and to their credit be it said, none remained in Johnstown longer than they. Not until every member of the order had been accounted for and their wives and children provided with food and clothing did they return home.

Early on the Sunday morning following the flood a committee composed of the following Mechanics arrived in Johnstown from Pittsburg: Stephen Collins, H. A. Keile, James Cranston, J. M. Lindsay, W. L. Kerr, and G. L. Hoffman. Immediately upon its arrival in Johnstown, the committee set about to find the distressed members of the order. As soon as the unfortunates were located they were provided with food, shelter, and clothing, and if convenient they were

taken out of the city, away from the memory of the horrible experiences and sights through which they had passed. The Mechanics' committee established head-quarters in a vacant building on Adams Street a short distance from the hospital. Here provisions were stored and distributed among the sufferers. Not only were the families of the members of the order given relief, but many a poor outsider received sustenance at the hands of the Junior O. U. A. M. Messrs. Collins and Kerr, of the committee, worked day and night searching for their missing brethren and their families who survived, and to these gentlemen much credit is due for the excellent work done by the Mechanics. A large fund was raised among the Mechanics and turned over to the committee for the immediate relief of the suffering. This fund was handsomely swelled by contributions from the various other councils of the order in the surrounding country.

The Knights of Pythias hurried to the scene of desolation with all possible speed. Grand Chancellor Thomas Perry, of Wheatland, Pa., head of the order, arrived at Johnstown on June 4, and immediately set about finding the distressed and needy members of the order. Food and clothing were provided and shelter obtained for all who were in distress. The orphans and widows were provided with comfortable homes, while the consolation of the fellow-members of the order was in itself a blessing. A goodly sum was raised by the local Knights and turned over to the sufferers.

Although the Order of Heptasophs had but fifty members in the ruined city, they were wonderfully energetic in instituting and carrying out measures of relief. Supreme Archon S. A. Will, S. A. Duncan, and

Lester Logue, of Pittsburg, were in charge of the relief work at Johnstown, and, to their credit be it said, nothing was left undone that would lessen the burden of a stricken member. On June 5 the survivors of thirty families of deceased Heptasophs were taken to Pittsburg, where they were met at the Union depot by members of the order, who in nearly every instance took the unfortunates to their own homes. As an instance of individual hospitality, Mr. R. V. Barker had his house filled, while Mr. J. J. Davis entertained nine. Upward of ten thousand dollars were raised by the Heptasophs.

Of the three lodges of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in the Conemaugh region not a survivor remained of the German lodge, while many of the members of the other two lodges were carried into eternity by the flood: Members of the order from Pittsburg and surrounding towns worked energetically for the relief of their stricken brethren, and raised a snug sum for the immediate wants of the survivors. The sick were taken care of and temporary homes were provided for the widows and children, to say nothing of the food and clothing so generously dealt out to the needy.

The Royal Arcanum had seventy members in Johnstown. Grand Councillor Langfit, of Allegheny, and Grand Physician Dr. J. W. Wright superintended the work of relief and looked after the wants of the survivors.

Although the A. O. U. W. had no lodge at Johnstown, the Grand Lodge placed one thousand dollars in the hands of the Relief Committee and rendered other valuable assistance.

Commendable, indeed, was the work of the Grand Army of the Republic in relieving its suffering com-

rades and their families. The battle-scarred veterans who passed through the terrors of the Rebellion were more able to appreciate the horrors of the situation at Johnstown and to realize the necessity of immediate action than many another, and in justice to them it must be said that the effect of their work was plainly visible on every hand. No soldier's widow or orphan went uncared for in Johnstown; for the grand old boys in blue, who fought and bled for their country, were there willing to sacrifice their last penny to relieve the distressed of their number.

After all the expenses were paid, the fund raised by the G. A. R. of Allegheny County netted nineteen hundred and fifty-seven dollars and twelve cents. City Treasurer Denniston was treasurer of the fund, which was turned over to Department Commander Stewart. The money was distributed among the suffering veterans, the Department of Pennsylvania personally supervising the work of distribution.

Although the above does not by any means cover the list of organizations that took part in the relief of Johnstown, it gives a pretty general idea of the magnitude of the work and the promptness with which it was executed.

## CHAPTER V.

## HEROIC WORK OF THE UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.

Of all the men who toiled day and night, from sunrise to sunset, after the flood in the valley of the Conemaugh, that the army of the dead might be consigned to its last resting-place in as fitting a manner as the occasion permitted, there were none who did nobler work or were more deserving of credit than the corps of volunteer undertakers from Pittsburg and Allegheny. They were among the first to arrive on the scene of destruction and among the last to leave. The assistance they rendered cannot be estimated. Without thought of reward or pay for their services, they worked with all the skill and tenderness of their profession.

The Undertakers' Relief Corps was organized on the day following the ever-memorable 31st of May. Scarcely had the first news of the flood reached Pittsburg than a message flashed over the wires from that city to Sang Hollow, the nearest point to which communication was open, asking how many physicians were needed in the devastated valley. At 7.30 o'clock on Saturday evening, June 1, just one day after the flood, the laconic answer came back,—

"Physicians are not needed; send as many undertakers as possible."

This message was received by Undertaker James J. Flannery, who hastily issued a call for a meeting of the undertakers of Pittsburg and Allegheny at his



office at 9.30 the same evening. Representatives of twenty-eight undertaking establishments responded and volunteered their services.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning the volunteers left for Johnstown. The corps was made up of the following undertakers: P. K. and Joseph Flannery, D. J. Boyle, Mr. Hermann, M. F. Leslie, W. H. Devore, Mr. Fairman, George G. Jeremy, Mr. Ley, B. F. Matthews, Anthony Meyer, Samuel Miller, James McCabe, Noble Brothers, Henry Semmlerock, Willison & Spencer, and a number of assistants. It was decided that Mr. James J. Flannery should remain in Pittsburg until the following day to superintend the work of obtaining recruits and shipping embalming supplies. He obtained the services of a number of other undertakers, and on Monday morning started for Johnstown in charge of the following additional funeral directors: F. C. Beinhauer, Byrne & McCabe, Erny & Beck, P. Foley & Sons, Mr. Ebbert, T. P. Hershberger, E. Jackson, L. Kimmel, Voelker & Fifer, Christy & Geiselhart, Jas. Lowry, Miller Bros. & Co., Thomas Miller, J. D. McKimbly, McNulty Bros., Charles & People, J. D. Schaub, W. Slater, Upperman Bros., J. L. Trexler, John S. Cosgrave, E. L. Devore, and J. L. Fullerton, making a total of fifty-five experienced undertakers.

Among those who arrived later on were H. C. Tarr, of the Utopia Embalming Fluid Company, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who rode one hundred and eighty-one miles over the mountains on horseback that he might reach Johnstown in time to lend his assistance; Joseph S. Orr, of Youngstown, O.; Joseph McCarty and Mr. Elliott, of Syracuse, N. Y.; J. L. Hurd, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. Murphy, of Perryopolis, Pa.; Messrs. John-

ston & Fox, of Kittanning, Pa., and Gray & Noble, of Claysville, Pa. Dr. Jessop, of Kittanning, and Dr. Dickson, of Allegheny, assisted these gentlemen.

During the first few days after the flood the full corps of fifty-five undertakers were kept constantly at work washing, embalming, and preparing the dead for burial,—a task to which these experienced men, accustomed as they were to handling the dead, were hardly equal. The sights which they were compelled to witness, the terrible grief of some of the survivors, the apparent dazed condition of others, coupled with the horrible and sickening stench that arose from the putrefying bodies, thoroughly unmanned them all. Yet, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the task and the fact that they had worked day and night without a morsel of food or an hour's cessation of labor, there was not one among all the number who murmured or exhibited a desire to shirk his self-imposed duty. After the majority of the bodies had been interred, the undertakers were divided into relief corps, twenty-five remaining in Johnstown every day until the State authorities took charge.

When the first party of funeral directors went up it was impossible to reach a point nearer Johnstown by rail than Sang Hollow, and consequently the embalming supplies, etc., could not be gotten into the stricken town. This greatly retarded the work of the undertakers, who upon their arrival found the streets literally strewn with dead and charred and mangled corpses, which were rapidly reaching an advanced stage of decomposition. So badly decayed and burned were some of the bodies that it was necessary to bury them immediately, even before they had been washed. Without a friend to drop a tear, hundreds were lowered

into unmarked graves, and in this life their fate to friends will never be known.

About four thousand five hundred coffins were sent to the various towns and villages in the stricken valley, a large number of which were manufactured in Pittsburg.

In addition to volunteering their own services and the services of their assistants, the undertakers gave the relief committees the use of as many carriages as were required to convey the survivors who arrived in Pittsburg from the various depots to the hospitals and head-quarters of the sustenance committees.

Mr. James J. Flannery was in charge of the undertakers during the first few days, and was relieved later by Mr. W. H. Devore.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

FIVE days after the flood there arrived in Johnstown Miss Clara Barton and her corps of nurses from the Society of the Red Cross.

Miss Barton, although an American, was the originator of this organization. Several years ago Miss Barton became chief nurse of the Swedish army. In pursuing her duties in this direction she saw the positive need of a general army of nurses, whose duty it would be to minister to friend and foe alike. Miss Barton's idea was a most sublime one, and after several interviews with the President of Switzerland, she secured a charter for the Society of the Red Cross of

Geneva. From the first Miss Barton's work in connection with the Red Cross was exceedingly fruitful in its results. Indeed, there is scarcely a warrior on the European continent to this day that does not revere, respect, and bless the name of that American Queen of Charity, Clara Barton.

Among the most famous men who have made the acquaintance of this truly wonderful woman are Bismarck, Von Moltke, Shoovaloff, General Wolseley, the late General Gordon, and many others.

The idea of Miss Clara Barton in founding the Red Cross Society was to form an organization of nurses who would be admitted into the lines of any camp, on any battle-field, where they could rescue and aid the sick and wounded of either side. So successful was she from the first, that during the Franco-Prussian war a soldier of either nationality wearing the sign of the Red Cross upon his arm was a welcome visitor to all camps.

At the close of the Franco-Prussian war Miss Barton conceived the idea of establishing a branch of the Red Cross in her native land,—America. There were no wars or insurrections in the United States at that time, but Miss Barton knew the condition of the country so well, with all its calamitous floods, fires, and plagues, that she felt a branch of the Red Cross would be a boon to all America. Securing the right from the President of Switzerland to remove her field of operations to America, Miss Barton came to the United States and importuned Congress to grant a charter for an American branch of the Red Cross of Geneva. Miss Barton met with but little success at the outset; but, being of an indefatigable disposition, success finally crowned her efforts. Armed with a charter, she

at once set to work to organize the Red Cross of America. Physicians, surgeons, and trained nurses were not needed in this country, where wars are so few and far between. What was most necessary was an organization the members of which would hold themselves in readiness not only to contribute but to go forward when occasion required into the midst of fire, pestilence, and flood.

The work of the Red Cross Society in America has been marvellous. Which of us forgets the Charleston, S.C., earthquake, in August, 1886? Then it was that Miss Barton successfully importuned President Cleveland to send the government tents to the devastated city; then it was that her work and the work of her assistants told so wonderfully. Indeed, Miss Barton and the Red Cross nurses did much to place Charleston where it is to-day,—a better city than ever before.

The next place we find this noble woman and her noble army of nurses is in the midst of the yellow fever epidemic in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1888. The Red Cross Society was the first to volunteer its services to the stricken city, and to the credit of its members be it said that they did more to save the lives and alleviate the sufferings of the sick than all the physicians and national health authorities combined. Nothing stood between the Red Cross Society and its duty. Its members were in the thickest of the scourge, and many of them, unaccustomed to the climate, unfamiliar with the diet of the fever-cursed South, and worn out by sleepless nights and overwork, succumbed themselves, illustrating the noblest deed of Him who died for man.

But to turn away from the horrible scenes of Jack-

sonville to the misery following the flood at Johnstown. Here it was that the sublimity of Miss Barton's work was made most manifest. Heedless of their own condition, the nurses of the Red Cross set to work to house and care for the homeless and the injured. Here it was that the Red Cross Society improvised upon the hill-sides, in the valleys, and wherever hospitals were most needed. Here it was that they ministered to mind as well as body, and by their kindly, gentle care saved the reason of many a poor unfortunate who would otherwise have been doomed to end life behind the bars of a mad-house.

All hail to Clara Barton and her valiant band! They are to-day to the flooded and fever-stricken cities of America what the good Samaritan of olden times was to the waylaid traveller. And their work will live in history long after they themselves have fallen to sleep in the windowless palaces of peace.

The Yellow Cross Society, conducted by Mrs. Dr. Jerome, also took part in the work of caring for the sick and the injured.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS—HOW THEY WORKED AND LIVED.

It was the biggest item that had ever occurred in America. This fact was realized by every paper in the United States. Each and every journal of importance had its most vivid descriptive writers on the spot at the earliest possible moment, and each and every reporter, realizing the personal responsibility

that rested upon him, did his best to record the facts as they occurred in the most graphic style imaginable. And to the credit of the journalistic profession be it said that very little beside facts was given to the world. The truth, however, in all its horrible details, was painted in glowing colors; and even in the first days of the flood, when all was chaos, the public was kept fully informed of everything that transpired in the Conemaugh Valley.

It was the opportunity of a lifetime for the newspaper man, and he took the utmost advantage of it. Working night and day, enduring privations such as few men are subjected to, the witness to scenes of horror and of pathos unknown even to him until now, he worked on like a Stoic. What mattered it to him that the public knew not the dangers and the hardships to which he voluntarily subjected himself that the worst might be told? What mattered it to him that his food was the fare of the commonest laborer; that his seat was the hard side of a brick pile; that his desk was a coal-shovel; that his resting-place at night was oftentimes in the open air with nothing save the canopy of heaven for his covering, or, worse still, the damp and malarial floor of a deserted building? Duty had called him to the endurance of all these privations, and to duty no newspaper man ever failed to respond.

The question as to who was the first reporter to penetrate into the interior of Johnstown is a much mooted one. The number of boys who claim this honor is as great as the men who fought with Napoleon; and as the town was entered from every quarter by the scribes, it is too difficult a matter to attempt to award the crown. Suffice it that all got there with wonderful celerity, considering the disad-

vantages which they encountered. Some arrived on foot over the mountains from Sang Hollow, others came in along the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while still others made their entrance into the town by means of hand-cars personally propelled.

It was half-past five o'clock on Friday evening, May 31, when the first news of the flood reached Pittsburg. A number of queries were sent out by the different newspapers to several available points as near to the stricken city as possible, asking for more definite information as to the extent of the flood and its destruction. When, after an hour's delay, a perfect flood of messages telling of the horror came over the wires to Pittsburg, the keen discernment which always characterizes the newspaper man asserted itself immediately, and a few minutes after seven o'clock the same evening the Pittsburg *Dispatch* and the Pittsburg *Times* had chartered a train, which went flying off in the direction of Johnstown, with Charles S. Howell and Captain Montreville of the *Times* and L. E. Stoffel and James Israel of the *Dispatch* on board. Almost at the same time W. C. Connelly, Jr., of the Associated Press, together with the *Commercial Gazette*, the *Post*, and *Chronicle-Telegraph*, chartered a train, which followed immediately. On this train were Parker L. Walter, of the *Chronicle-Telegraph*; Frank X. Burns, of the *Commercial Gazette*; Robert W. Herbert, of the *Post*; and H. W. Orr, chief operator of the Pittsburg bureau of the Associated Press. This train reached Bolivar, twenty miles west of Johnstown, about 10.30 p.m., where the first train had stopped, locomotion being impossible beyond this point.

It was pitch dark and raining heavily, but the men were there prepared to face any danger to obtain the



news for their respective papers, and they had no sooner dismounted from their trains than they started in detachments across the mountains, some on foot and some in wagons, in the direction of New Florence, which was reached between two and three o'clock in the morning. Here they could see the reflection of the burning wreck at the stone bridge several miles up the valley.

After a journey of several miles in mud and slush, across ravines, up mountains, and down steep hill-sides, Messrs. Howell and Montreville captured a wire at New Florence and sent out one of the first messages that arrived in Pittsburg from the devastated valley. Mr. Connelly captured another telegraph wire at New Florence, and found it intact. It was then that his forethought in bringing Mr. Orr with him to the scene proved invaluable. In a few moments Orr had the telegraph instrument attached to the patched-up wire, sending the news of the Associated Press to every city in the country simultaneously with the messages which Messrs. Howell and Montreville were lucky enough to get over the wires a short distance away. The *Post*, *Commercial Gazette*, and *Chronicle-Telegraph* reporters, finding the *Dispatch* in possession of the office nearest to New Florence, wasted no time in scattering themselves along the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad until they were able to send from different stations a rich harvest of the news gathered on the eventful trip over the mountains and up the valley at the dead of night.

Nearly all the morning papers in Pittsburg issued extra editions until noon on Saturday, when the *Press*, *Chronicle-Telegraph*, and *Leader* appeared on the streets with additional details of the horror which had been gathered by their representatives who reached the

scene of the calamity long before noon. It was not until late Saturday night that a wire could be put in operation from any point within sight of Johnstown, and then a single wire was of comparatively little use, considering the vast volume of news that had by that time accumulated in the hands of the indefatigable reporters. Hence they were compelled to travel for miles on foot down the valley to different stations between Johnstown and Bolivar to send their messages.

When Johnstown was finally penetrated, a coal-shed on the hill-side above the stone bridge, where the drift had accumulated and taken fire, furnished temporary quarters for telegraphic head-quarters. A brick-kiln near by furnished shelter, if such it might be called, for the reporters, who carried on their work for several nights and days without catching a single hour's sleep to renew their vigor, which kept constantly diminishing from want of food and rest, until several of them were compelled to end their labors from sheer exhaustion. A scanty supply of rations arrived on Sunday night, when the brick-kiln and a pug-mill adjoining became the permanent working, eating, and lodging houses of the newspaper men.

The *Times* and *Press* took possession of the first floor of the pug-mill, while the Associated Press and *Chronicle-Telegraph* established head-quarters in the upper floor of the same structure. The *Dispatch* and *Leader* took joint possession of an old wood-shed in the neighborhood, the *Leader* occupying it in the morning and the *Dispatch* during the afternoon and night. The *Commercial Gazette* took charge of a section of a brick-kiln, and the *Post* joined forces with the Associated Press and *Chronicle-Telegraph* in the pug-mill. By this time the work of sending out messages

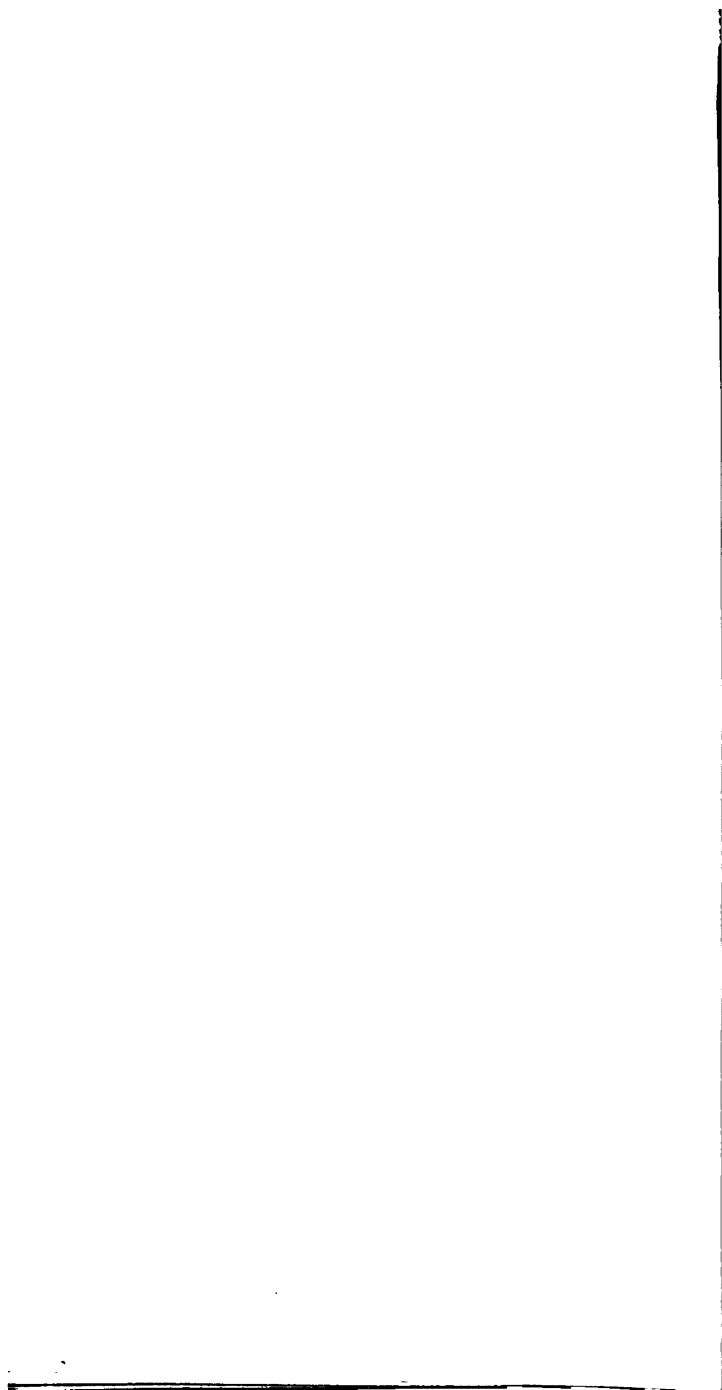
from a permanent head-quarters had commenced. It was a clear case of working under difficulties for all concerned. Slabs of fire-brick, perpendicular boards of the wall, barrel-heads, coffin-covers, shovel-bottoms,—in fact, anything that could support their paper,—were put to use as writing-desks.

The shaky floor of the old shed was full of ugly holes, and to enter the place in the darkness of night was to place one's life in jeopardy. John S. Ritenour, of the *Post*, fell a distance of twenty feet, wedging himself between timbers, and so severely injuring himself that he was compelled to leave for home at once in order to secure medical aid. Sam. Kerr, of the *Leader*, was also on the brink of eternity, having fallen from the top of a house in the drift when the foundation began to give way under him. Had he not been rescued by one of his colleagues he could not have escaped drowning. Clarence M. Bixby, of the *Post*, while crossing the railroad trestle about one o'clock in the morning, fell through the gaps into the water below. A timely rescue saved him from a watery grave. His injuries were dressed by a physician who happened to be in the neighborhood relieving the sufferers at the time.

The culinary department was taken charge of by Tom Keenan, of the *Press*, and with an old coffee-pot taken from the *débris* at the bridge, some canned corned beef, a few boxes of crackers, with a few quarts of condensed milk and a bag of unground coffee, he was soon enabled to get up a meal for his starving comrades which was the envy of those in the neighborhood who, while hungry, did not belong to the band of scribes, whom they looked upon as a lot of luxurious revellers.



A CAMP SCENE—MORNING ABLUTIONS.



Keenan was soon given the title of *chef* of what was dubbed the "Lime-Kiln Club," and there was not a reporter in the valley who envied his position or refused to express his heartfelt gratitude for his successful efforts and in admiration of his accomplishments, for his meals were indeed a feast in the midst of a famine. Although the supply of rations was scanty, and hunger was written on the face of every reporter about the place, a stranger who needed nourishment and asked it was welcomed and fed without a murmur.

By Monday the force of telegraph operators at the press head-quarters had been increased, and by evening a number sufficient to establish night and day forces were at work. Food became more plentiful, and soon everything about the place had discarded the garb of hunger and famine, and the reporters and operators worked with renewed vigor and increased efforts.

By this time the representatives of the Eastern and Western press began to arrive upon the scene, while the Pittsburg papers increased their force every hour. The New York *Sun* men got as far as Harrisburg over the Pennsylvania Railroad. Here they were compelled to turn back and reach Johnstown by way of Albany, Cleveland, and Pittsburg. The *Herald*, *World*, *Times*, and *Tribune* reporters, together with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* men (who came from Washington), took another route, *via* Chambersburg, over the mountains by way of West Virginia, covering over one hundred and fifty miles by wagons. Busby, of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, got in on foot from Sang Hollow. Deering, of the New York *Mail and Express*, followed suit. The experiences of some of these men were not only wonderful but quite amusing.

The Pittsburgh *Times* and the Philadelphia *Press* men early formed a bureau and placed George A. Welshons in charge. The force included W. O. Huestis, Robert Brennan, Harry Brown, Charles S. Howell, and James F. Burke. Against this combination of talent Curly, of the Philadelphia *Record*, worked single-handed and alone, while Robert Simpson, L. E. Stofiel, Harry Gaither, A. W. McSwigan, James Israel, and Ernest Heinrichs, all of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, went up against it with results equally satisfactory to themselves and to their paper. The Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* augmented its force very early by sending to Johnstown, in addition to Mr. Burns, Dr. J. B. Johnson, Fred. Hassler, and James Henry. The *Post* had M. F. Ihmsen, C. M. Bixby, and Jack Murray there. John S. Ritenour and Albert J. Barr, editor and managing editor respectively of the *Post*, also paid frequent visits to the scene. All the afternoon papers of Pittsburgh had the full strength of their respective forces at work. The *Leader* bureau was in charge of Samuel F. Kerr and J. B. Johnson, who were ably assisted in sending out copy by Eugene L. Connelly, Thomas L. Kerins, Thomas G. Sample, and W. G. Kauffman. Parker L. Walter, managing editor of the *Chronicle-Telegraph*, looked after the interest of his own paper and the interest of the New York *Herald* until the latter's representatives arrived. Mr. Walter had associated with him Alex. P. Moore, Al. G. Cratty, John Reynolds, and H. H. Marcy. The *Press* bureau, in charge of Thomas J. Kennan, Jr., had on its list of reporters Will. Power, George G. Thornburg, and J. J. Sawyers.

Numerous stories of a humorous nature were related by the scribes. It was told of Captain Montreville, of

the *Pittsburg Times*, that after a hard night's work he started out to find a drug store and to secure a soothing lotion for his nerves. Arriving at a place where the sign of the golden mortar was displayed, the gallant captain rapped with military harshness upon the door.

No answer.

Again he rapped, this time louder than before. Again he received no answer.

"Where the thunder's the druggist?" he roared.

"Where the thunder's the druggist?"

Up went a window of the next house, and a pale-faced little woman who popped out her head inquired what was wanted.

"I want the druggist," fairly thundered the captain: "where is he?"

"He's gone down the river," she said, in a voice choked with emotion.

"The devil he has! What did he do that for?"

"That's a question that God alone can answer."

"Oh, that was it, was it? Well, then, he's excusable." And the captain strode away.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE MEN FOR THE EMERGENCY.

A HISTORY of the Johnstown flood would be incomplete without something about the men who first grasped the extent of the devastation and without further ado arose to the emergency.

In this class Governor James B. Foraker, of Ohio, probably heads the list. No sooner had the governor



learned of the disaster than he despatched General Axline, the adjutant-general of the Buckeye State, with hundreds of tents belonging to the State militia. These tents proved a perfect God-send to the thousands of homeless sufferers, who will ever bless Governor Foraker for his prompt action at a time when red tape might have cost many a life.

Another man who made a record for himself during the flood was William McCreery, of Pittsburg. Indeed, William McCreery is the man of all men who won fame by hard work and disinterested charity, in connection with the Johnstown flood. He it was whom the citizens of Pittsburg chose as the chairman of their Relief Committee; he it was who served in that altogether responsible and thankless position from the beginning to the end of the committee's work with scarcely a breath of criticism for the course he pursued. Certainly nothing greater in the way of praise can be said than this latter statement implies, when one considers the invariable quibbles, not to say rows, which generally attend relief committees from the alpha to the omega of their existence.

Born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, August 14, 1828, Mr. McCreery at an early age located in Pittsburg, where he soon became one of the leading business men, and a representative citizen in all that the term implies. In 1856 he organized the firm of Hitchcock, McCreery & Co., which conducted the first grain commission house established in Western Pennsylvania. For over a quarter of a century this partnership continued without change or interruption, and upon its dissolution, in 1883, was the oldest continuous firm in Pittsburg. Mr. McCreery's next move was the formation of a company to erect a grain elevator. The

company was capitalized at two hundred thousand dollars, and Mr. McCreery was elected its president. Following this he was chosen a director of the Citizens' Bank, a position he still holds. He was also a member of the Pittsburg Board of Trade, and during the War of the Rebellion he was the managing partner of the iron firm of McCreery, Bailey & Co. About this time he built the Ashtabula, Youngstown, and Pittsburg Railroad, of which he remained the presiding officer until the line was leased by the Pennsylvania Company. A disagreement with the latter corporation set him to work upon a rival line, and the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad resulted from his successful scheming in this direction. In addition to the roads already mentioned, Mr. McCreery projected and carried to a successful completion the Montour Railroad; the Pittsburg, Cleveland, and Toledo Railroad; the People's Park Passenger Railway, and the Pleasant Valley Railway Companies. He is the president of the two last-named companies, as well as of the Montour Company. Indeed, in thirty-three years of business life he projected and built seven lines of railway and held eight presidencies. Of this number he still retains the presidency of four.

Mr. McCreery was a leading figure in the establishment of the National Sanitary Commission during the war, and, in fact, has always been first and foremost in any project for the public good. That a man with such a record should have been chosen to head the General Relief Committee speaks well for Pittsburg and the judgment of her leading citizens.

Captain William Richard Jones, of Braddock, manager of the Edgar Thompson Steel-Works and a well-known Grand Army man, is also entitled to a great degree of credit. No sooner did Captain Jones hear

of the flood than he sent three friends, former residents of Johnstown, on to investigate the extent of it. The trio left Saturday morning, June 1, and the first the captain heard from them was on Saturday night, when he got a message saying that hundreds of persons were starving throughout the Conemaugh Valley. Later, the same news, together with an urgent request for immediate relief, came from Superintendent Patton, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Captain Jones at once gathered around him some few good citizens of Braddock, conspicuous among the number being Colonel Cosgrove, Lewis Holtzman, David Musselman, and Thomas Aten, and by three o'clock had loaded three box cars with provisions, cots, mattresses, and coffins, which arrived at Johnstown at noon Sunday. On Sunday all the citizens of Braddock turned in with a will, and five additional car-loads of provisions were shipped on that day. Early Monday morning, after a consultation with the Pittsburg Relief Committee, Captain Jones was sent to Johnstown to organize a corps for the purpose of removing *débris* and recovering the dead. He left Braddock in a special train with one hundred and fifty workmen with proper tools, all under charge of Colonel Tom Cosgrove, his principal assistant, and arrived in Johnstown proper at 6 o'clock P.M. The main force of workmen were at once put to work on the ruins, while a portion were detailed to organize a camp. Although without anything to cook provisions for the men, yet the few old veterans he had taken along with him, by scouring the ruins, succeeded in organizing a fair cooking camp, and by Tuesday at noon were able to feed fully six hundred workmen, principally volunteers in well-organized bodies from Washington, Pa.,

National Tube Works, McKeesport, Pa., and other towns. On Tuesday fully one thousand men were working on the ruins. Early on Tuesday a large force of volunteers from Park, Long & Co., Pittsburg, and another fine body of volunteers, under Colonel Hartman, from Beaver Falls, arrived and at once went to work. Captain Jones realized that the greatest difficulty would be to feed and shelter the noble men who came as volunteers, but with the aid of the veterans of the late war the camp was soon put in good shape and fairly well provisioned, and the camp extended to provide for the working force of fifteen hundred men under Booth & Flinn, who arrived on Wednesday. On that day Captain Jones turned over the direction of affairs connected with recovering the dead and cleaning the streets to Hon. William Flinn, but remained assisting Mr. Flinn until Thursday night, when he returned to Braddock. Captain Jones fully appreciated the extent of the appalling calamity, and his telegrams and suggestions to the Pittsburg Relief Committee were fully borne out by later developments. He was the first to insist that the State government should organize a camp under military protection to feed and shelter five thousand people, and the first and only one that asked that the national government should forward promptly one thousand feet of pontoon bridges, with a competent force to erect.

On Sunday, June 9, Captain Jones returned to Johnstown and, with General Hastings, escorted Governor Beaver through the ruins, and, with many others, insisted that it was the duty of the State government and the officials to take charge of the Conemaugh Valley, and relieve private citizens who had sacrificed

personal interests, and who alone had done everything during the crisis. Captain Jones was very earnest in calling on the governor to take hold of affairs and place General Hastings in charge.

The citizens of Braddock and vicinity contributed over eight thousand dollars in provisions and cash to the sufferers.

Captain Jones served with honor in the War of the Rebellion, was a former resident of Johnstown, and was at one time in the employ of the Cambria Iron Company.

Hon. William Flinn, a leading politician of Western Pennsylvania and a member of the firm of Booth & Flinn, contractors, Pittsburg, went up to Johnstown immediately after the flood, taking with him an immense force of workmen, which he put to work on the *débris* about the city. After working for several days, during which time he rendered Adjutant-General Hastings valuable assistance, Mr. Flinn retired, the State letting contracts to several firms for the work upon which he was engaged.

Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker appeared on the ground very soon after the disaster, was one of the first contributors of money, and very materially assisted Mr. James B. Scott and the citizens of Johnstown in the distribution of the provisions and paying off the men who worked on the streets.

Prof. W. R. Ford and Captain E. Y. Breck, who had charge of the accounting department and paying off of all laborers, were among the hardest workers on the ground.

H. I. Gourley, in addition to the admirable work he did as a member of the Chamber of Commerce Committee at Pittsburg, gave considerable aid to the gentle-

men in charge of affairs at Johnstown, and from the first left nothing undone which his indefatigable efforts could accomplish.

When Camp Flinn was established Mr. Flinn's greatest fear was that the flat upon which the tents were pitched was too close to the unhealthful influences of the *débris*, and besides would be difficult of drainage. Sheriff A. E. McCandless took hold of Mr. Flinn and said,—

"I'll just give you a little scheme that will take care of all hygienic and sanitary measures your camp needs."

"All right, Aleck, go ahead," said Mr. Flinn.

The sheriff took a number of Mr. Flinn's workmen, built a system of closets, cremation furnaces, drains, and other camp essentials, and not a case of sickness resulted from the day of beginning till all had left. Dr. McCandless found time to go to Pittsburg and advise its citizens of the menace to their health in the polluting influences of the Conemaugh water. He was of invaluable aid to the State Board of Health, to the local physicians, to the several hospitals, and to all who needed either medical, military, or business help. He brought with him his own horses, and was able to do much more than many others on this account.

James McKnight, a well-known Pittsburg contractor, was another of the hard and intelligent workers that that city contributed to the assistance of Johnstown. He, like Mr. Flinn, came and gave three days and nights to the hardest work. Mr. McKnight took hold of the horse and cart department of Mr. Flinn's command, and was his most valued assistant.

Phillip Flinn, of the street department of the Board of Public Works, is another gentleman whose praises cannot be too loudly sung. He was at Johnstown from

the start, and if it were possible for one man to do the work of a dozen, Mr. Flinn accomplished that work.

H. E. Collins came up with Mr. Scott and acted as his chief assistant until he left. Mr. Collins's work was in the distribution department, and his executive ability and powers of discrimination were of great service.

George A. Kelly was with Mr. Scott for about a week, and rendered him conspicuous services in many ways.

Colonel Thomas E. Watt spent at least ten days at all kinds of work of relief. Colonel Watt is a practical man, and in his blue shirt and overalls he accomplished wonders.

Colonel Thomas J. Hudson was the first military man to reach General Hastings, and was not absent from duty for a minute. He attended to the details of work at head-quarters and had charge of the transportation affairs, and did everything promptly and satisfactorily.

Colonel Joseph H. Gray was in charge of the accounting department. He was another of the very hard workers. Vouchers, bills, and auditing were his work, and no one was able to get a cent that he had not earned.

Colonel Hill, of Allegheny, Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania, was at Johnstown from the first. He provided for transportation of supplies and men, and attended to more details than any other man in the city.

The telegraph operators were a busy set, too. From the first the Western Union Company established head-quarters in an old shanty used as a warehouse for crude oil. Here the lightning manipulators were on duty day and night, many of them working continu-

ously for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours at a stretch. The day force, in charge of J. A. Munson, was made up as follows: Ed. Bishop, M. J. Kelly, D. W. Wilson, J. S. Simpson, W. N. Record, George Leid, and P. J. Crows. The night force, headed by John M. Edwards, was composed of Robert J. McChesney, George S. Fairman, Thomas Hooper, N. F. Hunter, John O. Aughenbaugh, M. J. Hanley, C. S. Higdon, W. A. Buckholdt, and Thomas Hooper.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### WORK OF THE VOLUNTEER PHYSICIANS.

JOHNSTOWN owed much to the work of a large corps of volunteer physicians from Pittsburg, who arrived on the scene within forty-eight hours after the flood. The corps numbered about forty men,—allopaths, homœopaths, eclectics, etc. No particular school of medicine was recognized, and for the first time, perhaps, in history the rival followers of *Æsculapius* worked together as one man.

The advance guard of physicians, headed by Dr. J. A. Oldshue, of Pittsburg, and consisting of Dr. Thomas McCann, Dr. R. W. Stewart, and Dr. J. B. Grimes, arrived at Johnstown at noon Sunday, June 2, carrying the first medical supplies that reached the stricken city a distance of four miles to get them there.

Upon arriving at Johnstown, they found Dr. D. G. Foster, of Crafton, Pa., there. He had got in the day before and had at once organized a hospital crew,



which he turned over to Dr. Oldshue, that gentleman having been the originator and chairman of the Medical Relief Corps.

The first duty of Dr. Oldshue and his assistants was to establish medical stations at Morrellville, Kernville, Minersville, and other towns adjacent to Johnstown, after which they took possession of an old beer-hall at No. 23 Bedford Street and converted it into a hospital. A line was stretched from one end of the hall to the other, then covered with sheetings, making two separate and distinct wards, one for males and one for females. A small box-like office, intended originally for a cloak-room, was made to do service as an operating-room, two old wooden boxes forming an improvised operating-table.

The hospital was opened Sunday. Cots, mattresses, blankets, pillows, etc., had been telegraphed for on Saturday from Pittsburg, and they arrived at eleven o'clock the following morning. The first patient was a Mr. Hellreigel. He was found early Sunday morning, and was supposed to be dead. While being conveyed to the Fourth Ward school-house, which had been decided upon as a morgue, he manifested signs of life. Dr. J. C. Sheridan was summoned and had him taken to the Bedford Street Hospital. There hypodermic injections of brandy were administered and he was stimulated into consciousness, so that he recognized his father. He was too far gone, however, to recover, and on Monday afternoon, about four o'clock, he expired.

His admission to the new hospital was followed quickly by others, and by Sunday, at eleven o'clock, when the cots arrived, every bench and board in the place was full. Day after day and night after night from that time on the sick and wounded were carried to

the hospital for treatment. The total number of admissions up to June 19, as nearly as could be ascertained from the necessarily imperfect records kept, was in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy-five. Of this number about fifty were sent away, most of them to the Mercy Hospital and West Penn, Pittsburg. Three men—Mr. Bohn and John C. Tucker and son, of Woodvale—were sent to Massachusetts.

The highest number admitted in any one day to the Bedford Street Hospital was twenty-three. The lowest number was one, admitted June 17. In addition to this, three hundred and forty minor injuries were attended to at the hospital. The number of out-door patients treated was eleven hundred and ninety. Over three thousand prescriptions were filled at the hospital drug store, which was established the same morning as the hospital. Mr. Charles Young, of Johnstown, was in charge at first. Then Mr. Charles Griffith, of the same place, took hold and remained until June 15, when strangers got control, Mr. Young, however, remaining. From this hospital, also, all supplies for physicians about town were furnished, and two branch hospitals in tents,—one near the Cambria Company's store and the other near the stone arch bridge.

As has been stated, when the hospital was opened Dr. Foster was in control. Dr. Oldshue relieved Dr. Foster, and he in turn was succeeded by Dr. T. McCann, with Dr. W. B. Lowman, of Johnstown, as general medical director, that gentleman having been appointed by Dr. Oldshue. Dr. Joseph Dickson was next in charge, Dr. Lowman continuing as director, and he remained in control until the State administration was established, when Dr. J. C. Sheridan was given charge, Dr. Lowman transferring his entire

attention to the Cambria Hospital. All the physicians above named, except, of course, Drs. Sheridan and Lowman, belonged to Pittsburg.

It ought to be said that these gentlemen were ably assisted by numerous other physicians of Johnstown, Pittsburg, Altoona, Philadelphia, and other places. The hospital authorities were assisted by two Sisters from Mercy Hospital, members of the Red Cross, and Sisters of St. Francis, of Johnstown. Two lay female and two lay male nurses were also constantly and faithfully serving the patients. The supply of drugs forwarded from abroad was abundant and of the best quality.

At the Cambria Hospital, which was a regularly established hospital, the first patient was received about an hour after the deluge struck the town. It was Mr. J. H. Stonebraker, of Iron Street, Millville. He had two ribs broken. Patients followed in the order given below, the two first named being admitted on the evening of the flood: M. F. Murphy, Iron Street, contusions of body and shock; John Burket, found on top of Cambria Iron Company's mill, fracture of breast bone, fingers and hands crushed; James Carna, crushed foot; W. B. Johnson, compound comminuted fracture of right leg; Simon Lingle, injury to spine and contusions; Emma Morgan, very severe scalp wound, bruises of body, and severe injury to right shoulder; Wesley Morgan, bruises of body and shock; Mrs. Willower, internal injuries, died; Mrs. George Allendorfer, badly bruised; Maggie Hughes, compound comminuted fracture of right leg, died; Mrs. John Dibert, shock, contusion, and bruises; Will. B. Dibert, severe scalp wound; Thomas Stonebraker, severe injury to eye; James Flynn, compound fracture

of right arm and of fingers of left hand; William O'Brien, of Allentown, fracture of thigh.

The highest number in the hospital at any one time was twenty-one. The number of out-door patients treated by the physicians attached to the hospital was eight hundred up to June 28. There were nine doctors attending outside cases. They were Drs. Buck, Findley, Bruner, Smith, Ross, Spanogle, Arney, and Sellers, of Altoona, and Dr. Jones, of Ebensburg. The steward of the hospital, Mr. Gibson, and his wife, although overwhelmed with work, labored incessantly and kept everything in perfect order. Mr. Rickabaugh and Mr. Hicks, of Altoona, brought medical and other supplies. Drs. Hewson, Jr., Sweet, and Shober, of Philadelphia, relieved the Altoona physicians, remaining until Thursday, June 13, when Dr. Lowman took charge.

The Sisters of Charity rendered valuable services at the Cambria Hospital. John Hamilton, the regular nurse at the hospital, proved himself a most valuable person in his position. Dr. E. L. Miller labored night and day among the sick and afflicted at their homes on the hill.

Besides the Bedford Street and Cambria Hospitals, temporary hospitals existed for a few days at East Conemaugh and Morrellville.

## BOOK IV.

GENERAL HASTINGS GOES TO JOHNSTOWN—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—WORK OF THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT—THE MONEY RAISED BY THE STATE—THE STATE TAKES CHARGE—REPORT OF MR. HARRY KELLER, CHIEF OF BUREAU OF INFORMATION—CLEARING AWAY THE DÉBRIS—THE STATE COMMISSION—THE STATE DISTRIBUTES THE MONEY—ONE MONTH AFTER THE FLOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL HASTINGS'S FIRST VISIT TO JOHNSTOWN—A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

WHEN the news travelled, in one flash of electricity, from Johnstown to the extremes of the civilized world, that the Conemaugh Valley was devastated, the high officials in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania knew that there was serious work for them to do. Among the first to arrive was Adjutant-General Hastings. He came as quickly as steam could bring him, and he was on the spot on Saturday night, June 1,—less than twenty-four hours after the torrent from South Fork placed Johnstown and its suburbs under water. There was little that the State could do officially at that time, but its officers, with General Hastings at their head, lent their aid towards succoring the afflicted, and their hard work during that awful Saturday night was of an unostentatious kind, and done in their character of private citizens.

It was on the 12th of June, however, that the State took charge, officially, of the great duty of relief. The Pittsburgh Relief Committee had up to that time been taking care of the people. It had superintended the rescuing of the bodies and the burying of the dead. It had provided for the living and had distributed carefully the food and other supplies to the hungry and almost naked ones. The city was still a waste of broken buildings, and there were hundreds of bodies yet beneath the ruins.

Governor Beaver had been to Johnstown on Sunday, June 9, and had seen that prompt action on the part of the State was necessary, and that it was no longer fitting that private charity should do what had become the Commonwealth's duty. He met General Hastings and the Relief Committee, and talked with them over what should be done. He placed General Hastings in charge of Johnstown on the 12th of June, to relieve Mr. Scott, and gave him full power to conduct affairs in whatever manner he deemed best. That he soon proved himself the man for the position history has shown. A sketch of his life is herewith given.

Daniel Hartman Hastings, Adjutant-General of the State of Pennsylvania, was born at Salona, Clinton County, Pennsylvania, February 26, 1849. He is of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was a native of Ireland, and came to this country in 1839. His mother was born in Scotland, and came to America in 1829.

General Hastings's rudimentary education was obtained entirely in the public schools. He never attended an academy or college. His time, until he was fourteen years of age, was spent working on a farm and attending school. At that age he began teaching school

during the winter months and continued to work on the farm in the summer until 1867, when he was elected principal of the Bellefonte public schools, and continued to serve in that position until 1875. During this time, with the assistance of Professor William H. Murray, then principal of the academy in Bellefonte, he took a course of studies similar to a regular college course, covering several years, which included Latin, Greek, and other branches, and for a portion of the time was associate editor of the Bellefonte *Republican*. He also read law with the firm of Bush & Yocum, of Bellefonte, was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1875, and immediately entered into partnership with his preceptors, the firm-name being Bush, Yocum & Hastings. In 1876, Colonel Bush retired from the firm, and it was continued as Yocum & Hastings until 1878, when Mr. Yocum was elected to Congress and the partnership was dissolved. General Hastings at once formed a partnership with Wilbur F. Reeder, Esq., under the firm-name of Hastings & Reeder, which has continued to the present time. General Hastings continues in active practice, but gives considerable attention to his interests in the coal and coke business, which are quite extensive.

General Hastings, who has always devoted considerable attention to the public welfare, filled the position of chief burgess of Bellefonte in 1876, was at one time a school director of the borough, and is at present a trustee of the Pennsylvania State College. He has always been a Republican in politics, and has taken an active part in the councils of the party for many years, having been a delegate at every State convention for the last ten years, and latterly has been much in demand on the stump in this and other States in the

various political campaigns. He made the nominating speech in the State convention of 1886 which placed Governor Beaver's name before that body, and during the canvass that followed devoted his best energies on the hustings to effect that gentleman's election, to which result he contributed no little. He was nominated for delegate-at-large to the National Convention held in Chicago in 1888, receiving the highest vote of any of the delegates elected. He made a speech presenting the name of Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, before that body, which is universally conceded to have been the ablest, most eloquent and statesmanlike address made during the convention. In the ensuing campaign he was on the stump for three months continuously under the direction of the National Committee, and was one of the most effective speakers on the hustings.

General Hastings was but twelve years old when the War of the Rebellion broke out. In 1863 he ran away from home to join the army and was brought back by his father. He again made an effort to enlist in 1864, but without success, and also in the early part of 1865, the last time getting as far as Harrisburg, but was each time brought home by his father, who considered him too young to endure the hardships of the service, and interposed his authority against the youth's patriotic impulses.

He has always had a taste and inclination for military affairs. In 1877, during the prevalence of the labor riots, he tendered his services to General Beaver, then commanding a brigade of the National Guard of the State, and accompanied him to Altoona, remaining with him until the end of the disturbance. He was appointed captain and paymaster of the Fifth Regiment, N.G.P., in July, 1877, and continued in that position



until March 22, 1878, when he was elected lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. Upon the expiration of his commission as lieutenant-colonel, he was, on March 22, 1880, appointed assistant adjutant-general by General Beaver, who was in command of the Second Brigade. On June 11, 1883, after General Beaver's reappointment, he was again appointed assistant adjutant-general of the Second Brigade. On March 28, 1884, he was elected colonel of the Fifth Regiment, which he commanded until January 18, 1887, when he was appointed adjutant-general of the State by Governor Beaver. Under his command the regiment took the highest rank in the National Guard of the State for organization and perfection of drill and equipment.

General Hastings has delivered a number of addresses before societies and at college commencements, besides a great number of political speeches at conventions and on the stump. As an orator no man is more effective: of imposing presence, with a rich voice and the clearest enunciation, he has the most forceful use of expressive language; tells an appropriate story well, and reinforces his arguments with the keenest satire, whenever that can be well employed.

He has risen rapidly in the past few years, but it has been because he deserved to. He has fully and capably met every emergency of his life. He has not only filled, but he has increased the importance of every position he has held. His work as adjutant-general has been masterly in all respects. The National Guard under his hand has been brought to a higher degree of perfection than was thought possible a few years ago, and he has done it by intelligent and ceaseless effort, by untiring devotion to duty. His energetic course at Johnstown, where he promptly repaired

and assumed charge of affairs immediately after the disastrous flood on the Conemaugh, May 31, 1889, demonstrated his great executive ability, and his uniform kindness and sympathetic action won for him the gratitude of the stricken community and the admiration of his fellow-citizens throughout the State. No public man in Pennsylvania enjoys a greater personal popularity than General Hastings.

He was married October 10, 1877, to Miss Jane Armstrong Rankin, of Bellefonte. They have one child, a daughter named Helen, born in 1879.

Some idea of the general character of General Hastings may be gathered from his experience on that Saturday night when the flood still covered most of Johnstown, and when there was no better place to sleep than the signal tower at the railroad station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was only a little box, high above the tracks, and it had a few hours before been the death-chamber of the devoted mother and daughter who had stayed at their telegraphic keys until the waters rushed in and drowned them. General Hastings, with two or three newspaper men, slept on the floor, in true military equality and good-fellowship, and thought nothing of his own inconvenience and privations while there was so much distress around him. In the morning, stiff and sore from lying upon the hard boards, he arose and sent over to a house that stood upon the hill for some breakfast that he had ordered for himself and companions the night before. The breakfast was sent over, and the soldier and his friends were just about to fall to, when several other newspaper correspondents came up. Without a word the general passed around the viands as far as they would go, getting for his own share one small biscuit. A

number of strangers came up into the signal office to see him during the forenoon, and he gave his advice and judgment freely to all, together with such food as he could get. Later, when he went to dress, he found that some one had stolen his shirt, and for two or three days the head of the National Guard of Pennsylvania appeared in an undershirt.

How he repeatedly gave up his own dinner or supper to some sufferer to whom his heart went out in pity, and how the people of Johnstown made an idol of him, all the world knows now, and a tribute here to the worth of Adjutant-General Hastings would be but a feeble piping amid the mighty shout of gratitude that goes up in the Conemaugh Valley whenever his name is mentioned.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT AND WHAT IT ACCOMPLISHED AT JOHNSTOWN.

MATTERS were getting pretty lively in the Conemaugh Valley when, on June 2, Governor Beaver, who was then in Maryland, issued a call for the Fourteenth Regiment, N.G.P., to report to General Hastings for duty. All sorts of reports about Hungarians robbing the dead; about summary punishment being meted out to evil doers, etc., had been sent out, and the public pulse was at fever heat, fearing a general outbreak or riot at any moment. In Pittsburgh the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Regiments, Battery B, and the Washington Infantry were all in readiness, from the time of the flood until June 2, to march at a moment's notice to Johnstown. General Hastings, however, felt that one



JAMES B. SCOTT.



military organization would be sufficient, and he so advised the governor.

On Monday, June 3, the Fourteenth Regiment set out for Johnstown, and from that time until the middle of July the organization remained on constant duty. A regular military camp was established near the headquarters of the State officers. Tents were pitched, patrols were kept without a break, and for a time the vicinity reminded one forcibly of war times. In the early days of June it was necessary to keep sight-seers and others out of Johnstown. Then it was that the military came into service most prominently. A cordon of soldiers surrounded the town, and no persons were admitted or released without the pass-word. As for disturbers of the peace, they were promptly drummed out of camp and ordered not to return. Some were put to work with a chain-gang organized to clear up the gorge at the bridge, and all received their just deserts.

The Fourteenth Regiment was in charge of Colonel P. D. Perchment, of the East End, Pittsburg. Its services were of such a character as to call forth the highest commendation from General Hastings, Brigadier-General Wiley, and others in authority. In fact, when Colonel Perchment withdrew his forces he received the following highly complimentary letter from headquarters:

“JOHNSTOWN, July 7, 1889.

“COLONEL P. D. PERCHMENT,

“Commanding Fourteenth Regiment, N.G.P.:

“MY DEAR COLONEL,—Whilst there is a feeling of satisfaction that I am about to return to business affairs, there is also a sentiment of regret that pervades my

entire being on leaving the associations of, and with, yourself and your command, that have been of so satisfactory a character to myself and staff.

"I must and shall long remember your excellent services to the people of Johnstown, and your fidelity to your duties as a National Guardsman. Your regiment has made for itself a reputation of which any one should be proud. You have won the commendation of every officer and citizen that has come in contact with you. Every soldier in your command seems to have come into this desolate valley with the determination to help the needy and comfort the afflicted. I am incapable of putting into words my high appreciation of your good services, and beg of you to thank every officer and man in my behalf.

"Sincerely yours,

"JOHN A. WILEY,

"*Brigadier-General.*"

Colonel Perchment received valuable assistance at the hands of Dr. D. G. Foster, of Crafton, Pa., the surgeon of the Fourteenth Regiment. Dr. Foster proved himself a man of great executive ability. He not only was the first to establish a hospital in the afflicted valley, but he was the first to render medical aid to the sufferers. In addition, he attended the ills of the soldiery and had charge of the immense camp of workmen, never numbering less than four thousand. The greatest tribute that can be paid his skill as a physician is the plain statement of a fact. During the doctor's entire *régime* there was not a single death from natural causes among the vast army of workmen.

When the Fourteenth Regiment retired from active

service at Johnstown, July 13, Captain Nesbitt's company of sixty men and two lieutenants was ordered to continue on duty, which it did during the entire summer.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED AND APPORTIONED BY THE STATE.

At the time the State took charge of the work of clearing away the *débris* in the Conemaugh Valley, opening up its streams and purifying the district, certain newspapers, as well as many private individuals, fell to criticising Governor Beaver for his refusal to call the Legislature together and secure from it an appropriation to cover the expense of the work. The general estimate at that time was that the State would be called upon to expend at least two million dollars, but Governor Beaver thought differently. His estimate was that not more than one-half of this sum would be required, and subsequent events proved the accuracy of his guess. His objection to calling the Legislature together was that it would impose upon the State a great deal of unnecessary expense. The plan he proposed and adopted was to borrow one million dollars, or whatever sum was needed, from private individuals and banks in Philadelphia, who should be ready to advance it as required, without interest, taking the chance that a future Legislature would reimburse them. It was thus that Governor Beaver raised the money to prosecute the State's work in and about the Conemaugh Valley.



There was a meeting of the members of the State Commission, with Governor Beaver present, at Cresson, on Tuesday, July 9, at which it was decided that the work of relief must be pushed vigorously but systematically. That the decision was carried out faithfully it is needless to say. The commission appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose, to be distributed by check, according to the plan recommended by the Board of Inquiry and approved by Judge H. H. Cummin, of Williamsport, Pa., who was placed in charge of the relief work, assisted by a Johnstown Citizens' Finance Committee, consisting of James McMillan, Cyrus Elder, A. J. Moxham, George T. Swank, and W. C. Lewis.

Judge Cummin went to work after this meeting in a systematic way that had an excellent effect. He prepared a blank, which was approved by the commission, and a copy of which was sent to each applicant for relief. The applicant was required to fill it out and swear to it before a notary-public. It was a statement of his business, his employment, wages earned, whether or not he owned any real estate, to what extent he had suffered loss, whether he had contracted any debts, what his family consisted of, how many were lost in the flood, what aid he had received since the flood, etc.

When the blanks were filled they were returned in person to Judge Cummin, who went from place to place distributing money according to the plan adopted at Cresson.

Those applying for relief were divided into six classes. The first class comprised the most needy, generally women who had lost their support and were left with a large family and no property. A few men who could



WILLIAM McCREERY.



not earn a living on account of physical disability were also assigned to this class.

The second class embraced those who had lost some of their family and saved a little of their property. Class 3 was the class to which the committee assigned the next most needy,—those families who had recovered something from the flood, but to whom a small amount of money was of great benefit at the time.

Class 4 consisted of small families in which one was able to work, and either had no property saved from the flood or very little. In some cases the families owned a lot which had no present value, but upon which they could possibly borrow a little sum to help them erect a building, and soon be in position to be self-supporting.

To Class 5 were assigned persons requiring assistance immediately, but in smaller amounts, generally in a case where a man was employed and had lost heavily, having a smaller family depending upon him than in the other classes, and to whom a small amount of money was indispensable in providing the family with some of the necessities of life. To Class 6 were assigned all other cases, no matter how heavy their losses were, but who were not considered objects of immediate charity.

The five hundred thousand dollars was, to be distributed on account, *pro rata*, according to the following plan: Two hundred and five cases in Class 1, at \$1000, \$205,000; seven hundred and thirty-seven cases in Class 2, at \$600, \$142,200; three hundred and seventy-two cases in Class 3, at \$400, \$148,800; eleven hundred and sixty-eight cases in Class 4, at \$300, \$350,400; sixteen hundred and ninety-eight cases in Class 5, at \$200, \$339,600.

The total amount for the five classes reached one million one hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars. After the first payment on account had been made the commission met again and authorized the distribution of more money.

The amounts to contractors for State work between June 12 and July 9 were as follows: R. O'Donnell, \$1475.64; McLain & Co., \$34,657.10; Patrick Ridge, \$9368.47; Colburn & Co., \$25,745.43; James McKnight, \$41,911.49; Charles Suppes, for cleaning cellars, \$2067.23; J. H. Benford, \$243.10.

Colonel Joseph H. Gray, of Pittsburg, had charge of the State accounting department. He completed his report July 18. Colonel Gray had vouchers for every cent of the money that went through the hands of the State authorities during the time they had charge of affairs at Johnstown. The accounts were opened on June 12 and closed July 8. During that time a grand total of \$248,935.81 was accounted for on the State books. Of this amount, \$174,761.97 was credited to the State department and \$74,173.84 to the relief fund.

The amounts expended by the various departments during the reign of the State authorities were as follows: Board of health, \$7220.70, all from the State fund; department of public safety, \$178.50 from the State and \$6166.80 from the relief fund; bureau of information, \$637.86 from the relief fund; bureau of valuables, relief fund, \$537.30; medical department, State fund, \$6513.78, relief, \$1038.67; adjutant-general's department, State fund, \$2518.02, relief, \$262; accounting department, State fund, \$1219.55; quartermaster's department, State fund, \$157,111.42, relief, \$36,133.23; commissary department, relief fund, \$29,397.98. The total amount shown by Colonel Gray's

cash-book was \$248,164.44. The contractor's commissary department reported \$2197.56, and the Fourteenth Regiment commissary, \$593.81 expended. This made up the grand total of \$248,935.81.

Colonel Gray's books were very exact. Every cent was accounted for, and the account was backed by sworn vouchers. When the books were closed on July 8 there was a balance of \$6650.48 still on hand. After that date bills amounting to five thousand dollars were paid, leaving a balance of over one thousand dollars in Colonel Gray's hands on July 18.

When Colonel Gray closed his books it was pretty generally conceded that the State's work entire would not cost over one million dollars.

The relief fund at that date in the hands of Governor Beaver, the State Commission, and private individuals was over two million dollars. This, when the final distribution was made, would give the sufferers, each and every one, a very fair *pro rata* upon which to begin life again.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE STATE TAKES CHARGE OF JOHNSTOWN.

WHEN the State took charge of Johnstown, June 12, Adjutant-General D. H. Hastings made the following appointments:

*Chiefs of Operations, Johnstown.*—General D. H. Hastings, Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania; Colonel Thomas J. Hudson, Chief of Artillery, N.G.P.; Lieutenant-Colonel William J. Elliott, Acting Inspector-General, N.G.P.

*Department of Public Safety.*—Brigadier-General

Wiley, Second Brigade; Major Samuel Hazlett, Ordnance Department, Second Brigade; Major W. W. Greenland, Quartermaster, Second Brigade; Major Frank K. Patterson, Inspector, Second Brigade; Major Wilson F. Braden, Judge-Advocate, Second Brigade; Captain George C. Hamilton, Aide-de-Camp, Second Brigade; Captain James H. Murdock, Aide-de-Camp, Second Brigade.

*Quartermaster's Department.*—Colonel S. W. Hill, Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-General Thomas Patton, Assistant Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania.

*Commissary Department.*—Colonel J. Granville Leach, Commissary-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Spangler, Assistant Commissary-General of Pennsylvania; Captain J. A. Loohr, of the Tenth; Lieutenant W. H. Bean, Second United States Cavalry; Lieutenant J. P. Albro, of the Thirteenth; Lieutenant Charles E. Brown, of the Eighteenth.

*Bureau of Information.*—Colonel John I. Rogers, Judge-Advocate-General of Pennsylvania; Lieutenant-Colonel Henry E. Paxson, Aide-de-Camp to the Governor.

*Accounting Department.*—Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gray, Aide-de-Camp of the Governor's staff.

*Surgeon-General's Department.*—Major J. B. Silliman, Surgeon, Second Brigade, N.G.P.

General Hastings also arranged general stations at the Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depots, from which eleven sub-distributing stations throughout the Conemaugh Valley were supplied with provisions, clothing, etc. The State supplies were purchased by the commissary-general and placed in charge of Major Spangler, who acted as chief commissary.

Lieutenant Bean, of the United States regular army, was detailed to inspect the summer encampment of the National Guard, but he offered his services for duty at Johnstown, and was placed in charge of the accounts of the commissary-general. Colonel Orr, clerk of the military board, with two clerks from the adjutant-general's office, was given charge of the accounts of the distribution of supplies. Major Spangler was assisted by Quartermaster Albro, of the Thirteenth Regiment, and Quartermaster Brown, of the Eighteenth. The general supply depot at the Pennsylvania freight station was known as Post Commissary No. 1. Major Horn was in charge of it. Major Singer was in charge of Post Commissary No. 2, at the Baltimore and Ohio depot. Under Major Horn there were seven district supply stations where relief was given direct to the people, as follows :

Districts Nos. 1 and 2, city, Major Mercer ; District No. 3, Prospect Hill and Millville, Lieutenant Richardson, Quartermaster of the Ninth Regiment ; District No. 4, Woodvale, Lieutenant Selden, of the Sixteenth ; District No. 5, East Conemaugh, Lieutenant Koons, of the First ; District No. 6, Franklin Borough, Lieutenant Meram, of the Ninth ; District No. 7, South Fork, Lieutenant Cox, of the Third.

Under Major Singer were the remaining districts, officered as follows :

District No. 8, Johnstown Borough, Lieutenant Baker, of the Sixth ; District No. 9, Kernville and Grubtown, Major Curtis, of the staff ; District No. 10, Conemaugh Borough, Lieutenant Williams, Fifth Regiment ; District No. 11, Coopersdale, Lieutenant Nichols, of the Twelfth.

General Hastings took hold of the work in earnest.



He saw that the town must be cleaned up forthwith, and he knew that it must be done systematically. He placed the work in the hands of contractors, but supervised their operations. The rapidity with which the *débris* was got out of the way was little short of marvellous. By the 1st of July it had cost one hundred thousand dollars, and it was estimated that it would take fifty thousand dollars more to complete the work. To feed the sufferers, exclusive of the troops that were quartered in Johnstown, took one million two hundred thousand dollars from June 12 to July 1. These figures will give some idea of the magnitude of the work of relief.

The drift at the stone bridge and in Stony Creek occupied a great deal of General Hastings's attention. James McKnight was given the contract for removing it, and from June 12 to July 6 he was continuously at work with a force of men that ranged in numbers from two thousand two hundred and fifty, at the beginning, to three hundred at the close. He had twelve or thirteen hoisting engines in operation, besides skilled workmen, such as carpenters, cant-hook men, blacksmiths, engine men, etc.

During the whole time that the State was in charge of affairs in Johnstown, through its representative, General Hastings, there was never an outbreak or insubordination of any kind. He ruled with a firm although kind hand, and every department under him acted in perfect harmony with the chief executive. The people of Johnstown felt that they were under the paternal care of the grand old commonwealth, and, as history shows, they were quite safe in feeling so.

A comprehensive idea of the work done in Johnstown during the time that General Hastings was in

charge is conveyed by the following report, submitted by Mr. Harry Keller, Chief of the Bureau of Information, on July 8:

“JOHNSTOWN, PA., July 8, 1889.

“BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. H. HASTINGS,

“ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF PENNSYLVANIA:

“GENERAL,—I have the honor to make the following report of the work done by the Bureau of Information since the departure of Colonel John I. Rogers, by whom it was organized, and the method of procedure under which we have attained such gratifying results desired. It is intended to be merely supplemental to the very full and complete report made by him.

“The main work required of the Bureau of Information was the answering of letters from outside persons who had friends or relatives in Johnstown and the vicinity, and who naturally felt deeply interested as to whether or not these friends or relatives had escaped the dire disaster. In order to answer these inquiries with any degree of intelligence, it was found necessary to make as complete a registration of the living, and record of the dead and missing, as was possible.

“Mr. James B. Scott, of Pittsburg, very kindly allowed us the privilege of retaining his rolls several weeks, in order that we might make copies of the same, which was done in the following manner: The names of the living, registered, were written on slips of paper, the duplicates thrown out, and the remainder then compiled alphabetically and transferred to a record book, sufficient space being left between the names to insert those that might afterwards be added. The different hospital lists were obtained, the names of those that were cared for at any time by the Ladies' Aid Society of Pittsburg were gathered, and, in ad-

dition, men were sent out who have thoroughly canvassed Prospect Borough, Conemaugh, East Conemaugh, Franklin, Millville, Cambria and Morrellville, going from house to house and taking the names of all who had not previously registered. These names have been compiled in the same manner as the preceding, and are being constantly added to the record.

"It was found impossible to make a canvass of the greater part of Johnstown and Woodvale, for the reason that these places were almost entirely swept away; but it appears from our books that nearly all those formerly living there that are safe have registered of their own accord.

"The Seventh Ward of Johnstown and the adjacent township, together with the villages of Brownstown, Rosedale, Coopersdale, Moxham, and Walnut Grove, containing in all about four thousand seven hundred, suffered comparatively little loss of life, and have not, as yet, undergone a house to house canvass, but a fair estimate of the number registered from these districts would place it in the neighborhood of two thousand. This would leave somewhat over two thousand five hundred names to be added.

"Our list at present embraces about twenty-two thousand names, six thousand of which have not yet been transferred from the compiled slips to the book. I would suggest that Mr. H. A. French, who has been doing the transcribing, be allowed to finish it, if such an arrangement can possibly be made.

"As recommended by Colonel Rogers, Mr. C. B. Clark, of Altoona, who had just completed a directory of Johnstown, the use of the only copy of which the Bureau has had, was retained. His knowledge of the names and aptness in compilation have been of great

service. If Mr. Clark be induced to remain, he and Mr. French can easily answer all inquiries, and at the same time complete the registry by the addition of the few names that have been omitted.

"In computing the list of the dead, we have taken the daily morgue reports and copied the names into a record-book, arranging them alphabetically when the bodies have been identified, and with reference to morgues when otherwise. Thus far the morgues have reported nine hundred and sixty-nine identified and six hundred and eighty-nine unidentified bodies, a total of sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, distributed as follows:

Grand View Chapel.....	19
Fourth Ward School-House.....	338
Presbyterian Church.....	82
Kernville.....	138
Peelerville.....	20
St. Columba, Cambria.....	176
Minersville.....	51
Morrellville.....	189
Nineveh (Westmoreland side).....	189
Nineveh (Indiana side).....	25
Franklin .....	18
Mineral Point.....	16
Pennsylvania Railroad Station.....	107
Millville.....	291
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>1658</b>

"In addition to this total of sixteen hundred and fifty-eight bodies taken to the morgues, our canvass has brought out the names of four hundred and twenty-one more that *certainly* perished, but whose bodies have not been recovered, making a grand total of two thousand and seventy-nine persons *known* to be lost.

"There have been since June 12 one thousand and

seventy-three inquiries of all descriptions, every one of which has been answered. If the name of the person sought for could not be found on either of our lists, a messenger was sent out to discover, if possible, *some* trace of him. In this way a definite answer could be given to at least seventy-five per cent. of the communications received.

"In closing, I wish to express my high appreciation of the kindly feeling and hearty co-operation of my associates in the Bureau,—Messrs. H. A. French, Chas. B. Clark, Irwin Rutledge, Jr., A. R. Parkeson, W. H. Keller, S. S. Fluke, and Geo. B. Johnston,—and to sincerely thank you on their behalf and my own for the very courteous treatment we have always received at your hands.

"I have the honor to be

"Your most obedient servant,

"HARRY KELLER,

"*Chief of the Bureau of Information.*"

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## CHAPTER V.

### CLEARING AWAY THE DÉBRIS.

ABOUT the first practical work done by the State authorities was the clearing away of the *débris* in and about Johnstown and at the stone bridge.

No sooner had the news of the flood reached Pittsburg than Philip S. Flinn, assistant superintendent of the Highway Department for the second district of Pittsburg, and a brother of Hon. William Flinn, the well-known State politician and contractor, set out for the

scene of the disaster. He arrived there early Saturday morning, and is said to have been the first outsider to set foot within Johnstown after the flood. He had not been in the town more than a couple of hours when he met Superintendent Patton, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the two turned in to do what good they could to relieve the sufferings of the survivors, which was then most intense. Mr. Patton telegraphed all along his line for provisions, and Mr. Flinn devoted his time to hiring all the teams in the Conemaugh Valley to deliver them when they should arrive. In this manner the two accomplished wonders, and before night were feeding hungry hundreds.

Mr. Flinn continued at this work until Monday, when the Young Men's Republican Tariff Club of Pittsburg sent him one hundred and sixty-five laborers and ten foremen to work upon the ruins. This number was too small to be of any practical use, and on Tuesday Mr. Flinn visited Pittsburg and secured thirteen hundred laborers and two hundred and eighty head of horses and teams from Booth & Flinn, and with this force the first impression was made upon the *débris* of the town. In the mean time Hon. William Flinn had arrived upon the scene, and, at the request of Adjutant-General Hastings, he practically took charge of the entire matter of clearing away the ruins. With his brother Philip as his lieutenant, he performed miracles, and before ten days had passed had done what would have taken an ordinary man as many weeks. His first move was to order the entire force of his immense interest in Allegheny County to Johnstown, so that in a week he had six thousand men at work. He also urged the use of dynamite upon the wreck at the bridge. Mayor William Phillips was employed to do

this work, and so successful was he that he soon gained the *sobriquet* of "Dynamite Bill." In all he used seventeen thousand pounds of dynamite, and in one day he discharged five shots of five hundred and forty pounds each, the heaviest charge ever fired in Pennsylvania. Its effect was such as to shatter a massive building on Prospect Hill, some distance away. It had its effect on the twenty-two feet of drift at the bridge, however, which finally yielded and gave way; not, however, until the use of cant-hooks and all the known devices to remove *débris* had been added to the dynamite. One of the principal difficulties which the Messrs. Flinn had to face was the feeding of their army of workmen. To keep six thousand laborers in provender in a devastated valley was no easy task, but it was accomplished. At one "cook-house" thirty-four hundred men were fed at each meal, nine hundred being fed at a single table.

June 12, when the State took charge, Booth and Flinn withdrew their forces, and Hon. William Flinn retired. The State awarded the contract for clearing away the *débris* to four firms,—viz., McLean & Co., Philadelphia; Coburn & Mitchell, Altoona; P. Ridge, Pittsburg; and James McKnight, Pittsburg. Mr. McKnight was a warm friend of the Flinns, and Philip remained as his superintendent, continuing until July, when all the contractors save McLean & Co. were relieved. He had made quite a record, though, and was content to quit.

Hon. William Flinn, to whose suggestions General Hastings says he owes much, is one of the two great leaders of the Republican party in Allegheny County, the largest contractor in Western Pennsylvania, the second largest employer of labor in his adopted country,

and a man of great strength of character and personal magnetism. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1851, and came to America when quite young, settling in Pittsburg. At the age of twenty he became a contractor, and in 1879 formed the firm of Booth & Flinn. This firm flourished to such an extent that in 1889 it employed four thousand men, operated three brick-yards, one asphaltum works, the Fort Pitt Incline Plane, four granite quarries, etc., etc. In addition to this, Mr. Flinn is president of the Wheeling Gas Company, a director of the Freehold Bank, an ex-State legislator, and a prospective State senator. He made his *entrée* into politics in 1879, when he broke the Hon. C. L. Magee's slate for the Legislature in the second district, thereby demonstrating his ability to handle a canvass no matter what the odds against him. Mr. Magee at once recognized Mr. Flinn's worth, and, instead of fighting him, he formed a political partnership with the young Napoleon, which has continued uninterrupted to this day.

Among Mr. Flinn's most noted battles was his fight against the Quay-Bayne contingent, headed by Mayor William McCallin, in February, 1889. This combination attempted to secure an inroad into the Select branch of Pittsburg Councils, but Mr. Flinn resented their interference and personally conducted the fight against them, winning thirty-one out of thirty-seven members elected. Later in the same year he led the "Home Rule" forces in a fight made by Senator Quay *et al.* to capture the Republican County Committee of Allegheny County, and again came out with flying colors. He is a dangerous man in politics, and has not yet achieved the apex of his ambition.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE MEMBERS OF THE STATE COMMISSION.

It has often been remarked that when a great exigency arises there are always plenty of men who seem to have been sent into the world expressly to cope with them. Pennsylvania was shocked when the full meaning of the Johnstown horror burst upon it, but it did not remain inactive or indulge in unavailing regrets. It looked around for men to lend the aid so urgently required, and it found them at once. When it became expedient to place the care of the city in the hands of the State, some of its most prominent citizens were naturally chosen.

On June 14, fourteen days after the flood, Governor Beaver appointed a State Commission, consisting of the following gentlemen, to take charge of affairs in the Conemaugh Valley: Hon. Edwin H. Fitler, Mayor of Philadelphia; Hon. Robert C. Ogden, Philadelphia; Hon. H. H. Cummin, Williamsport; Hon. James B. Scott, S. S. Marvin, Reuben Miller, Pittsburg; Hon. Francis B. Reeves, of Philadelphia; Hon. Thomas Dolan, Philadelphia; Hon. John T. Huber, Philadelphia, and Hon. John Fulton, Johnstown.

Hon. Edwin H. Fitler, in addition to being one of the leading members of the State Commission, was appointed chairman of the Philadelphia City Permanent Relief Committee. Mr. Fitler is the mayor of Philadelphia, and was a candidate for the Presidency before the Republican National Convention

which met in Chicago June, 1888, and nominated Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Fitler's name was presented to the convention by Charles Emory Smith, of the *Philadelphia Press*. He had the support of a number of the Pennsylvania delegates, but as the major portion of the members were pledged to Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, Mayor Fitler's chances were at no time rosy. The mayor is a broad man, however, and in the game of politics he may yet prove a wonderful winner. He has made the best mayor the Quaker City has ever had, and should he aspire to the United States Senate, which is quite likely, he will prove a formidable candidate for any man to buck against.

Mr. James B. Scott, one of the leading members of the commission, is a prominent Pittsburger, the senior member of the firm of James B. Scott & Co., and is almost as well known throughout the State of Pennsylvania as he is in his own city. He was born in Pittsburg, February 20, 1839. His early education was obtained in the public schools, and when quite a young man he entered the commercial world as an employé of the firm of John Dunlap & Co., wholesale tanners. Possessing business tact of no mean order, it was but natural that Mr. Scott's rise should be speedy. Soon he branched out for himself, becoming an active member of the copper manufacturing establishment of Park, Scott & Co. Upon the deaths of the Messrs. D. E. and James Park, Jr., Mr. Scott assumed control of the entire business, and changed the firm-name to James B. Scott & Co., which it remains to this day. In addition to managing the affairs of this firm, Mr. Scott holds other positions of honor and trust too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that he is active

in all matters pertaining to the public good in general and the public good of Pittsburg in particular. He is a vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce, a member of the State Board of Charity, president of the Board of Trustees of the Western University, a trustee of the Real Estate Bank, etc.'

When the news of the Johnstown flood reached Pittsburg Mr. Scott was among the very first to interest himself in the work of succor. At the general meeting in the Chamber of Commerce rooms, Saturday afternoon, June 1, immediately following the public meeting in Old City Hall, when what has since been known as the Pittsburg Relief Committee was organized, Mr. Scott was chosen chairman of the committee to visit Johnstown and assume charge of the work of relief in all its varied phases. He set out immediately for the scene of the catastrophe, and by his whole-souled and systematic manner of procedure had soon won the hearts of all the afflicted survivors in the Conemaugh Valley. So deeply did they appreciate his work, that on returning to Johnstown from Morrellville on Tuesday afternoon, June 4, to attend a mass-meeting of citizens, etc., Mr. Scott arrived just in time to hear his name voted upon unanimously for the position of Dictator of Cambria County. The people realized that it was necessary to have a general head to the improvised government, whose authority would be absolute and undisputed. They realized that the man for such an office should be a man of sterling integrity and wonderful force of character, and they decided with one accord that James B. Scott was just such a man. Nor was their judgment at fault. The work done by Mr. Scott from this time out was of such a nature as to stamp him a ruler of undoubted



S. S. MARVIN.



ability. Under his direction order was brought out of chaos, and despite the condition of the people in and about the Conemaugh Valley depredations were few and far between, petty thievery being about the worst crime that went unpunished.

Of a modest turn, Mr. Scott did not relish the title of Dictator that had been conferred upon him, and quietly changed it to that of Director. In this capacity he continued for about two weeks, or until the State took charge, in the mean time remaining at the head of the Pittsburgh Relief Committee, with which he was in constant communication by wire. When Governor Beaver, through his adjutant-general, Daniel H. Hastings, assumed control of the Conemaugh Valley, he recognized Mr. Scott's services by naming him as one of the State commissioners.

Personally, Mr. Scott is a gentleman who is courteous and affable to all, and the best compliment that can be paid him is to say that his friends are legion and his enemies few and far between.

S. S. Marvin, another member of the commission, and a man who worked untiringly from the first for the relief of Johnstown, is a well-known business man of Pittsburgh. He is still in his prime, being but forty-seven years of age; yet he stands a giant in the commercial commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Born in Monroe County, New York, he moved to Pittsburgh in 1863, and embarked in the cracker business, founding the house of S. S. Marvin & Co., at present one of the largest concerns of the kind in the United States. He is a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce of his adopted city, a director of the Commercial Bank, and the president of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society, in addition to holding many other posi-

tions of honor and of trust. He also wears a badge of the Grand Army upon his breast.

Personally, Mr. Marvin is a handsome man, affable and courteous to all. He was not appointed a member of the Pittsburg Relief Committee upon its organization, as many of the newspapers had it at the time, but was made chairman of the sub-committee appointed to purchase supplies and forward them to the stricken cities along the Conemaugh. And to Mr. Marvin's prompt work many of the survivors owe their lives. He sent food and clothing to the district as fast as they could be used, and thus kept many from perishing from hunger and cold.

Recognizing his sterling worth, Governor Beaver appointed Mr. Marvin a member of the State Commission, with the title of purchasing agent for the Western district of Pennsylvania. In this position, as in all others, the gentleman acquitted himself with the utmost credit, and proved himself to be just the man for the place.

Of a wonderfully sympathetic nature, it was not a surprise that Mr. Marvin should enter with all his heart and soul into his mission of charity. The writer will never forget a conversation he had with him upon his return from a trip to Johnstown just one month after the flood. Bowed down with the sorrow of others, Mr. Marvin almost wept as he related the general condition of affairs at the scene of the recent disaster. "My dear sir," said he, "Johnstown is a funeral! I never realized this fact so thoroughly as I did while walking and talking with its people yesterday. It was a funeral one month ago, it is a funeral now, and it will remain a funeral for a long time to come. Its afflicted people, who have lost their friends, their

homes, and their all, have leaned upon the members of the relief committees who have been with them since the flood with the sublimest confidence, and what their feelings will be when these last staffs are taken from them is too frightful to contemplate. Then, indeed, will they be alone,—alone with their dead."

Robert C. Ogden, one of the members of the commission is well known throughout Pennsylvania as a business man and a philanthropist. He is a resident of Philadelphia and a warm personal friend of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, in addition to being interested with that gentleman in the Wanamaker establishments of the Quaker City. With Thomas B. Wanamaker, he attends to the enormous business of the concern in the absence of the Postmaster-General at Washington. Socially he is quite a lion, while in religious and educational circles he is ever a leading figure.

Francis B. Reeves, another member of the commission who hails from Philadelphia, first rose to prominence from a public stand-point in the palmy days of the old Committee of One Hundred. He was chairman of its executive committee, which was the real working body of the organization during the entire period of its existence. He was one of the most prominent participants in the celebrated conference held at the Continental Hotel in 1882, for the purpose of preventing the vote upon the nomination of General Beaver for governor. At this time Mr. Reeves, with the Hon. Wharton Barker and others, led the independent movement that resulted in the election of the Hon. Robert E. Pattison a few months later. Mr. Reeves is now a leading member of the Citizens' Municipal Association, which is the successor of the Committee of One



Hundred. He is the senior member of the wholesale grocery firm of Reeves, Parvin & Co., and is rated one of the shrewdest financiers in the eastern end of Pennsylvania.

Thomas Dolan was perhaps chosen a member of the commission in Philadelphia by Governor Beaver on account of the wonderful ability he displayed during the Presidential campaign of 1888, when, in connection with John Wanamaker, he had charge of the funds raised for the National Republican Committee. Mr. Dolan is a warm personal friend of Colonel M. S. Quay, the junior Senator from Pennsylvania. He is president of the Manufacturers' Club of the Quaker City, of the Brush Electric Light Company, and is the moving spirit of sundry other institutions aside from his manufacturing interests.

John Y. Huber, also of Philadelphia, arose to prominence as one of the prime actors in the numerous conferences held between independent Republicans and Democrats in January, 1886, for the purpose of pitting a candidate against the Hon. Edwin H. Fitler for mayor of Philadelphia. However, since that time the breach between the two men has been spanned, and they are now said to be the best of friends. Mr. Huber is a wealthy flour merchant.

John Fulton, the only member of the commission from Johnstown, is the general manager of the Cambria Iron Company, and during the campaign of 1889 he led the Prohibition constitutional amendment canvass in his capacity as chairman of the Amendment Association.

H. H. Cummin, another member of the commission, hails from Williamsport. He is a leading lawyer of the city, and at one time was presiding judge of the

county. When General Hastings relinquished charge of affairs at Johnstown, July 9, to arrange for the annual encampment of the State militia, Judge Cummin practically took his place. Appointed by the commission to personally look after matters in the Cone-maugh Valley, the judge took up his quarters at Cres-son, from which place he made daily trips to Johnstown. He superintended the work of clearing away the *débris*, etc., and in addition looked after the relief fund, which by this time was being distributed in a systematic manner among the sufferers.

Reuben Miller, the last member of the commission, is one of Pittsburg's foremost business men and citizens. He is the senior member of the big manufacturing firm of Miller, Metcalf & Parkin. Born in Pittsburg, January, 1834, Mr. Miller naturally takes a pride in everything that pertains to his native city. He is an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Fidelity Title and Trust Company, a director of the American Surety Company of New York, the Bank of Pittsburg, and several other institutions. Mr. Miller's appointment as a member of the State Commission was a graceful acknowledgment at the hands of Governor Beaver of his good service in the work of relief.

## CHAPTER VII.

## HOW THE STATE DISTRIBUTED THE MONEY.

WHEN Judge Cummin began his work of distributing the money among the Johnstown sufferers in the name of the State he found that he had a by no means easy task. It was hard to make the people understand that the greatest care was necessary in disbursing the funds appropriated for them. The fact that he was able, eventually, to please everybody, is proof of the excellence of his executive ability.

On the 15th of July the Board of Inquiry sat in their office and handed out orders to those entitled to relief. All persons in the flooded district had been classified, those entitled to immediate relief being placed in Classes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. At the meeting at Cresson the board had recommended immediate payment of Classes 1, 2, and 3, which would require four hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars; and a subsequent payment to Classes 4 and 5, requiring six hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars. While the amounts in Classes 4 and 5 were smaller, there were a great many more cases in each class; hence the larger sum was required.

The board determined to apportion the five hundred thousand dollars among the five classes, instead of the three classes, as at first proposed. Accordingly they were paid on the following basis: Class 1 got six hundred dollars each; Class 2, four hundred dollars each; Class 3, two hundred dollars each; Class 4, one hun-

dred and twenty-five dollars each ; and Class 5, eighty dollars each. All received the paper directing Judge Cummin to pay them the amount they were entitled to under their classification, and the work went rapidly on, one day being devoted to each ward in the city.

The judge began to pay the money on Thursday morning, July 18. Before giving the money, however, he required each person to be qualified to his or her loss. He would not reduce or increase the amounts coming to each, but required the sworn statement to preclude the possibility of mistake. As at least one thousand orders were issued by that time, each having the same right as the others to their money, the judge found himself strongly besieged.

It was two days before the meeting of the Board of Inquiry in Johnstown that Governor Beaver made an estimate of the amount expended for the relief of the sufferers by the bursting of the South-Fork dam, and the amount directed to be distributed on account of the disaster. The Relief Commission a few days before had issued a circular showing that about two million two hundred thousand dollars had been applied for the relief of the sufferers and the abatement of nuisances, but the governor's calculation showed that the amount appropriated had reached two million five hundred thousand dollars.

There had been received by the governor through various sources nearly one million one hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount, about six hundred and eighty thousand dollars had been used in the Conemaugh Valley. This fund was used exclusively in providing food, shelter, and clothing for the sufferers and in supplying them with money to give them a new start in life. In addition, the governor had expended two hundred and twenty-

five thousand dollars in abating nuisances in Johnstown and vicinity. The fund applied to this purpose did not come from any of the contributions, but had been lent for the purpose of putting the various flood-visited localities in a good sanitary condition. It was estimated at first that one million dollars would be required to accomplish this result, but not much more than one-third of this amount was used, the greatest economy being observed and no money being spent carelessly.

Out of the governor's fund, made up from all the States in the Union, with the money intrusted to him to abate nuisances caused by the flood, there had been expended in the Conemaugh Valley, up to July 14, nine hundred and five thousand dollars. In addition the following amounts were expended: By Pittsburg, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; by Philadelphia, two hundred thousand dollars; Johnstown fund distributed by the local committee, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; contracts for the construction of houses, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; transportation expenses, one hundred thousand dollars; military expenses, thirty-one thousand dollars; Chicago houses, fourteen thousand dollars; value of food, clothing, and other articles contributed not included in above indicated expenses, six hundred thousand dollars; total, one million five hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. Adding the foregoing amount to the nine hundred and five thousand dollars received and expended by the governor for the relief of flood sufferers and the abatement of nuisances, the entire amount expended and directed to be expended in Johnstown and vicinity reached two million five hundred thousand dollars by July 14.

This sum did not include contributions by various

secret societies and through other agencies not credited to cities or towns that made contributions for the relief of the sufferers. The Odd-Fellows, a few days before, had distributed about eighteen thousand dollars to members of the order who sustained losses by the Johnstown disaster, and two New York papers each gave ten thousand dollars, which amounts were not included in the governor's estimate.

The governor kept a record of all the moneys he received, with the names of the towns, institutions, or individuals donating them, and the Secretary of the Relief Commission prepared a statement to show the amounts contributed by each of the States to the relief of the sufferers, which was published at the proper time. The contributions continued to flow into the hands of the governor. On the 17th of July he received eleven thousand dollars, of which eight thousand dollars came from Germany, and the next day between two thousand and three thousand dollars were added to the governor's fund.

Mr. S. S. Marvin, of Pittsburg, the purchasing agent of the State Commission, spent a great deal of time in Johnstown. On Monday, July 22, he said, "Mr. McMillan says that the Cambria Iron Company and the Johnstown Steel Company have paid out since the calamity over three hundred thousand dollars, including the pay-rolls previous to the flood; the Johnstown committee has distributed in its own way one hundred and sixty thousand dollars; the Red Cross Society and other directly expended amounts swell the total to at least five hundred thousand dollars. Judge Cummin will pay out at least five hundred thousand dollars more, making a grand total of one million dollars now in circulation in the city. Miss Clara Barton, of the

Red Cross Society, is certainly a wonderful woman. She has accomplished almost a miracle in getting the ladies of Johnstown organized into a relief committee, of which Mrs. Tettle is chairman. The commission has an immense amount of furniture and household supplies in stock at Johnstown, and the local Ladies' Relief Committee has been given *carte blanche* in the matter of supplies. The whole town is once more upon its feet, and it is certainly a matter for congratulation. There has not been a hitch of any kind between the members of the various relief committees, and the wisdom of conservative management of the relief funds has become so clearly apparent that there is no complaint to be heard anywhere. Another indication of the approach of self-reliance of the people is in the matter of bread. At one time we were sending from twenty thousand to thirty thousand pounds of bread daily to Johnstown. To-day we sent one thousand pounds, and to-night I received a telegram stating that to-morrow, for the first time since the flood, no bread would be required, but to send one thousand pounds on Wednesday. This indicates that five hundred pounds of bread per diem is now considered ample as the outside supply. In every other respect there is as much progress to be noted, and the city of Johnstown is as nearly as possible once more upon its feet."

These remarks, by one who had had every opportunity of seeing the progress of Johnstown from a day of crushing disaster to one of independence again, show how rapidly the city, with the aid of millions of willing hands from all parts of the world, broke from the apathy of despair and became once more a thriving town and a contented if saddened community.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## JOHNSTOWN A MONTH AFTER THE FLOOD.

A DUSTY, arid plain, baking under a midsummer sun; a thick deposit of dried mud o'erspreading most of the space that a month before had been thickly covered with stores and residences. Working at this mud, and turning up moist foulness at every stroke, were gangs of laborers, plying pick and shovel with that dogged dollar-and-a-half persistence characteristic of the day-laborer. Over many acres extended the deposit that had been washed down from the surrounding country, and had remained when the waters receded, thick and slabby, to the height generally of four feet or thereabout. What was in this four feet of mud and filth was only known as shovelfuls were turned out one by one. New dish-pans, new clothing, articles of furniture, glass-ware, jewelry, every imaginable article of commerce and daily use, were brought to the surface and given into the charge of the authorities. Occasionally (happily very rarely at this time) a human body was disinterred and borne away to be decently confined and buried in sacred ground. It had lain for a month just beneath the tread of hundreds of feet, above the natural level, but hidden by the mud that was now being so rapidly removed. A great deal of it had been dug away by this time, and the street-car tracks were laid bare for a mile or two.

In some districts, where the workmen had not yet reached, there were piles of broken houses lying in all

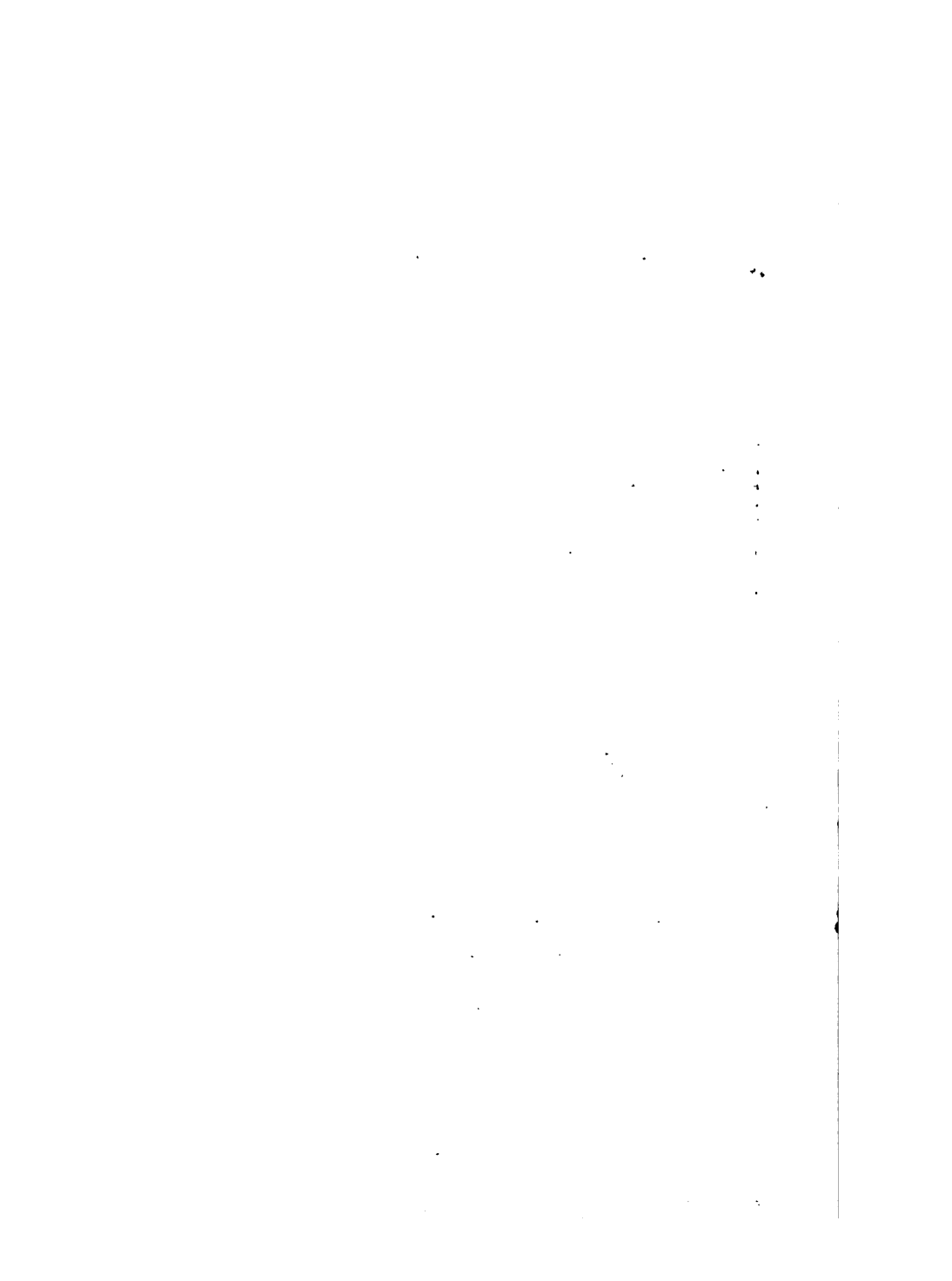


sorts of fantastic positions, just as they had been tossed by the torrent, to bear doleful witness to the severity of the attack. Splintered wood, heaps of brick and mortar, rags of carpet, bedclothing, and curtains, mud and wreckage indescribable, all baking in the sun! Houses that had lost their fronts, or their backs, as the case might be, standing rickety but defiant, waiting till they should be built up or pulled down. A church, its windows all broken, its doors battered and knocked from their hinges, and inside—chaos! The water had worked under the flooring and upheaved it as if by an earthquake. The choir gallery had fallen, and the pews were in a vast confused heap. The pulpit had been hurled headlong into the middle of the building, and lay entangled in the bent pipes of the chandeliers. Around the white walls, high up, was an ominous gray line, showing the height to which the water had risen on the fatal Friday, and above the gray line, in bright gilt letters, were those comforting words that have rung down the ages,—“On earth peace, good-will toward men.”

On the main streets were the new temporary stores, in which business was being prosecuted with all the vigor that could be mustered. The stores were as commodious as the old ones had been, but they were only of new pine wood, without windows, being, in fact, nothing more than sheds. But the occupants had arranged the new goods with which they had been supplied by the wholesale merchants as advantageously as possible, and the determination to make the best of everything was the predominant feature in all directions. An indication of the enterprise of Johnstown's people was the selling of a flash illustrated paper, entitled “The Johnstown Horror,” containing



**JAMES S. McKEAN.**



some terrific engravings of the flood and its incidents. The people were buying them rapidly on the very spot on which it raged most fiercely, while the vender never ceased crying his wares and telling his auditors that he had "only a few more left."

Still the work of clearing the town went on. Everybody was busy. Wagons full of mud rumbled over the dusty streets towards the river, and tired men, with picks in their hands, stood aside and wiped their faces as they made room for them to pass. Here a gang of laborers had passed a rope around a small frame house already toppling, and were pulling it to pieces by main strength; there another gang were separating bars of iron from the heaps of brick and mortar rubbish and loading it on wagons. Children played hide-and-seek in the skeleton of another house, and laughed at the warnings of the workmen to keep away or they would be hurt. The childish spirit of fun could not be quenched by the remembrance of what had passed, although there is every reason to suppose that each of these little ones could have told an awful story of personal peril had they been questioned.

At one end of the open space that had once been Johnstown, in a quarter where the rays of the sun seemed to beat with the greatest ferocity, and where there was actually no shade outside, the rows and rows of white tents betokened the presence of the military. The tents were laid out in neat rows, or "streets," as they were called by the soldiers, and the blue uniforms of sentries and officers flitted in and out, making a picturesque contrast with the white duck canvas. Inside the tents of the officers all was quiet bustle. The regular routine of camp duty had

to be carried out, and there seemed to be little time for idleness. A close watch was kept upon the movements of everybody in the town, civilians as well as military. Here are two fellows charged with stealing from the ruins. They are sorry-looking specimens of humanity, with tanned faces and ragged clothing. They are marched up to the officers' quarters, with a soldier in front of them, two behind, and a corporal at their side, and ludicrously imposing the procession looks as it halts to allow the corporal to ask for instructions from his captain.

"What have they been doing?"

"Stealing clothing from a heap that had been taken out of the mud yonder."

"Sure they did it?"

"Saw them myself, sir." Thus the corporal.

"Take them to the lock-up, then. It is a matter for the burgess to attend to."

"Yes, sir," says the corporal, saluting. "'Tention! Right about face! Forward! March!"

And the four soldiers, very stiff and very hot, turn around and take their hang-dog prisoners to the little lock-up where the man was drowned in the flood.

In this tent at the end of the officers' row are the head-quarters of General Hastings. There are two tents, one behind the other. That in front is occupied by a telegraph operator, a type-writer, and one or two clerks, while a group of officers are talking and smoking cheerily, or answering, in sympathetic tones, the many questions put to them by unfortunates who desire to know where they must go for relief. The gentleness with which the officers treated everybody that came showed how thoroughly they recognized the sacredness of the grief that had befallen the applicants.

Although the demands and questions were sometimes marked with querulous impatience, it was noticeable that the officers never answered hastily or unkindly. Their pity was too deep for that. In the perspective of the back tent could be seen General Hastings himself, in a flannel shirt and straw hat, writing, giving directions, or conversing with visitors, but always, with his keen bright eye, watchful of everything going on around him.

From the front of the tent could be seen the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, the station, and the signal tower in which Mrs. Ogle and her daughter lost their lives, and in which General Hastings slept during his first night in Johnstown. Around to the left the fatal stone bridge across the Conemaugh, some of the drift still clinging to its piers, but generally free compared with what it had been before the gorge had been broken by dynamite. A few white tents on the bank above the bridge gave token that the soldiery were there too, and that they were on the alert in the interest of law and order. Around, as far as the eye could reach, were the mountains, forming a dark, cool background to the sultry, dusty city, save where, beyond the stone bridge, the Conemaugh River rippled and sparkled in the sun, as if eager to take to the world below the valley the story of Johnstown's hope and expectation of future prosperity.

## THE CONEMAUGH.

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Oh, Conemaugh, thy dwindled current flows  
So calmly 'round the rocks and o'er the sand,  
Of peace's robe a single silver strand,  
The memory of the day thy waters rose  
Like to a horrid dream that's fleeted grows.  
And yet above thee in the graveyard stand  
A thousand tombs, and lo! on either hand  
Appear the awful imprints of thy blows.  
Still go thy rippling way and laugh along,  
Dance o'er the shallows, dream in shady deeps,  
Kiss all thy shores, and let thy limpid song  
Ne'er rise to wake the memory that sleeps.  
Oh, shut thy silver gates upon that day  
When murder sprang from out thy waters gray!

HEPBURN JOHNS.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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THE AUTHORS.





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